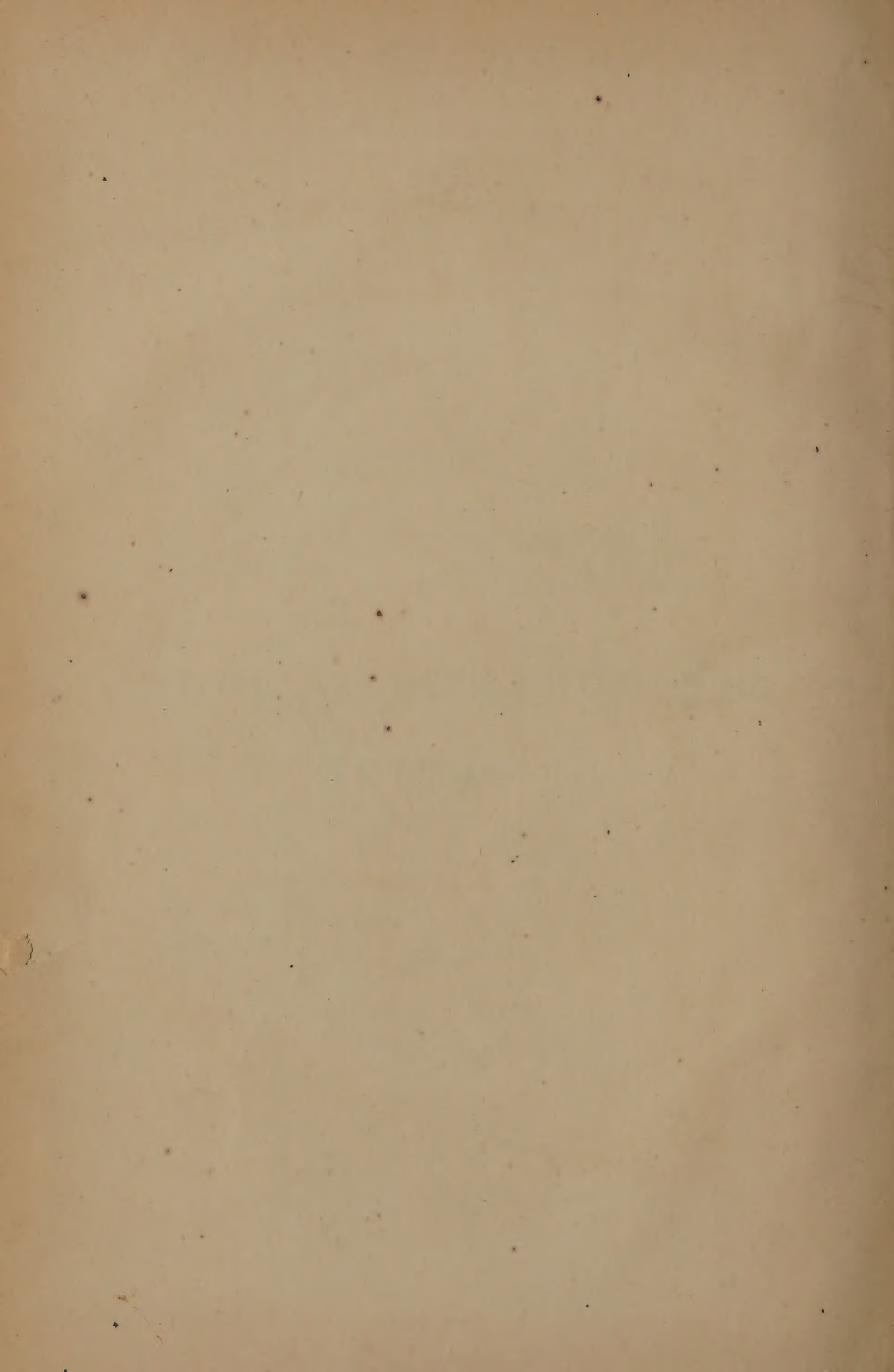




THE  
HOUSEHOLD  
BOOK OF POETRY.











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# LISTENING TO A POET.

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THE  
HOUSEHOLD BOOK  
OF  
POETRY.

COLLECTED AND EDITED  
BY  
CHARLES A. DANA.

*ELEVENTH EDITION—REVISED AND ENLARGED*

*With Illustrations.*

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## PREFACE.

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THE purpose of this book is to comprise within the bounds of a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language. In executing this design, it has been the constant endeavor of the Editor to exercise a catholic as well as a severe taste; and to judge every piece by its poetical merit solely, without regard to the name, nationality, or epoch of its author. Especial care has also been taken to give every poem entire and unmutilated, as well as in the most authentic form which could be procured; though the earliest edition of an author has sometimes been preferred to a later one, in which the alterations have not always seemed to be improvements.

The arrangement of the book will be seen to be somewhat novel; but it is hoped that it may be found convenient to the reader, and not altogether devoid of æsthetic congruity. The Editor also flatters himself that in classifying so many immortal productions of genius according to their own ideas and motives, rather than according to their chronology, the nativity and sex of their authors, or any other merely external order, he has exhibited the incomparable richness of our language in this department of literature, quite as successfully as if he had followed a method more usual in such collections.

That every reader should find in these pages every one of his favorite

poems is, perhaps, too much to expect; but it is believed that of those on which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of indisputable greatness, none, whether of English, Scotch, Irish, or American origin, will be found wanting. At the same time, careful and prolonged research, especially among the writers of the seventeenth century, and in the current receptacles of fugitive poetry, has developed a considerable store of treasures hitherto less known to the general public than to scholars and to limited circles. Of these a due use has been made, in the confident belief that they will not be deemed unworthy of a place with their more illustrious companions, in a book which aspires to become the familiar friend and companion of every household.

NEW YORK, August, 1856.

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#### ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

It is hoped that the revised edition of this collection of poems, which is herewith issued, may not be thought in any respect less worthy than its predecessors of the remarkable favor which the public has accorded to the work. In its preparation, the poetry produced during these eight years, both in this country and England, has been perused, and the observations of the numerous critics who commented upon the first edition have been diligently consulted. Some pieces may now be missed which were formerly to be found in our pages; but as their places are filled by others which are believed to possess greater merit, while the volume is considerably enlarged, it is presumed that these changes will not be disapproved, especially as the system of arrangement and the general character of the collection remain unaltered.

NEW YORK, August, 1866.



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<b>LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON.</b> Born in Glasgow in 1792; died at Abbotsford, Nov. 25, 1854.		What Might be Done.....	196
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Born in Ayrshire, Scotland, before 1550; died about 1611.		Author of "Rhymes and Roundelays," London, 1841.	
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PART I.  
POEMS OF NATURE.

---

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :  
Little we see in nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;  
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH



## POEMS OF NATURE.

### THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

#### ARGUMENT.

A gentlewoman out of an arboure in a grove, seeth a great companie of knights and ladies in a daunce upon the greene grasse; the which being ended, they all kneele downe, and do honour to the daisie, some to the flower, and some to the leafe. Afterward this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as looke after beautie and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leafe, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the frosts and winter stormes, are they which follow vertue and during qualities, without regard to worldly respects.

WHAN that Phebus his chair of gold so hie  
Had whirled up the sterrie sky alofte,  
And in the boole was entred certainly:  
When shoures sweet of raine descended softe,  
Causing the ground, fele times and ofte,  
Up, for to give many an wholesome aire,  
And every plaine was yclothed faire

With newe greene, and maketh smale figures  
To springen here and there in felde and  
mede;

So very good and wholesome be the shoures,  
That it renneth that was olde and dede  
In winter time; and out of every sede  
Springeth the herbe, so that every wight  
Of this season wexeth glad and light.

And I, so glad of the season swete,  
Was happed thus upon a certaine night:---  
As I lay in my bedde, sleepe ful unmete  
Was unto me, but why that I ne might  
Rest, I ne wist; for there nas earthly wight,  
As I suppose, had more hertes ease  
Than I, for I nad sicknesse nor disease.

Wherefore I mervaille greatly of my selfe  
That I so long withouten sleepe lay;  
And up I rose three houres after twelfe,  
About the springing of the day;  
And I put on my geare and mine array,  
And to a pleasaunt grove I gan passe,  
Long er the bright sunne up risen was;

In which were okes grete, streight as a line,  
Under the which the grasse, so fresh of hewe  
Was newly sprong; and an eight foot or nine  
Every tree wel fro his fellow grew,  
With branches brode, laden with leves newe,  
That sprongen out ayen the sunneshene,  
Some very redde, and some a glad light grene;

Which, as me thought, was right a pleasant  
sight;  
And eke the briddes songe for to here  
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight;  
And I that couth not yet, in no manere,  
Heare the nightingale of al the yeare,  
Ful busily herkened with herte and eare,  
If I her voice perceiue coud any where.

And, at the last, a path of little brede  
I found, that greatly had not used be;  
For it forgrowen was with grasse and weede,  
That wel unneth a wighte might it se:  
Thought I, "This path some whider goth,  
parde!"

And so I followed, till it me brought  
To right a pleasaunt herber, well ywrought,

That benched was, and with turfes newe  
Freshly turved, whereof the grene gras,  
So smale, so thicke, so shorte, so fresh of hewe.



That most like unto grene wool, wot I, it was :  
 The hegge also that yede in compas,  
 And closed in al the grene herbere,  
 With sicamour was set and eglatere,

Wrethen in fere so wel and cunningly,  
 That every branch and leafe grew by mesure,  
 Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by.  
 I see never thing, I you ensure,  
 So wel done; for he that tooke the cure  
 It to make, y trow, did all his peine  
 To make it passe alle tho that men have seine.

And shapen was this herber, roofe and alle,  
 As a prety parlour; and also  
 The hegge as thicke as a castle walle,  
 That who that list without to stond or go,  
 Though he wold al day prien to and fro,  
 He should not see if there were any wight  
 Within or no; but one within wel might

Perceive all tho thot yeden there withoute  
 In the field, that was on every side  
 Covered with corn and grasse; that out of  
 doubt,  
 Though one wold seeke alle the world wide,  
 So rich a field cold not be espide  
 On no coast, as of the quantity;  
 For of alle good thing there was plenty.

And I that al this pleasaut sight sie,  
 Thought sodainely I felt so swete an aire  
 Of the eglentere, that certainly  
 There is no herte, I deme, in such dispaire,  
 Ne with thoughtes froward and contraire  
 So overlaid, but it should soone have bote,  
 If it had ones felt this savour sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,  
 I was ware of the fairest medler tree,  
 That ever yet in alle my life I sie,  
 As ful of blossomes as it might be;  
 Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile  
 Fro bough to bough; and, as him list, he eet  
 Here and there of buddes and floures swete.

And to the herber side was joyninge  
 This faire tree, of which I have you tolde,  
 And at the laste the brid began to singe,  
 Whan he had eeten what he ete wolde,  
 So passing swetely, that by manifolde

It was more pleasaut than I coud devise.  
 And whan his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so mery a note  
 Answered him, that al the wood ronge  
 So sodainely, that as it were a sote,  
 I stood astonied; so was I with the song  
 Thorow ravished, that til late and longe,  
 I ne wist in what place I was, ne where;  
 And ayen, me thought, she songe ever by  
 mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about busily,  
 On every side, if I her might see;  
 And, at the laste, I gan ful wel aspy  
 Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree,  
 On the further side, even right by me,  
 That gave so passinge a delicious smelle,  
 According to the eglentere ful welle.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,  
 That, as me thought, I surely ravished was  
 Into Paradise, where my desire  
 Was for to be, and no ferther passe  
 As for that day; and on the sote grasse  
 I sat me downe; for, as for mine entent,  
 The briddes song was more convenient,

And more pleasaut to me by many folde,  
 Than meat or drinke, or any other thinge.  
 Thereto the herber was so fresh and colde,  
 The wholesome savours eke so comfortinge,  
 That, as I demed, sith the beginnunge  
 Of the world was never seene or than  
 So pleasaut a ground of none earthly man.

And as I sat, the brids hearkening thus,  
 Me thought that I heard voices sodainely,  
 The most sweetest and most delicious  
 That ever any wight, I trowe truely,  
 Heard in their life; for the armony  
 And sweet accord was in so good musike,  
 That the voice to angels most was like.

At the last, out of a grove even by,  
 That was right goodly and pleasaut to sight,  
 I sie where there came, singing lustily,  
 A world of ladies; but, to tell aright  
 Their grete beauty, it lieth not in my might,  
 Ne their array; neverthelesse I shalle  
 Telle you a part, though I speake not of alle

The surcotes white, of velvet wele sittinge,  
They were in cladde, and the semes echone,  
As it were a manere garnishinge,  
Was set with emerauds, one and one,  
By and by; but many a riche stone  
Was set on the purfiles, out of doute,  
Of collers, sleeves, and traines round aboute.

As grete pearles, rounde and orient,  
Diamondes fine, and rubies redde,  
And many another stone, of which I went  
The names now; and everich on her hedde  
A rich fret of gold, which without dread,  
Was ful of stately riche stones set;  
And every lady had a chapelet

On her hedde of branches fresh and grene,  
So wele wrought and so marvelously,  
That it was a noble sight to sene;  
Some of laurer, and some ful pleasauntly  
Had chapelets of woodbind, and saddely  
Some of *agnus castus* ware also  
Chapelets freshe; but there were many of tho

That daunced and eke songe ful soberly,  
But alle they yede in manner of compace;  
But one there yede in mid the company,  
Sole by her selfe; but alle followed the pace  
That she kepte, whose heavenly figured face  
So pleasaunt was, and her wele shape person,  
That of beauty she past hem everichon.

And more richly beseene, by many folde,  
She was also in every maner thing:  
On her hedde ful pleasaunt to beholde,  
A crowne of golde rich for any king:  
A braunch of *agnus castus* eke bearing  
In her hand; and to my sight truely  
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundel lustely,  
That "*Suse le foyle, devezs moy,*" men calle,  
"*Siene et mon joly cower est endormy,*"  
And than the company answered alle,  
With voices sweet entuned, and so smale,  
That me thought it the sweetest melody  
That ever I heard in my life sothly.

And thus they came, dauncinge and singinge,  
Into the middes of the mede echone,  
Before the herber where I was sittinge;  
And, God wot, me thought I was wel bigone;

For than I might avise hem one by one,  
Who fairest was, who coud best dance or  
singe,  
Or who most womanly was in alle thinge.

They had not daunced but a little throwe,  
Whan that I hearde ferre of sodainely,  
So great a noise of thundering trumpes blowe,  
As though it should have departed the skie  
And, after that, within a while I sie,  
From the same grove where the ladies came  
oute,  
Of men of armes cominge such a route,

As alle the men on earth had been assembled  
In that place, wele horsed for the nones,  
Steringe so fast, that al the earth trembled:  
But for to speke of riches and of stones,  
And men and horse, I trowe the large wones,  
Of Prestir John, ne all his tresory,  
Might not unneth have boght the tenth party

Of their array: who so list heare more,  
I shal rehearse so as I can a lite.  
Out of the grove, that I spake of before,  
I sie come firste, al in their clokes white,  
A company, that ware, for their delite,  
Chapelets freshe of okes serialle,  
Newly sprong, and trumpets they were alle.

On every trumpe hanging a broad banere  
Of fine tartarium were ful richely bete;  
Every trumpet his lordes armes bere;  
About their neckes, with great pearles sete,  
Collers brode; for cost they would not lete,  
As it would seem, for their scochones echone,  
Were set aboute with many a precious stone.

Their horse harnais was al white also.  
And after them next in one company,  
Came kinges of armes, and no mo,  
In clokes of white cloth of gold richely,  
Chapelets of greene on their hedes on hie;  
The crownes that they on their scochones bere  
Were sette with pearle, ruby, and saphere.

And eke great diamondes many one:  
But al their horse harnais and other gere  
Was in a sute accordinge, everichone,  
As ye have herd the foresaid trumpetes were:

And by seeminge, they were nothing to lere,  
And their guidinge they did so manerly.  
And, after hem, came a great company

Of heraudes and pursevauntes eke,  
Arraied in clothes of white velvette,  
And, hardily, they were no thing to seke,  
How they on them should the harneis sette;  
And every man had on a chapelet;  
Scochones, and eke harneis, indede,  
They had in sute of hem that fore hem yede.

Next after hem came, in armour bright  
All save their heades, seemely knightes nine;  
And every claspe and naile, as to my sight,  
Of their harneis were of rad golde fine;  
With cloth of gold, and furred with ermine  
Were the trappoures of their stedes stronge,  
Wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And every bosse of bridle and paitrel  
That they had, was worth, as I wold wene,  
A thousand pounce; and on their heddes, wel  
Dressed, were crownes of laurer grene,  
The best made that ever I had sene;  
And every knight had after him ridinge  
Three henchemen on hem awaitinge.

Of whiche every first, on a short tronchoun,  
His lordes helme bare, so richly dight,  
That the worst was worthe the ransom  
Of any king; the second a shield bright  
Bare at his backe; the thred bare upright  
A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and kene,  
And every childe ware of leaves grene

A fresh chapelet upon his haire bright;  
And clokes white of fine velvet they ware;  
Their stedes trapped and raied right,  
Without difference, as their lordes were;  
And after hem, on many a fresh corsere,  
There came of armed knightes such a route,  
That they besprad the large field aboute.

And al they ware, after their degrees,  
Chapelets newe made of laurer grene;  
Some of the oke, and some of other trees,  
Some in their honds bare boughes shene,  
Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,

Some of hauthorne, and some of the wood  
binde,  
And many mo which I had not in minde.

And so they came, their horses freshely ster  
inge,  
With bloody sownes of hir trompes loude;  
There sie I many an uncouth disguisinge  
In the array of these knightes proude,  
And at the last, as evenly as they coude,  
They took their places in middes of the mede,  
And every knight turned his horses hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a spere  
In the rest; and so justes began  
On every part about, here and there;  
Some brake his spere, some drew down hors  
and man;  
About the field astray the stedes ran;  
And, to behold their rule and governaunce,  
I you ensure, it was a great plesauce.

And so the justes laste an houre and more;  
But tho that crowned were in laurer grene  
Wanne the prise; their dintes was so sore,  
That there was none ayent hem might sustene:  
And the justinge al was left off elene,  
And fro their horse the ninth alight anone,  
And so did al the remnant everichone.

And forth they yede togider, twain and twain  
That to beholde it was a worthy sight,  
Toward the ladies on the grene plain,  
That songe and daunced, as I said now right  
The ladies, as soone as they goodly might,  
They brake of both the song and daunce,  
And yede to meet hem with ful glad sem  
blauce.

And every lady tooke, ful womanly,  
By the hond a knight, and forth they yede  
Unto a faire laurèr that stood fast by,  
With levis lade, the boughes of grete brede;  
And to my dome there never was, indede,  
Man that had seene halfe so faire a tre;  
For underneath there might it well have be

An hundred persones, at their owne plesauce  
Shadowed fro the hete of Phebus bright,  
So that they sholde have felt no grevaunce  
Of raine ne haile that hem hurte might.  
The savour eke rejoice would any wight



That had be sicke or melancolious,  
It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reverence they inclined lowe  
To the tree so soote, and faire of hewe;  
And after that, within a little throwe,  
They began to singe and daunce of newe  
Some songe of love, some plaininge of untrewe,  
Environinge the tree that stood upright;  
And ever yede a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eye aside,  
And was ware of a lusty company  
That come rominge out of the field wide,  
Hond in hond a knight and a lady;  
The ladies all in surcotes, that richely  
Purfiled were with many a riche stone,  
And every knight of grene ware mantles on,

Embroded wel so as the surcotes were:  
And everich had a chapelet on her hedde,  
Which did right well upon the shining here,  
Made of goodly floures white and redde;  
The knightes eke, that they in honde ledde,  
In sute of hem ware chapelets everichone,  
And before hem went minstreles many one.

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry,  
Alle in greene; and on their heades bare,  
Of divers floures, made ful craftely,  
Al in a sute, goodly chapelets they ware;  
And, so dauncinge into the mede they fare.  
In mid the which they foun a tuft that was  
Al oversprad with floures in compas.

Whereto they enclined everichone  
With great reverence, and that ful humbly;  
And, at the laste, there began anone  
A lady for to singe right womanly  
A bargeret in praising the daisie;  
For, as me thought, among her notes swete,  
She said "*Si douce est la Margarete.*"

Than they alle answered her in fere,  
So passingly wel, and so pleasauntly,  
That it was a blisful noise to here.  
But, I not how, it happed sodainely  
As about noone, the sunne so fervently  
Waxe hote, that the prety tender floures  
Had lost the beauty of hir fresh coloures,

Forshronke with heat; the ladies eke to-brent,  
That they ne wiste where they hem might  
bestowe;

The knightes swelt, for lack of shadenie shent;  
And after that, within a little throwe,  
The wind began so sturdily to blowe,  
That down goeth all the floures everichone,  
So that in al the mede there left not one;

Save such as succoured were among the leves  
Fro every storme that might hem assaile,  
Growinge under the hegges and thicke greves;  
And after that there came a storme of haile  
And raine in fere, so that, withouten faile,  
The ladies ne the knightes nade o threed  
Drie on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed away,  
Tho in white that stoode under the tree,  
They felte nothing of the grete affray,  
That they in greene withoute had in ybe;  
To them they yede for routhe and pite,  
Them to comforte after their great disease,  
So faine they were the helplesse for to ease.

Than I was ware how one of hem in grene  
Had on a crowne, rich and wel sittinge;  
Wherefore I demed wel she was a quene,  
And tho in grene on her were awaitinge  
The ladies then in white that were comminge  
Toward them, and the knightes in fere,  
Began to comforte hem, and make hem chere.

The queen in white, that was of grete beauty,  
Took by the hond the queen that was in grene  
And said, "Suster, I have right great pity  
Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,  
Wherein ye and your company have bene  
So longe, alas! and if that it you please  
To go with me, I shall do you the ease,

"In all the pleasure that I can or may;"  
Whereof the other, humbly as she might,  
Thanked her; for in right il array  
She was with storm and heat, I you behight.  
And every lady, then anone right,  
That were in white, one of them took in grene  
By the hond; which whan the knights had  
sene,

In like wise ech of them tooke a knight  
Cladde in greene, and forthe with hem they  
fare,

To an hegge, where they anon right,  
To make their justes, they wolde not spare  
Boughes to hewe down, and eke trees square,  
Wherwith they made hem stately fires grete,  
To drye their clothes that were wringing  
wete.

And after that, of herbes that there grewe,  
They made, for blisters of the sunne bren-  
ninge,

Very good and wholesome ointmentes new,  
Wherewith they yede the sick fast anointinge;  
And after that they yede about gaderinge  
Pleasant salades, which they made hem ete,  
For to refreshe their great unkindly hete.

The lady of the Leafe than began to praye  
Her of the Floure (for so to my seeminge  
They sholde be, as by their arraye)  
To soupe with her, and eke, for any thinge,  
That she shold with her alle her people bringe:  
And she ayen, in right goodly manere,  
Thanked her of her most friendly chere,

Saying plainely, that she would obaye  
With all her herte, all her commaundement;  
And then anon, without longer delaye,  
The lady of the Leafe hath one ysent,  
For a palfray, after her intent,  
Arrayed wel and faire in harneis of gold,  
For nothing facked, that to him long shold.

And after that, to al her company  
She made to purveye horse and every thinge  
That they needed; and than ful lustily,  
Even by the herber where I was sittinge  
They passed alle, so pleasantly singinge,  
That it would have comforted any wight.  
But than I sie a passing wonder sight;

For than the nightingale, that al the day  
Had in the laurer sate, and did her might  
The whole service to singe longing to May,  
All sodainely began to take her flight;  
And to the lady of the Leafe, forthright,  
She flew, and set her on her hond softly,  
Which was a thing I marveled of gretely.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medler tree  
Was fled for heat into the bushes colde.

Unto the lady of the Floure gan flee,  
And on her hond he sit him as he wolde,  
And pleasauntly his winges gan to fold;  
And for to singe they paine hem both, as sore  
As they had do of al the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great pace,  
And al the rout of knightes eke in fere;  
And I that had seen al this wonder case,  
Thought I wold assaye in some manere,  
To know fully the trouth of this matere;  
And what they were that rode so pleasauntly.  
And whan they were the herber passed by,

I drest me forth, and happed to, mete anone  
Right a faire lady, I do you ensure;  
And she came riding by herselfe alone,  
Alle in white; with semblance ful demure,  
I salued her, and bad good aventure  
Might her befall, as I coud most humbly;  
And she answered, "My doughter, gra-  
mercy!"

"Madame," quoth I, "if that I durst enquire  
Of you, I would faine, of that company,  
Wite what they be that past by this arbere?"  
And she ayen answered right friendly:—  
"My faire doughter, alle tho that passed  
here by

In white clothing, be servaunts everichone  
Unto the Leafe, and I my selfe am one.

"See ye not her that crowned is," quoth she,  
"Alle in white?"—"Madame," quoth I, "yes:"  
"That is Diane, goddess of chastite;  
And for because that she a maiden is,  
In her honde the braunch she beareth this,  
That *agnus castus* men calle properly;  
And alle the ladies in her company,

"Which ye se of that herbe chapelets weare,  
Be such as han kept alway hir maidenhead:  
And alle they that of laurer chapelets beare,  
Be such as hardy were, and manly in deed,—  
Victorious name which never may be dede!  
And alle they were so worthy of hir hond,  
In hir time, that none might hem withstond.

"And tho that weare chapelets on their hede  
Of fresh woodbinde, be such as never were  
To love untrue in word, thought, ne dede,  
But aye stedfast; ne for pleasaunce, ne fere,

Thou that they should their hertes all to-  
tere,  
would never flit but ever were stedfast,  
Til that their lives there asunder brast."

"Now faire Madame," quoth I, "yet I would  
praye

Your ladiship, if that it mighte be,  
That I might knowe by some maner waye,  
(Sith that it hath liked your beaute,  
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me ;)  
What that these knightes be in rich armour,  
And what tho be in grene and weare the flour ?

"And why that some did reverence to that  
tre,

And some unto the plot of floures faire ?"

"With right good will, my faire doughter,"  
quoth she,

"Sith your desire is good and debonaire ;  
The nine crowned be very examplaire  
Of al honour longing to chivalry ;  
And those certaine be called the Nine Worthy,

"Which ye may see now ridinge alle before,  
That in hir time did many a noble dede,  
And for their worthines ful oft have bore  
The crowne of laurer leaves on their hede,  
As ye may in your olde bookes reide ;  
And how that he that was a conquerour,  
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

"And tho that beare bowes in their honde  
Of the precious laurer so notable,  
Be such as were, I wol ye understonde,  
Noble knightes of the round table,  
and eke the Douseperis honourable,  
Which they beare in signe of victory ;  
It is wisesse of their deedes mightily.

"Eek there be knightes olde of the garter,  
That in hir time did right worthily ;  
And the honour they did to the laurer,  
Is for by it they have their land wholly,  
Their triumph eke, and martial glory ;  
Which unto them is more parfite richesse,  
Than any wight imagine can or gesse.

"For one leafe, given of that noble tree  
To any wight that hath done worthily,  
And it be done so as it ought to be,  
Is more honour than any thing earthly ;

Witnes of Rome that founder was truly  
Of alle knighthood and deeds marvelous ;  
Record I take of Titus Livius.

"And as for her that crowned is in greene,  
It is Flora, of these floures goddesse ;  
And all that here on her awaiting beene,  
It are such folk that loved idlenesse,  
And not delite in no businesse,  
But for to hunte and hauke, and pleye a  
medes,  
And many other suchlike idle dedes.

"And for the great delite and pleasaunce  
They have to the floure, and so reverently  
They unto it do such obeisaunce,  
As ye may se."—"Now faire Madame,"  
quoth I,

"If I durst aske, what is the cause and why,  
That knightes have the ensigne of honour,  
Rather by the leafe than the floure ?"

"Soothly, doughter," quod she, "this is the  
trouth :—

For knightes ever should be persevering,  
To seeke honour without feintise or slouth,  
Fro wele to better in all manner thinge ;  
In signe of which, with leaves aye lastinge,  
They be rewarded after their degre,  
Whose lusty grene may not appaired be,

"But aie keeping their beaute fresh and  
greene ;

For there nis storme that may hem deface,  
Haile nor snow, winde nor frostes kene ;  
Wherefore they have this property and grace.  
And for the floure, within a little space  
Wolle be lost, so simple of nature  
They be, that they no greevance may endure ;

"And every storme will blowe them soone  
awaye,

Ne they laste not but for a sesone ;  
That is the cause, the very trouth to saye,  
That they may not, by no way of resone,  
Be put to no such occupation."

"Madame," quoth I, "with al mine whole  
servise

I thanke you now, in my most humble wise :

"For now I am ascertained thurghly,  
Of every thing that I desired to knowe."  
"I am right glad that I have said, sothly,



Ought to your pleasure, if ye wille me trowe,"  
 Quod she ayen, "but to whom do ye owe  
 Your service? And which wille ye honour,  
 Tel me I pray, this yere, the Leafe or the  
 Floure?"

"Madame," quoth I, "though I be least  
 worthy,  
 Unto the Leafe I owe mine observaunce:"  
 "That is," quod she, "right wel done cer-  
 tainly;

And I pray God to honour you avaunce,  
 And kepe you fro the wicked remembraunce  
 Of Malebouche, and all his crueltye,  
 And alle that good and well conditioned be.

"For here may I no lenger now abide,  
 I must followe the great company,  
 That ye may see yonder before you ride."  
 And forth, as I couth, most humbly,  
 I tooke my leve of her, as she gan hie  
 After them as faste as ever she might,  
 And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night,

And put al that I had seene in writing,  
 Under support of them that lust it to rede.  
 O little booke, thou art so unconning,  
 How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede?  
 It is wonder that thou wexest not rede!  
 Sith that thou wost ful life who shall behold  
 Thy rude langage, ful boistously unfold.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

#### DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth  
 brings,

With green hath clad the hill, and eke the  
 vale;

The nightingale with feathers new she sings;  
 The turtle to her make hath told her tale.

Sumner is come, for every spray now springs;  
 The hart hath hung his old head on the  
 pale,

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;  
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale;

The adder all her slough away she flings;  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;

The busy bee her honey now she mings;

Winter is worn that was the flowres' bale.  
 And thus I see among these pleasant things  
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs

LORD SURREY.

#### THE AIRS OF SPRING.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,  
 That with kind warmth doth repair  
 Winter's ruins; from whose breast  
 All the gums and spice of th' East  
 Borrow their perfumes; whose eye  
 Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;  
 Whose disheveled tresses shed  
 Pearls upon the violet bed;  
 On whose brow, with calm smiles drest  
 The halcyon sits and builds her nest;  
 Beauty, youth, and endless spring,  
 Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws  
 Down whole forests when he blows,  
 With a pregnant, flowery birth,  
 Canst refresh the teeming earth.  
 If he nip the early bud;  
 If he blast what's fair or good;  
 If he scatter our choice flowers;  
 If he shake our halls or bowers;  
 If his rude breath threaten us,  
 Thou canst stroke great Æolus,  
 And from him the grace obtain,  
 To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CAREW

#### RETURN OF SPRING.

GOD shield ye, heralds of the spring,  
 Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,  
 Housps, cuckoos, nightingales,  
 Turtles, and every wilder bird,  
 That make your hundred chirpings heard  
 Through the green woods and dales.

GOD shield ye, Easter daisies all,  
 Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,

And he whom erst the gore  
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,  
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,  
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train  
Of butterflies, that on the plain,  
Of each sweet herblet sip;  
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go  
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,  
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call  
A hearty welcome on ye all:  
This season how I love—  
This merry din on every shore—  
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar  
Forbade my steps to rove.

PIERRE RONSARD (French).

Anonymous Translation.

#### SPRING

Dir down upon the northern shore,  
O sweet new year, delaying long;  
Thou doest expectant nature wrong,  
Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long,  
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
That longs to burst a frozen bud,  
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow  
Now burgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,

And drowned in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail,  
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greenening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too: and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### "WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING."

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's  
traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of  
quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamor of waters, and with might;  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west  
shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of  
the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing  
to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees and cling?  
Oh that man's heart were as fire and could  
spring to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that  
spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the south-west wind and the west  
wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins;  
And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
The Mænad and the Bassarid;  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,  
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its  
leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

### MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;

The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon!  
There's joy on the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### APRIL.

LESSONS sweet of Spring returning,  
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!  
May I call ye sense or learning,  
Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?  
Be your title what it may,  
Sweet and lengthening April day,  
While with you the soul is free,  
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea;

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,  
To the inward ear devout,  
Touched by light with heavenly warning,  
Your transporting chords ring out.  
Every leaf in every nook,  
Every wave in every brook,  
Chanting with a solemn voice,  
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,  
Winding shore or deepening glen,  
Where the landscape in its glory,  
Teaches truth to wandering men.  
Give true hearts but earth and sky,  
And some flowers to bloom and die,  
Homely scenes and simple views  
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing  
Where the waters gently pass,  
Every way her free arms flinging  
O'er the moss and reedy grass.



Long ere winter blasts are fled,  
See her tipped with vernal red,  
And her kindly flower displayed  
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,  
Patiently she droops awhile,  
But when showers and breezes hail her,  
Wears again her willing smile.  
Thus I learn contentment's power  
From the slighted willow bower,  
Ready to give thanks and live  
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,  
Up the stormy vale I wind,  
Haply half in fancy grieving  
For the shades I leave behind,  
By the dusty wayside dear,  
Nightingales with joyous cheer  
Sing, my sadness to reprove,  
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest bows are twining  
Of the greenest, darkest tree,  
There they plunge, the light declining—  
All may hear, but none may see.  
Fearless of the passing hoof,  
Hardly will they fleet aloof;  
So they live in modest ways,  
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

JOHN KEBLE.

#### ALMOND BLOSSOM.

Blossom of the almond-trees,  
April's gift to April's bees,  
Birthday ornament of spring,  
Flora's fairest daughterling;—  
Coming when no flowerets dare  
Trust the cruel outer air;  
When the royal king-cup bold  
Dares not don his coat of gold;  
And the sturdy blackthorn spray  
Keeps his silver for the May;—  
Coming when no flowerets would,  
Save thy lowly sisterhood,  
Early violets, blue and white,  
Dying for their love of light.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us  
That the spring-days soon will reach us,  
Lest, with longing over-tried,  
We die as the violets died—  
Blossom, clouding all the tree  
With thy crimson broidery,  
Long before a leaf of green  
On the bravest bough is seen;  
Ah! when winter winds are swinging  
All thy red bells into ringing,  
With a bee in every bell,  
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

#### SPRING.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring,  
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,  
While virgin graces, warm with May,  
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.  
The murmuring billows of the deep  
Have languished into silent sleep;  
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave  
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;  
While cranes from hoary winter fly  
To flutter in a kinder sky.  
Now the genial star of day  
Dissolves the murky clouds away,  
And cultured field and winding stream  
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells  
With leafy buds and flowery bells;  
Gemming shoots the Olive twine;  
Clusters bright festoon the vine;  
All along the branches creeping,  
Through the velvet foliage peeping,  
Little infant fruits we see  
Nursing into luxury.

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

ANACREON.

#### SONG: ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with  
her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap  
throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

## A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
(Yet careless of its mansion new  
For the clear region where 'twas born)  
Round in itself incloses,  
And in its little globe's extent  
Frames, as it can, its native element.  
How it the purple flower does slight,  
Scarce touching where it lies;  
But gazing back upon the skies,  
Shines with a mornful light,  
Like its own tear.  
Because so long divided from the sphere;  
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,  
Trembling, lest it grow impure;  
Till the warm sun pities its pain,  
And to the skies exhales it back again.  
So the soul, that drop, that ray,  
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
Could it within the human flower be seen,  
Remembering still its former height,  
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,  
And, recollecting its own light,  
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express  
The greater heaven in a heaven less.  
In how coy a figure wound,  
Every way it turns away;  
So the world excluding round,  
Yet receiving in the day.  
Dark beneath, but bright above;  
Here disdaining, there in love.  
How loose and easy hence to go!  
How girt and ready to ascend!  
Moving but on a point below,  
It all about does upwards bend.  
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,  
White and entire, although congealed and  
chill—

Congeaed on earth, but does, dissolving, run  
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

## SONG.

PHŒBUS, arise,  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white, and red,  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's  
bed,  
That she thy career may with roses spread,  
The nightingales thy coming each where sing  
Make an eternal spring.  
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;  
Spread forth thy golden hair  
In larger locks than thou was wont before,  
And, emperor-like, decore  
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:  
Chase hence the ugly night,  
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious  
light.  
This is that happy morn,  
That day, long-wished day,  
Of all my life so dark,  
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,  
And fates my hopes betray,)  
Which, purely white, deserves  
An everlasting diamond should it mark.  
This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.  
Fair king, who all preserves,  
But show thy blushing beams,  
And thou two sweeter eyes  
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams  
Did once thy heart surprise:  
Nay, suns, which shine as clear  
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.  
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.  
If that ye winds would hear  
A voice surpassing, far, Amphion's lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay;  
Let Zephyr only breathe,  
And with her tresses play,  
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death  
The winds all silent are,  
And Phœbus in his chair  
Ensaffroning sea and air,  
Makes vanish every star:  
Night like a drunkard reels

Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.  
The fields with flowers are decked in every  
hue,

The clouds with orient gold spangle their  
blue:

Here is the pleasant place,  
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

### SPRING.

Now the lusty Spring is seen;  
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,  
Daintily invite the view.  
Everywhere, on every green,  
Roses blushing as they blow,  
And enticing men to pull;  
Lilies whiter than the snow;  
Woodbines of sweet honey full—  
All love's emblems, and all cry:  
Ladies, if not plucked, we die!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

### MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;  
The winds that fan the flowers,  
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
Tell of serener hours,—  
Of hours that glide unfelt away  
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls  
From his blue throne of air,  
And where his whispering voice in music falls,  
Beauty is budding there;  
The bright ones of the valley break  
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
And the wide forest weaves,  
To welcome back its playful mates again,  
A canopy of leaves;  
And from its darkening shadow floats  
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;  
The tresses of the woods  
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;  
And the full-brimming floods,

As gladly to their goal they run,  
Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

### SONG TO MAY.

MAY! queen of blossoms,  
And fulfilling flowers,  
With what pretty music  
Shall we charm the hours?  
Wilt thou have pipe and \*reed,  
Blown in the open mead?  
Or to the lute give heed  
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,  
Or pipe or wire,  
That hast the golden bee  
Ripened with fire;  
And many thousand more  
Songsters, that thee adore,  
Filling earth's grassy floor  
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,  
Tame, and free livers;  
Doubt not, thy music too  
In the deep rivers;  
And the whole plummy flight,  
Warbling the day and night—  
Up at the gates of light,  
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth  
Coy fountains are tressed:  
And for the mournful bird  
Greenwoods are dressed,  
That did for Tereus pine;  
Then shall our songs be thine,  
To whom our hearts incline:  
May, be thou blessed!

LORD THURLOW.

### SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mañanas floridas  
De Abril y Mayo.  
CALDERON.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting—  
Waiting for the May—  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles



With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May—  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,  
All the winter lay.  
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May—  
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows;  
Where in laughing and in sobbing,  
Glide the streams away.  
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May:  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away;  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

#### NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

HEX, now the day's dawning;  
The jolly cock's crowing;  
The eastern sky's glowing;  
Stars fade one by one,  
The thistle-cock's crying

On lovers long lying,  
Cease vowing and sighing;  
The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing  
With gowans all glowing,  
And white lilies growing,  
A thousand as one;  
The sweet ring-dove cooing,  
His love notes renewing,  
Now moaning, now suing;  
The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,  
In scented flowers smelling,  
To kind love compelling  
Our hearts every one;  
With sweet ballads moving  
The maids we are loving,  
Mid musing and roving  
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women  
The young knights are dreaming,  
With bright breastplates gleaming,  
And plumed helmets on;  
The barbed steed neighs lordly,  
And shakes his mane proudly,  
For war-trumpets loudly  
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,  
The warriors all glowing,  
And, snorting and blowing,  
The steeds rushing on;  
The lances are crashing,  
Out broad blades come flashing  
Mid shouting and dashing—  
The night is nigh gone.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Version of Allan Cunningham.

#### MORNING IN LONDON.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will;  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!  
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;  
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;  
 And echo answers softer from the hill;  
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn:  
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!  
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove;  
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;  
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove,  
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;  
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move—  
 So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

JOHN LEYDEN.

### THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of  
 beauty, song, and flowers;  
 They come! the glad some months that bring  
 thick leafiness to bowers.  
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad: fling  
 care and care aside;  
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peace-  
 ful waters glide;  
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patri-  
 archal tree,  
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in  
 rapt tranquillity.  
 The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful  
 to the hand;  
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze  
 is sweet and bland;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding  
 courteously;  
 It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless  
 and welcome thee;  
 And mark how with thine own thin locks—  
 they now are silvery gray—  
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whis-  
 pering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean  
 of yon sky,  
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it  
 melody;  
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all  
 gleaming like red gold;  
 And hark! with shrill pipe' musical, their  
 merry course they hold.  
 God bless them all, those little ones, who, far  
 above this earth,  
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent  
 a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from  
 yonder wood it came!  
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe  
 his own glad name:—  
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart  
 from all his kind,  
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft  
 western wind;  
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes  
 are void of art;  
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the  
 deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-  
 crazed wight like me,  
 To smell again these summer flowers beneath  
 this summer tree!  
 To suck once more in every breath their lit-  
 tle souls away,  
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of  
 youth's bright summer day,  
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the  
 reckless, truant boy  
 Wandered through greenwoods all day long,  
 a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but O!  
 I'm proud to think  
 That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet  
 delight to drink;—

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the  
 calm, unclouded sky,  
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the  
 days gone by.  
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round  
 me dark and cold,  
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart  
 that hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### MORNING.

HARK—hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies:  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes;  
 With every thing that pretty bin,  
 My lady sweet, arise;  
 Arise, arise;

SHAKESPEARE.

### TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever  
 singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the setting sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run;  
 Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even  
 Melts around thy flight;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight,  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill  
 delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven  
 is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow-clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of  
 melody.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded  
 not;

Like a high-born maiden,  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows  
 her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden,  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its ærial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it  
 from the view;

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-  
 winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and fresh, and clear, thy music doth  
 surpass.



Teach us sprite or bird  
 What sweet thoughts are thine:  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphant chant,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt—  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden  
 want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance  
 of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be;  
 Shades of annoyance  
 Never come near thee;  
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking, or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true or deep  
 Than we mortals dream;  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal  
 stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not;  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of sad-  
 dest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I knew not how thy joy we ever should come  
 near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound;  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the  
 ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listen-  
 ing now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### THE LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!  
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
 Far in the downy cloud;  
 Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!  
 Where, on thy dewy wing—  
 Where art thou journeying?  
 Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
 Then, when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

### SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,  
 That bids a blithe good-morrow;  
 But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark  
 To the soothing song of sorrow.  
 O nightingale! What doth she ail?  
 And is she sad or jolly?  
 For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth  
 So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,  
 No worldly thought o'ertakes him;

He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,  
And the daylight that awakes him.  
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,  
The nightingale is trilling;  
With feeling bliss, no less than his,  
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh  
Peers through her lavish mirth;  
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,  
And hers is of the earth.  
By night and day, she tunes her lay,  
To drive away all sorrow;  
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,  
And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## SONG.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,  
To give my love good-morrow  
Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:  
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,  
To give my love good-morrow.  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good-morrow.  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,  
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow.  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Sing, birds in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

## THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

SING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Meet the morn upon the lea;  
Are the emeralds of the spring  
On the angler's trysting-tree?  
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!

Are there buds on our willow-tree?  
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Have you met the honey-bee,  
Circling upon rapid wing,  
'Round the angler's trysting-tree?  
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!  
Are there bees at our willow-tree?  
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Are the fountains gushing free?  
Is the south wind wandering  
Through the angler's trysting-tree?  
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Is there wind up our willow-tree?  
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Wile us with a merry glee;  
To the flowery haunts of spring—  
To the angler's trysting-tree.  
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree!  
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

## • THE ANGLER. •

Oh! the gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any:  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis beloved by many;  
Other joys  
Are but toys;  
Only this  
Lawful is;  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,  
Ere Aurora's peeping;  
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
Leave the sluggard sleeping;  
Then we go,  
To and fro,  
With our knacks  
At our backs,

To such streams  
As the Thames,  
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad  
For our recreation;  
In the fields is our abode,  
Full of delectation,  
Where, in a brook,  
With a hook—  
Or a lake,—  
Fish we take;  
There we sit,  
For a bit,  
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,  
We have paste and worms too;  
We can watch both night and morn,  
Suffer rain and storms too;  
None do here  
Use to swear:  
Oaths do fray  
Fish away;  
We sit still,  
Watch our quill:  
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
Make our bodies swelter,  
To an osier hedge we get;  
For a friendly shelter;  
Where—in a dyke,  
Perch or pike,  
Roach or daice,  
We do chase,  
Bleak or gudgeon,  
Without grudging;  
We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour  
Under a green willow,  
That defends us from a shower,  
Making earth our pillow;  
Where we may  
Think and pray,  
Before death  
Stops our breath;  
Other joys  
Are but toys,  
And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL

# VERSES IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,  
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to courts,  
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,  
Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still,  
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,  
Where mirth's but mummery,  
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,  
Sad troops of human misery,  
Come, serene looks,  
Clear as the crystal brooks,  
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see  
The rich attendance on our poverty;  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know  
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,  
You'd scorn proud towers  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps  
may shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest make;  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,  
But of our kids that frisk and prance;  
Nor wars are seen,  
Unless upon the green  
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,  
Which done, both bleating run, each to his  
mother;  
And wounds are never found,  
Save what the ploughshare gives the  
ground.

Here are no entrapping baits  
To hasten to, too hasty fates;  
Unless it be  
The fond credulity  
Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look  
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;  
Nor envy, 'less among  
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek  
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:



We all pearls scorn  
 Save what the dewy morn  
 Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
 Which careless shepherds beat down as they  
   pass;  
   And gold ne'er here appears,  
   Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh, may you be,  
 For ever, mirth's best nursery!  
   May pure contents  
   For ever pitch their tents  
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks,  
   these mountains;  
 And peace still slumber by these purling  
 fountains,  
   Which we may every year  
   Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

#### THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be,  
 These crystal streams should solace me;  
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
 I, with my angle, would rejoice,  
   Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
   Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
 Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,  
 To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
 And then washed off by April showers;  
   Here, hear my kenna sing a song:  
   There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;  
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
 Earth, or what poor mortals love.  
   Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise  
   Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,  
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook;  
 There sit by him, and eat my meat;  
 There see the sun both rise and set;  
 There bid good morning to next day;  
 There meditate my time away;  
   And angle on; and beg to have  
   A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

ISAAC WALTON.

#### THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK! that in the meadow,  
 Or beneath the orchard's shadow,  
 Keepest up a constant rattle  
 Joyous as my children's prattle,  
 Welcome to the north again!  
 Welcome to mine ear thy strain,  
 Welcome to mine eye the sight  
 Of thy buff, thy black and white.  
 Brighter plumes may greet the sun  
 By the banks of Amazon;  
 Sweeter tones may weave the spell  
 Of enchanting Philomel;  
 But the tropic bird would fail,  
 And the English nightingale,  
 If we should compare their worth  
 With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,  
 June and Summer nearing fast,  
 While from depths of blue above  
 Comes the mighty breath of love,  
 Calling out each bud and flower  
 With resistless, secret power,—  
 Waking hope and fond desire,  
 Kindling the erotic fire,—  
 Filling youths' and maidens' dreams  
 With mysterious, pleasing themes;  
 Then, amid the sunlight clear  
 Floating in the fragrant air,  
 Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure  
 By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,  
 Like a full heart's overflow,  
 Forms the prelude; but the strain  
 Gives no such tone again,  
 For the wild and saucy song  
 Leaps and skips the notes among,  
 With such quick and sportive play,  
 Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!  
 Thy melodies before me bring  
 Visions of some dream-built land,  
 Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,  
 I might walk the livelong day,  
 Embosomed in perpetual May.  
 Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;  
 For thee a tempest never blows;

But when our northern Summer's o'er,  
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore  
The wild rice lifts its airy head,  
And royal feasts for thee are spread.  
And when the Winter threatens there,  
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,  
But bear thee to more southern coasts,  
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness  
Take from me all taints of sadness;  
Fill thy soul with trust unshaken  
In that Being who has taken  
Care for every living thing,  
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

THOMAS HILL.

### TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
Thou messenger of Spring!  
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear.  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful vistant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

### TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery;

The same that in my school-boy days  
I listened to—that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways,  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love—  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace,  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place,  
That is fit home for thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

#### I.

THE God of Love,—*ah benedicite!*  
How mighty and how great a lord is he!  
For he of low hearts can make high; of high  
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh;  
And hard hearts, he can make them kind and  
free.

II.

Within a little time, as hath been found,  
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and  
sound:

Them who are whole in body and in mind,  
He can make sick; bind can he and unbind  
All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

III.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;  
Foolish men he can make them out of wise—  
For he may do all that he will devise;  
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,  
And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will he may;  
Against him dare not any wight say nay;  
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,  
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;  
But most his might he sheds on the eve of  
May.

V.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,  
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,  
Now, against May, shall have some stirring,—  
whether

To joy, or be it to some mourning; never,  
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

VI.

For now, when they may hear the small birds'  
song,  
And see the budding leaves the branches  
throng,  
This unto their remembrance doth bring  
All kinds of pleasure, mixed with sorrowing;  
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

VII.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,  
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and  
home;  
Sick are they all for lack of their desire;  
And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,  
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

VIII.

In sooth, I speak from feeling; what though  
now  
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;

Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,  
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every  
day,—  
How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

IX.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep  
Through all this May, that I have little sleep  
And also 'tis not likely unto me,  
That any living heart should sleepy be,  
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep

X.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,  
I of a token thought, which lovers heed:  
How among them it was a common tale,  
That it was good to hear the nightingale  
Ere the vile cuckoo's note be uttered.

XI.

And then I thought anon, as it was day,  
I gladly would go somewhere to essay  
If I perchance a nightingale might hear;  
For yet had I heard none, of all that year;  
And it was then the third night of the May.

XII.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,  
No longer would I in my bed abide;  
But straightway to a wood, that was hard by,  
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,  
And held the pathway down by a brook-side;

XIII.

Till to a lawn I came, all white and green;  
I in so fair a one had never been:  
The ground was green, with daisy powdered  
over;  
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,  
All green and white, and nothing else was  
seen.

XIV.

There sat I down among the fair, fresh  
flowers,  
And saw the birds come tripping from their  
bowers,  
Where they had rested them all night; and  
they,  
Who were so joyful at the light of day,  
Began to honor May with all their powers.



## XV.

Well did they know that service all by rote;  
And there was many and many a lovely note—  
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;  
Some with their notes another manner feigned;  
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

## XVI.

They pruned themselves, and made themselves  
right gay,  
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;  
And ever two and two together were,  
The same as they had chosen for the year,  
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

## XVII.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sat upon,  
Was making such a noise as it ran on,  
Accordant to the sweet birds' harmony;  
Methought that it was the best melody  
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

## XVIII.

And for delight, but how I never wot,  
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,  
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;  
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,  
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

## XIX.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,  
And who was then ill satisfied but I?  
Now God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,  
From thee and thy base throat keep all that's  
good;  
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

## XX.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,  
In the next bush that was me fast beside,  
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,  
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,  
Echoing through all the greenwood wide.

## XXI.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's  
cheer,  
Hence hast thou stayed a little while too long;  
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,  
And she hath been before thee with her song;  
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

## XXII.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;  
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,  
Methought I wist right well what these birds  
meant,  
And had good knowing both of their intent,  
And of their speech, and all that they would  
say.

## XXIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake:—  
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,  
And, prithee, let us, that can sing, dwell here;  
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,  
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

## XXIV.

What! quoth she then, what is 't that ails thee  
now?  
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;  
For mine's a song that is both true and  
plain,—  
Although I cannot quaver so in vain  
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

## XXV.

All men may understanding have of me,  
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;  
For thou hast many a foolish and quaint  
cry:—  
Thou sayest OSEE, OSEE, 'then how may I  
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may  
be?

## XXVI.

Ah! fool, quoth she, wist thou not what it is?  
Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,  
Then mean I, that I should be wondrous fain  
That shamefully they one and all were slain,  
Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

## XXVII.

And also would I that they all were dead,  
Who do not think in love their life to lead,  
For who is loth the God of Love to obey  
Is only fit to die, I dare well say;  
And for that cause OSEE I cry; take heed!

## XXVIII.

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law—  
That all must love or die; but I withdraw,  
And take my leave of all such company,

For my intent it neither is to die,  
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

## XXX.

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,  
The most disquiet have, and least do thrive;  
Most feeling have of sorrow, woe, and care,  
And the least welfare cometh to their share;  
What need is there against the truth to  
strive?

## XXX.

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,  
That, in thy churlishness, a cause canst find  
To speak of Love's true servants in this mood;  
For in this world no service is so good,  
To every wight that gentle is of kind.

## XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth;  
And gentleness and honor thence come forth;  
Thence worship comes, content, and true  
heart's pleasure.  
And full-assured trust, joy without measure,  
And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

## XXXII.

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,  
And seemliness, and faithful company,  
And dread of shame that will not do amiss;  
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,  
Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die.

## XXXIII.

And that the very truth it is which I  
Now say,—in such belief I'll live and die;  
And, Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.  
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,  
If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

## XXXIV.

Good Nightingale! thou' speakest wondrous  
fair,  
Yet, for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;  
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis,  
And Love in old folk a great dotage is;  
Who most it useth, him 't will most impair.

## XXXV.

For thereof come all contraries to gladness;  
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming  
sadness,

Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,  
Dishonor, shame, envy importunate,  
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness

## XXXVI.

Loving is aye an office of despair,  
And one thing is therein which is not fair:  
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,  
Unless it always stay with him, I wis  
He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

## XXXVII.

And therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep  
nigh;  
For, trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,  
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,  
Thou 'lt be as others that forsaken are;  
Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do I.

## XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, bird ill beseen!  
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen.  
For thou art worse than mad a thousand-fold;  
For many a one hath virtues manifold,  
Who had been naught, if Love had never been.

## XXXIX.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,  
And he from every blemish them defendeth:  
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,  
In loyalty and worshipful desire;  
And, when it likes him, joy enough them  
sendeth.

## XL.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,  
For Love no reason hath but his own will;—  
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;  
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,  
He lets them perish through that grievous ill

## XLI.

With such a master would I never be,  
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,  
And knows not when he hurts and when he  
heals;  
Within his court full seldom truth avails,  
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

## XLII.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note—  
How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,

And said: Alas that ever I was born!  
Not one word have I now, I'm so forlorn:  
And with that word, she into tears burst out.

## XLIII.

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,  
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus  
speak

Of Love, and of his holy services;  
Now, God of Love! thou help me in some  
wise,

That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

## XLIV.

And so, methought, I started up anon,  
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,  
Which at the Cuckoo hardly I cast,  
That he for dread did fly away full fast;  
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

## XLV.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,  
Kept crying: "Farewell!—farewell, Popin-  
jay!"

As if in scornful mockery of me;  
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,  
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

## XLVI.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,  
And said: Forsooth, my friend, do I thank  
thee,

That thou wert near to rescue me; and now  
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,  
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

## XLVII.

Well satisfied, I thanked her; and she said:  
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,  
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou  
heard'st me;

Yet if I live it shall amended be,  
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

## XLVIII.

And one thing will I counsel thee also:  
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;  
All that he said is an outrageous lie.  
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,  
For Love and it hath done me mighty woe.

## XLIX.

Yea, hath it? Use, quoth she, this medicine:  
This May-time, every day before thou dine,  
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,  
Although, for pain, thou mayst be like to die,  
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and  
pine.

## L.

And mind always that thou be good and true,  
And I will sing one song, of many new,  
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry.  
And then did she begin this song full high,  
"Beshrew all them that are in love untrue."

## LI.

And soon as she had sung it to an end,  
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must  
wend;  
And, God of Love, that can right well and  
may,  
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,  
As ever he to lover yet did send.

## LII.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me;  
I pray to God with her always to be,  
And joy of love to send her evermore;  
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,  
For there is not so false a bird as she.

## LIII.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,  
To all the birds that lodged within that dale,  
And gathered each and all into one place,  
And them besought to hear her doleful case;  
And thus it was that she began her tale:

## LIV.

The Cuckoo,—'t is not well that I should  
hide  
How she and I did each the other chide,  
And without ceasing, since it was daylight;  
And now I pray you all to do me right  
Of that false bird, whom Love cannot abide.

## LV.

Then spake one bird, and full assent all gave:  
This matter asketh counsel good as grave;  
For birds we are—all here together brought;  
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;  
And therefore we a Parliament will have.



## LVI.

And thêreat shall the Eagle be our Lord,  
And other Peers whose names are on record.  
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,  
And judgment there be given; or, that intent  
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

## LVII.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,  
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,  
Under a maple that is well beseen  
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,  
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and  
gay.

## LVIII.

She thanked them; and then her leave she  
took,  
And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;  
And there she sat and sung, upon that tree,  
"For term of life Love shall have hold of  
me,"—  
So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,—  
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,—  
Who did on thee the hardness bestow  
To appear before my Lady? But a sense  
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,  
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness  
To show to her some pleasant meanings, writ  
In winning words, since through her gentleness  
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!  
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit  
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,  
Though I be far from her I reverence,  
To think upon my truth and steadfastness;  
And to abridge my sorrow's violence  
Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,  
She of her liking proof to me would give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

## L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, day of gladness!  
Luna by night, with heavenly influence

Illumined! root of beauty and goodness!  
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,  
My sighs breathed forth in silence,—comfort  
give!

Since of all good you are the best alive.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Version of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## SONG.

SEE, oh see!  
How every tree,  
Every bower,  
Every flower,  
A new life gives to others' joys:  
While that I  
Grief-stricken lie,  
Nor can meet  
With any sweet  
But what faster mine destroys.  
What are all the senses' pleasures;  
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, oh hear!  
How sweet and clear  
The nightingale  
And water's fall  
In concert join for others' ear;  
While to me,  
For harmony,  
Every air  
Echoes despair,  
And every drop provokes a tear.  
What are all the senses' pleasures,  
When the soul has lost all measures?

LORD BRISTOL.

## THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs, that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread,  
Of Spring's unclouded weather—  
In this sequesstered nook, how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
In all this covert of the blest;

Hail to thee, far above the rest  
 In joy of voice and pinion!  
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,  
 Presiding spirit here to-day,  
 Dost lead the revels of the May,  
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
 Art sole in thy employment;  
 A life, a presence like the air,  
 Scattering thy gladness without care,  
 Too blest with any one to pair—  
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
 Yet seeming still to hover;  
 There! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—  
 A brother of the dancing leaves—  
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves  
 Pours forth a song in gushes;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked, and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
 While fluttering in the bushes.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE BLACK COCK.

Good-morrow to thy sable beak,  
 And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;  
 Thy crimson moon and azure eye-  
 Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!  
 I see thee slowly cowering through  
 That wiry web of silver dew,  
 That twinkles in the morning air  
 Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
 Who, peeping from her early bower,  
 Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,  
 Her braided hair and morning smile.

The rarest things, with wayward will,  
 Beneath the covert hide them still;  
 The rarest things, to light of day  
 Look shortly forth, and break away.

One fleeting moment of delight  
 I warmed me in her cheering sight;  
 And short, I ween, the time will be  
 That I shall parley hold with thee.  
 Through Snowden's mist, red beams the day  
 The climbing herd-boy chants his lay;  
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring;  
 Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

### ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose  
 From her couch of snows  
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—  
 From cloud and from crag  
 With many a jag,  
 Shepherding her bright fountains.  
 She leapt down the rocks  
 With her rainbow locks  
 Streaming among the streams;—  
 Her steps paved with green  
 The downward ravine  
 Which slopes to the western gleams:  
 And, gliding and springing,  
 She went, ever singing  
 In murmurs as soft as sleep;  
 The Earth seemed to love her,  
 And Heaven smiled above her,  
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,  
 On his glacier cold,  
 With his trident the mountains strook;  
 And opened a chasm  
 In the rocks;—with the spasm  
 All Erymanthus shook.  
 And the black south wind,  
 It concealed behind  
 The urns of the silent snow,  
 And earthquake and thunder  
 Did rend in sunder  
 The bars of the springs below;  
 The beard and the hair  
 Of the river-god were  
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,

As he followed the light  
Of the fleet nymph's flight  
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!  
And bid the deep hide me,  
For he grasps me now by the hair!"  
The loud Ocean heard,  
To its blue depth stirred,  
And divided at her prayer;  
And under the water  
The Earth's white daughter  
Fled like a sunny beam;  
Behind her descended  
Her billows, unblended  
With the brackish Dorian stream.  
Like a gloomy stain  
On the emerald main,  
Alpheus rushed behind,—  
As an eagle pursuing  
A dove to its ruin  
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers  
Where the ocean powers  
Sit on their pearlèd thrones;  
Through the coral woods  
Of the weltering floods,  
Over heaps of unvalued stones;  
Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams  
Weave a network of colored light  
And under the caves,  
Where the shadowy waves  
Are as green as the forest's night—  
Outspeeding the shark,  
And the sword-fish dark,  
Under the ocean foam;  
And up through the rifts  
Of the mountain cliffs  
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains  
In Enna's mountains,  
Down one vale where the morning basks  
Like friends once parted,  
Grown single-hearted,  
They ply their watery tasks.  
At sunrise they leap  
From their cradles steep  
In the cave of the shelving hill;

At noontide they flow  
Through the woods below,  
And the meadows of asphodel;  
And at night they sleep  
In the rocking deep  
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—  
Like spirits that lie  
In the azure sky,  
When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

### THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,  
Full of light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like,  
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight—  
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never away;

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward,  
Motion thy rest:

Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment—  
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine,  
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shadow;  
 Flowing through the pasture meadow,  
 Flowing by the green way-side,  
 Through the forest dim and wide,  
 Through the hamlet still and small—  
 By the cottage, by the hall,  
 By the ruin'd abbey still;  
 Turning here and there a mill,  
 Bearing tribute to the river—  
 Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—  
 Flowering plants in them are growing; \*  
 Happy life is in them all,  
 Creatures innocent and small;  
 Little birds come down to drink,  
 Fearless of their leafy brink;  
 Noble trees beside them grow,  
 Glooming them with branches low;  
 And between, the sunshine, glancing  
 In their little waves, is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,  
 Beautiful and fair as any;  
 Typha strong, and green bur-reed;  
 Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;  
 Arrow-head, with eye of jet;  
 And the water-violet.  
 There the flowering-rush you meet,  
 And the plummy meadow-sweet;  
 And, in places deep and stilly,  
 Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,  
 Sound forth welcomes to the weary,  
 Flowing on from day to day,  
 Without stint and without stay;  
 Here, upon their flowery bank,  
 In the old time pilgrims drank—  
 Here have seen, as now, pass by,  
 King-fisher, and dragon-fly;  
 Those bright things that have their dwelling,  
 Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,  
 Murmuring not and gliding slowly;  
 Up in mountain-hollows wild,

Fretting like a peevish child;  
 Through the hamlet, where all day  
 In their waves the children play;  
 Running west, or running east,  
 Doing good to man and beast—  
 Always giving, weary never,  
 Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT.

## THE WATER! THE WATER!

THE Water! the Water!  
 The joyous brook for me,  
 That tuneth through the quiet night  
 Its ever-living glee.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That sleepless, merry heart,  
 Which gurgles on unstintedly,  
 And loveth to impart,  
 To all around it, some small measure  
 Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!  
 The gentle stream for me,  
 That gushes from the old gray stone,  
 Beside the alder-tree.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That ever-bubbling spring  
 I loved and looked on while a child,  
 In deepest wondering,—  
 And asked it whence it came and went,  
 And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!  
 The merry, wanton brook  
 That bent itself to pleasure me,  
 Like mine old shepherd crook.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That sang so sweet at noon,  
 And sweeter still all night, to win  
 Smiles from the pale, proud moon,  
 And from the little fairy faces  
 That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!  
 The dear and blessed thing,  
 That all day fed the little flowers  
 On its banks blossoming.



The Water! the Water!  
 That murmured in my ear  
 Hymns of a saint-like purity,  
 That angels well might hear,  
 And whisper in the gates of heaven,  
 How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! the Water!  
 Where I have shed salt tears,  
 In loneliness and friendliness,  
 A thing of tender years.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 Where I have happy been,  
 And showered upon its bosom flowers  
 Culled from each meadow green;  
 And idly hoped my life would be  
 So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!  
 My heart yet burns to think  
 How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,  
 For parched lip to drink.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 Of mine own native glen—  
 The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,  
 But ne'er shall hear again,  
 Though fancy fills my ear for aye  
 With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!  
 The mild and glassy wave,  
 Upon whose broomy banks I've longed  
 To find my silent grave.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 O, blest to me thou art!  
 Thus sounding in life's solitude  
 The music of my heart,  
 And filling it, despite of sadness,  
 With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!  
 The mournful, pensive tone  
 That whispered to my heart how soon  
 This weary life was done.  
 The Water! the Water!  
 That rolled so bright and free,  
 And bade me mark how beautiful  
 Was its soul's purity;  
 And how it glanced to heaven its wave,  
 As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern :  
 I make a sudden sally  
 And sparkle out among the fern,  
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges;  
 By twenty thorps, a little town,  
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles;  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,  
 And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel,  
 With many a silvery waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows,  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
Bare Winter was changed suddenly to Spring,  
And gentle odors led my steps astray,  
Mixed with the sound of waters murmuring,  
Along a shelvy bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest  
in a dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
Daisies—those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets;  
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose  
birth

The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower  
that wets

Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it  
hears.

And in the warm hedge grew bush-egplantine,  
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colored  
May;

And cherry-blossoms, and white caps whose  
wine

Was the bright dew yet drained not by the  
day;

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine  
With its dark buds and leaves wandefing  
astray;

And flowers azure, black and streaked with  
gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge,  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple praukt  
with white;

And starry river buds among the sedge  
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery  
light;

And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues, which in their natural  
bowers

Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours  
Within my hand—and then, elate and gay,  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it! Oh to whom?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

### NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,  
Because my feet find measure with its call;  
The birds know when the friend they love is  
nigh,

For I am known to them, both great and  
small.

The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows  
Expects me there when Spring its bloom has  
given;

And many a tree and bush my wanderings  
knows,

And e'en the clouds and silent stars of hea-  
ven;

For he who with his Maker walks aright,  
Shall be their lord as ADAM was before;  
His ear shall catch each sound with new de-  
light,

Each object wear the dress that then it wore;  
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,  
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JONES VERY.

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies;  
 Let them live upon their praises;  
 Long as there's a sun that sets,  
 Primroses will have their glory;  
 Long as there are violets,  
 They will have a place in story:  
 There's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star;  
 Up and down the heavens they go,  
 Men that keep a mighty rout!  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little flower!—I'll make a stir,  
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;  
 Since we needs must first have met,  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'T was a face I did not know;  
 Thou hast now, go where I may,  
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the thrush  
 Has a thought about her nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless prodigal;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood,  
 Travel with the multitude;  
 Never heed them; I aver  
 That they all are wanton wooers;  
 But the thrifty cottager,  
 Who stirs little out of doors,  
 Joys to spy thee near at home;  
 Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming spirit!

Careless of thy neighborhood,  
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
 On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane;—there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
 Children of the flaring Hours!  
 Buttercups, that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no;  
 Others, too, of lofty mien;  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
 Ill-requited upon earth;  
 Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing;  
 Serving at my heart's command,  
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,  
 I will sing, as doth behoove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honor,  
 You do bring  
 In the Spring,  
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
 Fresh and fair;  
 Yet you are  
 More sweet than any.

Y' are the Maiden Posies,  
 And so graced,  
 To be placed,  
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,  
 By and by  
 Ye do lie,  
 Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK

## TO PRIMROSES.

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
 Speak grief in you,  
 Who were but born  
 Just as the modest morn  
 Teemed her refreshing dew?

Alas! ye have not known that shower  
 That mars a flower;  
 Nor felt th' unkind  
 Breath of a blasting wind;  
 Nor are ye worn with years;  
 Or warped, as we,  
 Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
 Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make  
 known

The reason why  
 Ye droop and weep.  
 Is it for want of sleep,  
 Or childish lullaby?

Or, that ye have not seen as yet  
 The violet?

Or brought a kiss  
 From that sweetheart to this?  
 No, no; this sorrow, shown  
 By your tears shed,  
 Would have this lecture read:—

"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears  
 brought forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

## TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do ye fall so fast?  
 Your date is not so past  
 But you may stay yet here awhile  
 To blush and gently smile,  
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be  
 An hour or half's delight,  
 And so to bid good-night?

'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,  
 Merely to show your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;  
 And, after they have shown their pride  
 Like you awhile, they glide,  
 Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK

## TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils! we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early-rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon:  
 Stay, stay  
 Until the hastening day  
 Has run

But to the even-song;  
 And, having prayed together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
 We have as short a Spring;  
 As quick a growth to meet decay,  
 As you, or any thing:  
 We die,  
 As your hours do; and dry  
 Away

Like to the summer's rain,  
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK

## DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED, lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd—  
 A host of golden daffodils  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the milky way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay:



Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DARLINGS of the forest !  
Blossoming, alone,  
When Earth's grief is sorest  
For her jewels gone—  
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender  
buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,  
Like the morning sky,  
Or, more pale and saintly,  
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—  
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin,  
Hymns your solitude ;  
And the rain comes sobbing  
Through the budding wood,  
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not  
be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned  
Out of air and dew—  
Starlight unimpassioned,  
Dawn's most tender hue,  
And scented by the woods that gathered  
sweets for you ?

Fairest and most lonely,  
From the world apart ;  
Made for beauty only,

Veiled from Nature's heart  
With such unconscious grace as makes the  
dream of Art !

Were not mortal sorrow  
An immortal shade,  
Then would I to-morrow  
Such a flower be made,  
And live in the dear woods where my lost  
childhood played.

ROSE TERRY.

#### THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENOE IS THE  
FLOWER ?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our soli-  
tudes,

I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook :  
The purple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black waters with their beauty  
gay—

Here might the red-bird come his plumes to  
cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his  
array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky  
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for  
seeing,

Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !  
I never thought to ask ; I never knew,

But in my simple ignorance suppose  
The selfsame Power that brought me there,  
brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH  
IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem :

To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet  
     Wi' speckled breast,  
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet  
     The purpling east.

• Could blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
     Amid the storm—  
 Scarce reared above the parent earth  
     Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun  
     shield;  
 But thou, beneath the random bield  
     O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
     Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
     In humble guise;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
     And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade!  
 By love's simplicity betrayed,  
     And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
     Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred;  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
     Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
     And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driven  
     To misery's brink,  
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
     He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine—no distant date;  
 Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
     Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,  
     Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS

### TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower  
 With silver crest and golden eye,  
 That welcomes every changing hour,  
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,  
 In gay but quick succession shine;  
 Race after race their honors yield,  
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dèar,  
 While moons and stars their courses run,  
 Enwreathes the circle of the year,  
 Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
 To sultry August spreads its charm,  
 Lights pale October on his way,  
 And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,  
 On moory mountains catch the gale;  
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
 Plays on the margin of the rill,  
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed;  
 And blooms on consecrated ground  
 In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;  
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast;  
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,  
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page—in every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair;  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise;  
The rose has but a summer reign;  
The Daisy never dies!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### TO THE DAISY.

Her divine skill taught me this:  
That from every thing I saw  
I could some instruction draw,  
And raise pleasure to the height  
Through the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustelling;  
By a daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed;  
Or a shady bush or tree,  
She could more infuse in me,  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.

GEORGE WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill, in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent—  
Most pleased when most uneasy;  
But now my own delights I make,  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake,  
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee, Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
That she may sun thee;  
Whole summer-fields are thine by right;  
And Autumn, melancholy wight,  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;  
Pleased at his greeting thee again,  
Yet nothing daunted  
Nor grieved, if thou be set at naught;

And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought  
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their sacred mews  
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearing;  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie  
Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension;  
Some steady love; some brief delight;  
Some memory that had taken flight;  
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life our nature breeds;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,  
When thou art up, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful flower! my-spirits play  
With kindred gladness;  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest,  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
 All seasons through, another debt,  
 Which I, wherever thou art met,  
     To thee am owing;  
 An instinct call it, a blind sense;  
 A happy, genial influence,  
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
     Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run  
 Thy pleasant course,—when day 's begun,  
 As ready to salute the sun  
     As lark or leveret—  
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain,  
 Nor be less dear to future men  
 Than in old time;—thou not in vain  
     Art Nature's favorite.

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TO THE SAME FLOWER.

With little here to do or see  
 Of things that in the great world be  
 Daisy! again I talk to thee,  
     For thou art worthy;—  
 Thou unassuming commonplace  
 Of Nature, with that homely face,  
 And yet with something of a grace,  
     Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit, and play with similes—  
 Loose types of things through all degrees,  
     Thoughts of thy raising;  
 And many a fond and idle name  
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
 As is the humor of the game,  
     While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;  
 Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,  
 In thy simplicity the sport  
     Of all temptations;  
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
 A starveling in a scanty vest;  
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
     Thy appellations.

A little cyclops with one eye  
 Staring to threaten and defy,  
 That thought comes next,—and instantly  
     The freak is over;  
 The shape will vanish,—and behold  
 A silver shield with boss of gold  
 That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
     In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar,—  
 And then thou art a pretty star;  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
     In heaven above thee!  
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
 May peace come never to his nest,  
     Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower! for by that name at last,  
 When all my reveries are past,  
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,—  
     Sweet, silent creature!  
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
 My heart with gladness and a share  
     Of thy meek nature!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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SONG OF SPRING.

LAUD the first Spring daisies;  
 Chaunt aloud their praises;  
 Send the children up  
 To the high hill's top;  
 Tax not the strength of their young hands  
 To increase your lands.  
 Gather the primroses,  
 Make handfuls into posies;  
 Take them to the little girls who are at work  
     in mills:  
 Pluck the violets blue,—  
 Ah, pluck not a few!  
 Knowest thou what good thoughts from Hea-  
     ven the violet instils?

Give the children holidays,  
 (And let these be jolly days,



Grant freedom to the children in this joyous  
Spring ;

Better men, hereafter,  
Shall we have, for laughter  
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the  
echoes ring.

Send the children up  
To the high hill's top,  
Or deep into the wood's recesses,  
To woo Spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,  
In this splendid weather,  
Worship God—(for he is God of birds as  
well as men) :

And each feathered neighbor  
Enters on his labor,—  
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet,  
and the wren.

As the year advances,  
Trees their naked branches  
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green  
apparel.

Insect and wild beast  
Keep no Lent, but feast ;  
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their  
joy's increased,  
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one  
loud carol.

Ah, come and woo the Spring ;  
List to the birds that sing ;  
Pluck the primroses ; pluck the violets :  
Pluck the daisies,  
Sing their praises ;  
Friendship with the flowers some noble  
thought begets.  
Come forth and gather these sweet elves,  
(More witching are they than the fays of  
old,)  
Come forth and gather them yourselves ;  
Learn of these gentle flowers whose worth  
is more than gold.

Come, come into the wood ;  
Pierce into the bowers  
Of these gentle flowers,  
Which, not in solitude  
Dwell, but with each other keep society :  
And with a simple piety,

Are ready to be woven into garlands for the  
good.

Or, upon summer earth,  
To die, in virgin worth ;  
Or to be strewn before the bride,  
And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays ;  
Come forth on Mondays ;  
Come forth on any day ;  
Children, come forth to play :—  
Worship the God of Nature in your child-  
hood ;

Worship Him at your tasks with best en-  
deavor ;

Worship Him in your sports ; worship Him  
ever ;

Worship Him in the wildwood ;  
Worship Him amidst the flowers ;  
In the greenwood bowers ;  
Pluck the buttercups, and raise  
Your voices in His praise !

EDWARD YOUL.

### THE BROOM-FLOWER.

On the Broom, the yellow Broom,  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say  
The flowers have not their fellow ;  
I know where they shine out like suns,  
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained  
In luxury's silken fetters,  
And flowers as bright as glittering gems  
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,  
In modern days or olden ;  
It groweth on its nodding stem  
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door  
Shine out its glittering bushes,

And down the glen, where clear as light  
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me this,  
And the bird that nestles in it;  
I love it, for it loves the Broom—  
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,  
And boast of that of Sharon,  
Of lilies like to marble cups,  
And the golden rod of Aaron:

I care not how these flowers may be  
Beloved of man and woman;  
The Broom it is the flower for me,  
That groweth on the common.

Oh the Broom, the yellow Broom,  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

### THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake!  
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;  
I love it for his sake.  
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are,  
How delicate thy gauzy frill,  
How rich thy branchy stem,  
How soft thy voice when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them;

While silent showers are falling slow,  
And, 'mid the general hush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush!

The primrose to the grave is gone;  
The hawthorn flower is dead;  
The violet by the mossed gray stone  
Hath laid her weary head;

But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair Spring,  
And boyhood's blossomy hour.  
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more  
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

### THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,  
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet:  
No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,  
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
And planted here the guardian shade,  
And sent soft waters murmuring by  
Thus quietly thy summer goes—  
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay  
I grieve to see your future doom;  
They died—nor were those flowers more gay—  
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came:  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same;  
The space between is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

## THE BRIER.

My brier that smemedst sweet,  
 When gentle Spring's first heat  
 Ran through thy quiet veins;  
 Thou that couldst injure none,  
 But wouldst be left alone,  
 Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine  
 remains.

What hath no poet's lyre  
 O'er thee, sweet-breathing brier,  
 Hung fondly, ill or well?  
 And yet, methinks, with thee  
 A poet's sympathy,  
 Whether in weal or woe, in life or death,  
 might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,  
 Few hands your youth will rear,  
 Few bosoms cherish you;  
 Your tender prime must bleed  
 Ere you are sweet; but, freed  
 From life, you then are prized; thus prized  
 are poets too.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside  
 the way,  
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold!  
 First pledge of blithesome May,  
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, up-  
 hold—  
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that  
 they  
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
 Which not the rich earth's ample round  
 May match in wealth!—thou art more dear  
 to me  
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish  
 prow  
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas;  
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease.

'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand;  
 Though most hearts never understand  
 To take it at God's value, but pass by  
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
 The eyes thou givest me  
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:  
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee  
 Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment  
 In the white lily's breezy tent,  
 His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first  
 From the dark green thy yellow circles  
 burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass;  
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
 Where, as the breezes pass,  
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;  
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
 Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue,  
 That from the distance sparkle through  
 Some woodland gap; and of a sky above,  
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb  
 doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked  
 with thee;  
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song.  
 Who, from the dark old tree  
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long;  
 And I, secure in childish piety,  
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
 With news from heaven, which he did  
 bring  
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
 When birds and flowers and I were happy  
 peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!  
 Thou teachest me to deem  
 More sacredly of every human heart,  
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret  
 show,  
 Did we but pay the love we owe,  
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
 On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE VIOLET.

O! faint, delicious, spring-time violet,  
 Thine odor, like a key,  
 Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let  
 A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow  
 Blows through that open door  
 The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet  
 and low,  
 And sadder than of yore

It comes afar, from that beloved place,  
 And that beloved hour,  
 When life hung ripening in love's golden  
 grace,  
 Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;  
 The lark sings o'er my head,  
 Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass!  
 I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door  
 From which I ever flee?  
 O vanished Joy! O Love, that art no more,  
 Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain  
 Hath searched, and stung to grief  
 This sunny day, as if a curse did stain  
 Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,  
 Whose head is turned by the sun;  
 The tulip is a courtly quean,  
 Whom, therefore, I will shun;  
 The cowslip is a country wench  
 The violet is a nun;—  
 But I will woo the dainty rose,  
 The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witen,  
 In too much haste to wed,  
 And clasps her rings on every hand;  
 The wolfsbane I should dread;—

Nor will I dreary rosemarye,  
 That always mourns the dead;—  
 But I will woo the dainty rose,  
 With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,  
 And so is no mate for me—  
 And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush  
 She is of such low degree;  
 Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,  
 And the broom's betrothed to the bee;—  
 But I will plight with the dainty rose,  
 For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired;  
 Bid her come forth—  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee—  
 How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER

CANZONET.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,  
 Cheerily the linnets sing;  
 Winds are soft, and skies serene;  
 Time, however, soon shall throw  
 Winter's snow  
 O'er the buxom breast of Spring!



Hope, that buds in lover's heart,  
Lives not through the scorn of years;  
Time makes love itself depart;  
Time and scorn congeal the mind—  
Looks unkind  
Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;  
Time dissolve the winter snow;  
Winds be soft, and skies serene;  
Linnets sing their wonted strain.  
But again

Blighted love shall never blow!

LUIS DE CAMOENS, (Portuguese.)

Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

#### CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

We are the sweet flowers,  
Born of sunny showers,  
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty  
saith;)

Utterance, mute and bright,  
Of some unknown delight,  
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple  
breath:

All who see us love us—

We befit all places;

Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces,  
races.

Mark our ways, how noiseless  
All, and sweetly voiceless,  
Though the March-winds pipe to make our  
passage clear;

Not a whisper tells

Where our small seed dwells,  
Nor is known the moment green when our  
tips appear.

We thread the earth in silence,

In silence build our bowers—

And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh  
a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,  
Humming with the May-bee,  
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling  
through the grass;

The honey-dropping moon,  
On a night in June,  
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the  
bridegroom pass.  
Age, the withered clinger,  
On us mutely gazes,  
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his  
childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller  
Taste) how Heaven loves color;  
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and  
green;

What sweet thoughts she thinks  
Of violets and pinks,  
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to  
be seen;

See her whitest lilies  
Chill the silver showers,  
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman  
of her flowers.

Uselessness divinest,  
Of a use the finest,  
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;  
Travelers, weary-eyed,  
Bless us, far and wide;  
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sud-  
den truce;  
Not a poor town window  
Loves its sickliest planting,  
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylo-  
nian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses  
Mixed with our sweet juices,  
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm;  
As fair fingers healed  
Knights from the olden field,  
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the  
wildest calm.  
Even the terror, poison,  
Hath its plea for blooming;  
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to  
the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,  
That thief, the honey-maker,  
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!  
In his talking rooms  
How the feasting fumes

Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of  
men!

The butterflies come aping  
Those fine thieves of ours,  
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled  
flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!  
What fair service duteous  
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the  
Nine.

Elfin court 't would seem,  
And taught, perchance, that dream  
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon  
nights divine.

To expound such wonder  
Human speech avails not,  
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a  
glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,  
Matchless works and pleasures,  
Every one a marvel, more than thought can  
say.

Then think in what bright showers  
We thicken fields and bowers,  
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle  
wanton May;

Think of the mossy forests  
By the bee-birds haunted,  
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying  
as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;  
Fruits are born of flowers;  
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in  
the Spring;

The lusty bee knows well  
The news, and comes pell-mell,  
And dances in the gloomy thicks with dark-  
some antheming;

Beneath the very burden  
Of planet-pressing ocean,  
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace—a  
thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings  
Of Cytherea's kissings,  
Have in us been found, and wise men find  
them still;

Drooping grace unfurls  
Still Hyacinthus' curls,  
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish  
rill;

Thy red lip, Adonis,  
Still is wet with morning;  
And the step that bled for thee the rosy  
brier adorning.

Oh! true things are fables,  
Fit for sagest tables,  
And the flowers are true things—yet no fa-  
bles they;

Fables were not more  
Bright, nor loved of yore—  
Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every  
old pathway;

Grossest hand can test us—  
Fools may prize us never—  
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise—marvels sweet  
for ever.

Who shall say that flowers  
Dress not heaven's own bowers?  
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet  
floor?

Who shall even dare  
To say we sprang not there—  
And came not down, that Love might bring  
one piece of heaven the more?

Oh! pray believe that angles  
From those blue dominions  
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt  
their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and  
golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of eld;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 God hath written in those stars above ;  
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
 Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
 Writ all over this great world of ours—  
 Making evident our own creation,  
 In these stars of earth, these golden flowerets.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
 Of the self-same, universal being  
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
 Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
 Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
 Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;  
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night ;

These in flowers and men are more than  
 seeming ;  
 Workings are they of the self-same powers  
 Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,  
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing—  
 Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
 Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
 And in Summer's green-embazoned field,  
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
 In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
 Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant ;  
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like  
 wings,  
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,  
 We behold their tender buds expand—  
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn  
 to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
 As a libation !

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly  
 Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—  
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
 Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty  
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
 Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that  
 swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
 Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and  
 column

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
 But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
 Which God hath planned

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon  
 supply—  
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ  
 thunder,  
 Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander  
 Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon  
 the sod,  
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
 The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living  
 preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
 From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor  
 “Weep without woe, and blush without a  
 crime,”  
 O may I deeply learn, and ne’er surrender,  
 Your lore sublime!

“Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,  
 Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “in robes like  
 ours;  
 How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory  
 Are human flowers!”

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Art-  
 ist!  
 With which thou paintest Nature’s wide-  
 spread hall,  
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
 Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made  
 for pleasure:  
 Blooming o’er field and wave, by day and  
 night,  
 From every source your sanction bids me  
 treasure  
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary  
 For such a world of thought could furnish  
 scope?  
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in  
 earth,  
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
 And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remain-  
 ing,  
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordain-  
 ing,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!  
 HORACE SMITH

### NATURE AND THE POETS.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,  
 The air was cooling, and so very still,  
 That the sweet buds, which with a modest  
 pride  
 Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,  
 Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems,  
 Had not yet lost their starry diadems  
 Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.  
 The clouds were pure and white as flocks  
 new-shorn,  
 And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly  
 they slept  
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then there  
 crept  
 A little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
 Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;  
 For not the faintest motion could be seen  
 Of all the shades that slanted o’er the green.  
 There was wide wandering, for the greediest  
 eye  
 To peer about upon variety—  
 Far round the horizon’s crystal air to skim,  
 And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim—  
 To picture out the quaint and curious bend-  
 ing  
 Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending—  
 Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,  
 Guess where the jaunty streams refresh them-  
 selves.  
 I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free  
 As though the fanning wings of Mercury  
 Had played upon my heels: I was light-  
 hearted,  
 And many pleasures to my vision started;



So I straightway began to pluck a posy,  
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy:  
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about  
them;

Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without  
them!

And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,  
And let long grass grow round the roots, to  
keep them

Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,  
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild brier overtwin'd,  
And clumps of woodbine, taking the soft  
wind

Upon their summer thrones; there too should  
be

The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,  
That with a score of light green brethren  
shoots

From the quaint mossiness of aged roots,  
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear  
waters,

Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,  
The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn  
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn  
From their fresh beds, and, scattered thought-  
lessly

By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,  
Ye ardent marigolds!

Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,  
For great Apollo bids

That in these days your praises should be  
sung

On many harps, which he has lately strung;  
And when again your dewiness he kisses,  
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:  
So, haply, when I rove in some far vale,  
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight—  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings.  
Linger awhile upon some bending planks  
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,  
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:  
They will be found softer than ring-doves'  
cooings.

How silent comes the water round that bend!  
Not the minutest whisper does it send  
To the o'erhanging shallows: blades of grass  
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.

Why you might read two sonnets, ere they  
reach

To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach  
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;  
Where swarms of minnows show their little  
heads,

Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,  
To taste the luxury of sunny beams  
Tempered with coolness. How they ever  
wrestle

With their own sweet delight, and ever  
nestle

Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!  
If you but scantily hold out the hand,  
That very instant not one will remain;  
But turn your eye, and they are there again.

The ripples seem right glad to reach those  
crosses,

And cool themselves among the emerald  
tresses;

The while they cool themselves, they fresh-  
ness give,

And moisture, that the bowery green may live:  
So keeping up an interchange of favors,  
Like good men in the truth of their beha-  
viors.

Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop  
From low-hung branches; little space they  
stop,

But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;  
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:

Or perhaps, to show their black and golden  
wings,

Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

Were I in such a place, I sure should pray  
That nought less sweet might call my thoughts  
away,

Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown  
Fanning away the dandelion's down;  
Than the light music of her nimble toes  
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.  
How she would start and blush, thus to be  
caught

Playing in all her innocence of thought!

O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,  
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward  
look;

O let me for one moment touch her wrist;  
Let me one moment to her breathing list;  
And as she leaves me, may she often turn  
Her fair eyes looking through her locks au-  
burn.

What next? a tuft of evening primroses,  
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;  
O'er which it well might take a pleasant  
sleep,

But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting  
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quit-  
ting;

Or by the moon lifting her silver rim  
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim  
Coming into the blue with all her light.

O Maker of sweet poets! dear delight  
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers;  
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,  
Mingler with leaves, and dew, and tumbling  
streams;

Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams;  
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,  
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!

Thee must I praise above all other glories  
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.  
For what has made the sage or poet write,  
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?  
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,  
We see the waving of the mountain pine;  
And when a tale is beautifully staid,  
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade;  
When it is moving on luxurious wings,  
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings;  
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,  
And flowering laurels spring from diamond  
vases;

O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-  
brier,  
And bloomy grapes laughing from green  
attire;

While at our feet, the voice of crystal bub-  
bles

Charms us at once away from all our trou-  
bles,

So that we feel uplifted from the world,  
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and  
curled.

So felt he who first told how Psyche went  
On the smooth wind to realms of wonder-  
ment;

What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full  
lips

First touched; what amorous and fondling  
nips

They gave each other's cheeks—with all  
their sighs,

And how they kist each other's tremulous  
eyes;

The silver lamp—the ravishment—the won-  
der—

The darkness—loneliness—the fearful thun-  
der;

Their woes gone by, and both to heaven up  
flown,

To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.

So did he feel, who pulled the boughs aside,  
That we might look into a forest wide,  
To catch a glimpse of Fauns, and Dryades  
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;  
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and  
sweet,

Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:  
Telling us how fair trembling Syrinx fled  
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.  
Poor Nymph,—poor Pan,—how did he weep  
to find

Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind  
Along the reedy stream! a half-heard strain,  
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing  
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?  
In some delicious ramble he had found  
A little space, with boughs all woven round;  
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool  
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool  
The blue sky here and there serenely peep-  
ing,  
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creep-  
ing.

And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,  
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of  
pride,

Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clear-  
ness,  
To woo its own sad image into nearness.  
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;  
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to  
love.

So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,  
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;  
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale  
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

Where had he been, from whose warm  
head outflew  
That sweetest of all songs, that ever knew  
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,  
Coming ever to bless  
The wanderer by moonlight—to him bring-  
ing  
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly  
singing  
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,  
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests  
Full in the speculation of the stars?  
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;  
Into some wondrous region he had gone,  
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a poet, sure a lover too,  
Who stood on Latmos' top, what time there  
blew  
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;  
And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet, and  
slow,  
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswell-  
ing,  
The incense went to her own starry dwell-  
ing.  
But though her face was clear as infants'  
eyes,  
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,  
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,  
Wept that such beauty should be desolate.  
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he  
won,  
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely  
queen  
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have  
seen!

As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,  
So every tale does this sweet tale of thine.  
O for three words of honey, that I might  
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their  
keels,  
Phœbus awhile delayed his mighty wheels,  
And turned to smile upon thy bashful eyes,  
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.  
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,  
That men of health were of unusual cheer,  
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,  
Or young Apollo on the pedestal;  
And lovely women were as fair and warm,  
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.

The breezes were ethereal, and pure,  
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure  
The languid sick: it cool'd their fever'd sleep,  
And soothed them into slumbers full and  
deep.  
Soon they awoke clear-eyed; nor burn'd  
with thirsting,  
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples burst-  
ing;  
And springing up, they met the wondering  
sight  
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with de-  
light,  
Who feel their arms and breasts, and kiss,  
and stare,  
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.  
Young men and maidens at each other gazed,  
With hands held back, and motionless,  
amazed  
To see the brightness in each other's eyes;  
And so they stood, filled with a sweet sur-  
prise,  
Until their tongues were loosed in poesy.  
Therefore no lover did of anguish die;  
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,  
Made silken ties that never may be broken.

Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses  
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's  
kisses:  
Was there a poet born?—But now no more—  
My wandering spirit must no farther soar.

JOHN KEATS.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are  
 still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost  
 fill,  
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious  
 May.  
 Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,  
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's  
 bill,  
 Portend success in love. Oh if Jove's will  
 Have linked that amorous power to thy  
 soft lay,  
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove  
 nigh;  
 As thou from year to year hast sung too  
 late  
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.  
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his  
 mate,  
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

JOHN MILTON.

## ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring;  
 Every thing did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone.  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;  
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty  
 That to hear it was great pity.  
 Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;  
 Teru, teru, by-and-by;  
 That, to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
 For her griefs, so lively shown,  
 Made me think upon mine own.  
 Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;  
 None takes pity on thy pain;

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;  
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee;  
 King Pandion, he is dead;  
 All thy friends are lapped in lead:  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing!  
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
 Thou and I were both beguiled,  
 Every one that flatters thee  
 Is no friend in misery.  
 Words are easy, like the wind;  
 Faithful friends are hard to find.  
 Every man will be thy friend  
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
 But, if stores of crowns be scant,  
 No man will supply thy want.  
 If that one be prodigal,  
 Bountiful they will him call;  
 And, with such-like flattering,  
 "Pity but he were a king."  
 If he be addict to vice,  
 Quickly him they will entice;  
 But if Fortune once do frown,  
 Then farewell his great renown:  
 They that fawned on him before,  
 Use his company no more.  
 He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will help thee in thy need;  
 If thou sorrow, he will weep,  
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep.  
 Thus, of every grief in heart,  
 He with thee doth bear a part.  
 These are certain signs to know  
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows  
 sends—  
 Ere that the blushing morn dare show her  
 light—  
 Such sad lamenting strains, that night at-  
 tends,  
 Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight;  
 If one whose grief even reach of thought  
 transcends,  
 Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,  
 May thee importune who like case pretends,



And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;  
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,  
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus  
complains,

Since Winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky  
Enamored smiles on woods and flowery  
plains?

The bird, as if my questions did her move,  
With trembling wings sighed forth, "I love,  
I love."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burned  
mirth!

Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth—

That I might drink, and leave the world  
unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never  
known—

The weariness, the fever, and the fret;  
Here, where men sit and hear each other  
groan—

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray  
hairs—

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,  
and dies—

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,  
And leaden-eyed despairs—

Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous  
eyes,

Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee!

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

But on the viewless wings of poesy,

'Though the dull brain perplexes and re-  
tards;

Already with thee tender is the night,

And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,

Clustered around by all her starry fays;

But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the breezes  
blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
ways.

I can not see what flowers are at my feet,

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
boughs;

But, in embalmed darkness guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree  
wild:

White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves;

And mid-May's oldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of bees on summer  
eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time

I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused

rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,  
In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in  
vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick  
 for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn:  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charmed magic casements opening on the  
 foam  
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the Fancy can not cheat so well  
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still  
 stream,  
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades:  
 Was it a vision or a waking dream?  
 Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

## PHILOMELA.

HARK! ah, the Nightingale!  
 The tawny-throated!  
 Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!  
 What triumph! hark—what pain!  
 O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
 Still—after many years, in distant lands—  
 Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain  
 That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-  
 world pain—

Say, will it never heal?  
 And can this fragrant lawn,  
 With its cool trees, and night,  
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
 And moonshine, and the dew,  
 To thy racked heart and brain  
 Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
 Here, through the moonlight on this English  
 grass,  
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?  
 Dost thou again peruse,  
 With hot cheeks and seared eyes,  
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's  
 shame?

Dost thou once more essay  
 Thy flight; and feel come over thee,  
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change;  
 Once more; and once more make resound,  
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—  
 How thick the bursts come crowding through  
 the leaves!  
 Again—thou hearest!  
 Eternal passion!  
 Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

## THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE DOVE.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art  
 A creature of a "fiery heart";  
 These notes of thine,—they pierce and pierce:  
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce!  
 Thou sing'st as if the god of wine  
 Had helped thee to a valentine—  
 A song in mockery, and despite  
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night,  
 And steady bliss, and all the loves  
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.  
 I heard a stock-dove sing or say  
 His homely tale, this very day;  
 His voice was buried among trees,  
 Yet to be come at by the breeze:  
 He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;  
 And somewhat pensively he wooed:  
 He sang of love, with quiet blending,  
 Slow to begin, and never ending;  
 Of serious faith, and inward glee;  
 That was the song, the song for me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relict of the sunken day  
 Distinguishes the West; no long thin slip  
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.  
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!  
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,  
 But hear no murmuring; it flows silently

O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still;  
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,  
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers  
That gladden the green earth, and we shall  
find

A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.  
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song—  
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!  
A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!  
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.  
But some night-wandering man, whose heart  
was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with  
himself,

And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,  
First named these notes a melancholy strain.  
And many a poet echoes the conceit—  
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme  
When he had better far have stretched his  
limbs

Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,  
By sun or moonlight; to the influxes  
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,  
Surrendering his whole spirit; of his song  
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame  
Should share in Nature's immortality—  
A venerable thing!—and so his song  
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself  
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;  
And youths and maidens most poetical,  
Who lose the deepening twilights of the  
Spring

In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,  
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their  
sighs

O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our sister! we have  
learnt

A different lore: we may not thus profane  
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love  
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale  
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music!

And I know a grove  
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,  
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so  
This grove is wild with tangling underwood;  
And the trim walks are broken up; and grass,  
Thing grass and kingcups grow within the paths.  
But never elsewhere in one place I knew  
So many nightingales. And far and near,  
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,  
They answer and provoke each other's song,  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than  
all—

Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
That should you close your eyes, you might  
almost

Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,  
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,  
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,  
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both  
bright and full,

Glistening, while many a glowworm in the  
shade

Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,  
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home  
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve,  
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate  
To something more than Nature in the grove,)  
Glides through the pathways—she knows all  
their notes,

That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space,  
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,  
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon,  
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky  
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds  
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
A hundred airy harps! And she hath  
watched

Many a nightingale perched giddily  
On blossomy twig still swinging from the  
breeze,  
And to that motion tune his wanton song,  
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve;  
And you, my friends! farewell, a short fare  
well!

We have been loitering long and pleasantly,  
And now for our dear homes.—That strain  
again!

Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,  
Who, capable of no articulate sound,  
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,  
How he would place his hand beside his ear,  
His little hand, the small forefinger up,  
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise  
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows  
well

The evening-star; and once when he awoke  
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain  
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's  
dream,)

I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,  
And he beheld the moon; and, hushed at once,  
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,  
While his fair eyes, that swam with undrop-  
ped tears,

Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—  
It is a father's tale; but if that Heaven  
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow  
up

Familiar with these songs, that with the  
night

He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,  
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends!  
farewell.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the nightingale,  
Who soothes thee with his tale,  
And wakes the woods around;

A singing feather he—a winged and wander-  
ing sound;

Whose tender caroling  
Sets all ears listening  
Unto that living lyre,

Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies in-  
spire;

Whose shrill, capricious song  
Breathes like a flute along,  
With many a careless tone—

Music of thousand tongues, formed by one  
tongue alone.

O charming creature rare!  
Can aught with thee compare?  
Thou art all song—thy breast

Thrills for one month o' th' year—is tranquil  
all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call—  
Most wondrous this of all,  
That such a tiny throat

Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so  
loud a note.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER. (Dutch)

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE rose looks out in the valley,  
And thither will I go!  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river side,  
Culling the lemons pale:  
Thither—yes! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,  
'Tis for her lover all:  
Thither—yes! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale,  
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,  
She has placed the lemons pale:  
Thither—yes! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

GIL VICENTE. (Portuguese)

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

### THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE.

I HAVE seen a nightingale  
On a sprig of thyme bewail,  
Seeing the dear nest, which was  
Hers alone, borne off, alas!  
By a laborer; I heard,  
For this outrage, the poor bird



Say a thousand mournful things  
 To the wind, which, on its wings,  
 From her to the guardian of the sky,  
 Bore her melancholy cry—  
 Bore her tender tears. She spake  
 As if her fond heart would break :  
 One while, in a sad, sweet note,  
 Gurgled from her straining throat,  
 She enforced her piteous tale,  
 Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail ;  
 One while, with the shrill dispute  
 Quite outwearied, she was mute ;  
 Then afresh, for her dear brood,  
 Her harmonious shrieks renewed.  
 Now she winged it round and round ;  
 Now she skimmed along the ground ;  
 Now, from bough to bough, in haste,  
 The delighted robber chased,  
 And, alighting in his path,  
 Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,  
 " Give me back, fierce rustic rude—  
 Give me back my pretty brood !"  
 And I saw the rustic still  
 Answered, " That, I never will !"

ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS. (Spanish)  
 Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEPARTURE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu !  
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !  
 Ah ! 't will be long ere thou shalt sing anew,  
 And pour thy music on "the night's dull  
 ear."  
 Whether on Spring thy wandering flights  
 await,  
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,  
 The pensive Muse shall own thee for her  
 mate,  
 And still protect the song she loves so well.  
 With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall  
 glide  
 Through the long brake that shades thy  
 mossy nest ;  
 And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall  
 hide  
 The gentle bird who sings of pity best :  
 For still thy voice shall soft affections move,  
 And still be dear to sorrow, and to love !

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

#### TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of  
 day,  
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou  
 pursue  
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee  
 wrong,  
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a power whose care  
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
 The desert and illimitable air,—  
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and  
 rest,  
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall  
 bend,  
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my  
 heart  
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
 And shall not soon depart .

He who, from zone to zone,  
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
 flight,  
 In the long way that I must tread alone,  
 Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

## THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;  
 By the dusty roadside,  
 On the sunny hill-side,  
 Close by the noisy brook,  
 In every shady nook,  
 I come creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, smiling every where;  
 All round the open door,  
 Where sit the aged poor;  
 Here where the children play,  
 In the bright and merry May,  
 I come creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;  
 In the noisy city street  
 My pleasant face you'll meet,  
 Cheering the sick at heart  
 Toiling his busy part—  
 Silently creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;  
 You cannot see me coming,  
 Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
 For in the starry night,  
 And the glad morning light,  
 I come quietly creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;  
 More welcome than the flowers  
 In Summer's pleasant hours;  
 The gentle cow is glad,  
 And the merry bird not sad,  
 To see me creeping, creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;  
 When you're numbered with the dead  
 In your still and narrow bed,  
 In the happy Spring I'll come  
 And deck your silent home—  
 Creeping, silently creeping every where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every where;  
 My humble song of praise  
 Most joyfully I raise  
 To Him at whose command  
 I beautify the land,  
 Creeping, silently creeping every where.

SARAH ROBERTS.

## JULY.

Loud is the Summer's busy song,  
 The smallest breeze can find a tongue,  
 While insects of each tiny size  
 Grow teasing with their melodies,  
 Till noon burns with its blistering breath  
 Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute  
 Is on a sudden lost and mute;  
 Even the brook that leaps along,  
 Seems weary of its bubbling song,  
 And, so soft its waters creep,  
 Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;

The cricket on its bank is dumb;  
 The very flies forget to hum;  
 And, save the wagon rocking round,  
 The landscape sleeps without a sound.  
 The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough  
 Hath not a leaf that danceth now;

The taller grass upon the hill,  
 And spider's threads, are standing still;  
 The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing  
 Which to the water's surface cling,  
 Are steadfast, and as heavy seem  
 As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs  
 Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;  
 And in the over-heated air  
 Not one light thing is floating there,  
 Save that to the earnest eye  
 The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,  
 And flowers e'en within the shade;  
 Until the sun slopes in the west,  
 Like weary traveller, glad to rest  
 On pillowed clouds of many hues.  
 Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain  
 Hum with their summer songs again,  
 A requiem to the day's decline,  
 Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine  
 As welcome to day's feeble powers  
 As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARK

## SONG.

UNDER the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
     Here shall he see  
     No enemy  
 But Winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
     Here shall he see  
     No enemy  
 But Winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE

## THE GREENWOOD.

Oh! when 'tis summer weather,  
 And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,  
 The waters clear is humming round,  
 And the cuckoo sings unseen,  
 And the leaves are waving green—  
     Oh! then 't is sweet,  
     In some retreat,  
 To hear the murmuring dove,  
 With those whom on earth alone we love,  
 And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 'tis winter weather,  
     And crosses grieve,  
     And friends deceive,  
     And rain and sleet  
     The lattice beat,—  
     Oh! then 'tis sweet  
     To sit and sing  
 Of the friends with whom, in the days of  
     Spring,  
 We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

## COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE

Come to these scenes of peace,  
 Where, to rivers murmuring,  
 The sweet birds all the Summer sing,  
 Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease!  
 Stranger, does thy heart deplore  
 Friends whom thou wilt see no more?  
 Does thy wounded spirit prove  
 Pangs of hopeless, severed love?  
 Thee, the stream that gushes clear—  
 Thee, the birds that carol near  
 Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie  
 And dream of their wild lullaby;  
 Come to bless these scenes of peace,  
 Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

## THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays:  
 And their incessant labors see  
 Crowned from some single herb, or tree,  
 Whose short and narrow-verged shade  
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
 While all the flowers, and trees, do close,  
 To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
 And Innocence, thy sister dear?  
 Mistaken long, I sought you then  
 In busy companies of men.  
 Your sacred plants, if here below,  
 Only among the plants will grow  
 Society is all but rude  
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
 So amorous as this lovely green.  
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name  
 Little, alas! they know or heed,  
 How far these beauties her exceed!  
 Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,  
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,  
 Love hither makes his best retreat.

The gods, who mortal beauty chase,  
Still in a tree did end their race.  
Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
Only that she might laurel grow :  
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead !  
Ripe apples drop about my head ;  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;  
The nectarine, and curious peach,  
Into my hands themselves do reach ;  
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less  
Withdraws into its happiness.  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find ;  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds and other seas ;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
Casting the body's vest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide ;  
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
Then whets and claps its silver wings,  
And, till prepared for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,  
While man there walked without a mate :  
After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other help could yet be meet !  
But 't was beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there :  
Two paradises are in one,  
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew  
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new !  
Where, from above, the milder sun  
Does through a fragrant zodiac run .  
And, as it works, th' industrious bee  
Computes its time as well as we.  
How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers ?

ANDREW MARVELL.

## THE GARDEN.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless,  
With the full choice of thine own happiness ;  
And happier yet, because thou 'rt blest  
With prudence, how to choose the best :  
In books and gardens thou hast placed aright  
(Things, which thou well dost understand ;  
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)  
Thy noble, innocent delight ;  
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again  
dost meet

Both pleasures more refined and sweet ;  
The fairest garden in her looks,  
And in her mind the wisest books.  
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid  
joys,

For empty shows and senseless noise ;  
And all which rank ambition breeds,  
Which seems such beauteous flowers, and are  
such poisonous weeds ?

When God did man to his own likeness make,  
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,  
By the great potter's art refined,  
Could the divine impression take,  
He thought it fit to place him, where  
A kind of Heaven too did appear,  
As far as Earth could such a likeness bear :  
That man no happiness might want,  
Which Earth to her first master could afford,  
He did a garden for him plant  
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.  
As the chief help and joy of human life,  
He gave him the first gift ; first, even before  
a wife.

For God, the universal architect  
'T had been as easy to erect  
A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower  
That might with Heaven communication hold,  
As Babel vainly thought to do of old :  
He wanted not the skill or power ;  
In the world's fabric those were shown,  
And the materials were all his own.  
But well he knew, what place would best  
agree

With innocence and with felicity ;  
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain ;  
If any part of either yet remain,



If any part of either we expect,  
This may our judgment in the search direct;  
God the first garden made, and the first city  
Cain.

O blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat  
From all th' immoderate heat,  
In which the frantic world does burn and  
sweat!

This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;  
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage;  
Every where else their fatal power we see;  
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:  
They neither set, nor disappear,  
But tyrannize o'er all the year;  
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence  
here.

The birds that dance from bough to bough,  
And sing above in every tree,  
Are not from fears and cares more free  
Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,  
And should by right be singers too.  
What prince's choir of music can excel  
That, which within this shade does dwell?

To which we nothing pay or give;  
They, like all other poets, live  
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging  
pains;

'T is well if they become not prey.  
The whistling winds add their less artful  
strains,  
And a grave bass the murmuring fountains  
play;

Nature does all this harmony bestow,  
But to our plants, art's music too,  
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;  
The lute itself, which once was green and  
mute,

When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,  
The trees danced round, and understood  
By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,  
And nothing does within resistance make,  
Which yet we moderately take;  
Who would not choose to be awake,  
While he's encompassed round with such de-  
light,  
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and  
sight?

When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep  
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,  
The odorous herbs and flowers beneath him  
spread,

As the most soft and sweetest bed;  
Not her own lap would more have charmed  
his head.

Who, that has reason and his smell,  
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,  
Rather than all his spirits choke,  
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,  
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,  
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?  
The earth itself breathes better perfumes  
here,

Than all the female men, or women, there  
Not without cause, about them bear.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,  
That pleasure was the chiefest good,  
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly un-  
derstood)

His life he to his doctrine brought,  
And in a garden's shade that sovereign plea-  
sure sought:

Whoever a true epicure would be,  
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.  
Vitellius's table, which did hold  
As many creatures as the ark of old;  
That fiscal table, to which every day  
All countries did a constant tribute pay,  
Could nothing more delicious afford

Than Nature's liberality,  
Helped with a little art and industry,  
Allows the meanest gardener's board.  
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,  
For which the grape or melon she would  
lose;

Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air  
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,

Yet still the fruits of earth we see  
Placed the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,  
None courts, or flatters, as it does, the eye.  
When the great Hebrew king did almost  
strain

The wondrous treasures of his wealth, and  
brain,

His royal southern guest to entertain:

Though she on silver floors did tread, ★  
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,  
 To hide the metal's poverty;  
 Though she looked up to roofs of gold,  
 And nought around her could behold  
 But silk, and rich embroidery,  
 And Babylonish tapestry,  
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;  
 Though Ophir's starry stones met every  
     where her eye;  
 Though she herself and her gay host were  
     drest  
 With all the shining glories of the East;  
 When lavish Art her costly work had done,  
 The honor and the prize of bravery  
 Was by the garden from the palace won  
 And every rose and lily there did stand  
 Better attired by Nature's hand.  
 The case thus judged against the king we see.  
 By one, that would not be so rich, though  
     wiser far than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense  
     Such various pleasures to the sense;  
     Here health itself does live,  
 That salt of life which does to all a relish give,  
 Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,  
 The body's virtue and the soul's good-for-  
     tune, health.  
 The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,  
 Did its immortal head to Heaven rear;  
 It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood;  
 Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;  
     Nor will it thrive too every where:  
     It always here is freshest seen  
     'Tis only here an evergreen.  
 If, through the strong and beauteous fence  
 Of temperance and innocence,  
 And wholesome labors, and a quiet mind,  
     Any diseases passage find,  
     They must not think here to assail  
 A land unarmed or without a guard;  
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,  
     Before they can prevail:  
     Scarce any plant is growing here,  
 Which against death some weapon does not  
     bear.  
 Let cities boast that they provide  
 For life the ornaments of pride;  
 But 'tis the country and the field,  
 That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine  
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?  
 Where do we finer strokes and colors see  
 Of the Creator's real poetry,  
     Than when we with attention look  
 Upon the third day's volume of the book?  
 If we could open and intend our eye,  
     We all, like Moses, should espy  
 Even in a bush the radiant Deity.  
 But we despise these, his inferior ways,  
 (Though no less full of miracle and praise.)  
     Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze;  
 The stars of Earth no wonder in us raise;  
     Though these perhaps do, more than they,  
     The life of mankind sway.  
 Although no part of mighty Nature be  
 More stored with beauty, power and mystery;  
 Yet, to encourage human industry,  
 God has so ordered, that no other part  
 Such space and such dominion leaves for Art.

We nowhere Art do so triumphant see,  
     As when it grafts or buds the tree.  
 In other things we count it to excel,  
 If it a docile scholar can appear  
 To Nature, and but imitate her well;  
 It over-rules and is her master, here.  
 It imitates her Maker's power divine,  
 And changes her sometimes, and sometimes  
     does refine.  
 It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore  
 To its blest state of Paradise before.  
 Who would not joy to see his conquering hand  
 O'er all the vegetable world command?  
 And the wild giants of the wood receive  
     What law he's pleased to give?  
 He bids th' ill-natured crab produce  
 The gentle apple's winy juice,  
     The golden fruit that worthy is  
     Of Galatea's purple kiss.  
 He does the savage hawthorn teach  
 To bear the medlar and the pear;  
 He bids the rustic plum to rear  
 A noble trunk, and be a peach.  
 Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,  
 And weds the cherry to her stock,  
 Though she refused Apollo's suit;  
 Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,  
 Now wonders at herself, to see  
 That she's a mother made, and blushes in her  
     fruit.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk  
 In the Salonian garden's noble shade,  
 Which by his own imperial hands was made.  
 I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk  
 With the ambassadors, who come in vain

T' entice him to a throne again.  
 "If I, my friends," (said he,) "should to you  
 show

All the delights which in these gardens grow,  
 'Tis likelier, much, that you should with me  
 stay,

Than 'tis that you should carry me away;  
 And trust me not, my friends, if every day,

I walk not here with more delight  
 Than ever, after the most happy sight,  
 In triumph to the Capitol I rode  
 To thank the gods, and to be thought myself  
 almost a god."

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,  
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind;  
 And while, to shade my lowly cave,  
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave;  
 And while the maple dish is mine—  
 The beechen cup, unstained with wine—  
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,  
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,  
 The black-bird pipes in artless trill;  
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
 The wren has wove her mossy nest;  
 From busy scenes, and brighter skies,  
 To lurk with innocence, she flies,  
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my customed round,  
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,  
 And every opening primrose count,  
 That trimly paints my blooming mount;  
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,  
 That grace my gloomy solitude,  
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray  
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,  
 I ope my brass-embossed book,  
 Portrayed with many a holy deed  
 Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed.  
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,  
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,  
 And at the close, the gleams behold  
 Of parting wings, be-dropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,  
 Who but would smile at guilty state?  
 Who but would wish his holy lot  
 In calm oblivion's humble grot?  
 Who but would cast his pomp away,  
 To take my staff, and amice gray;  
 And to the world's tumultuous stage  
 Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THOMAS WARTON.

#### THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may  
 We never meet again;  
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,  
 And do more good in one short day,  
 Than he who his whole age out-wears  
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,  
 Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!  
 How beautiful the fields appear!

How cleanly do we feed and lie!  
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!  
 How quietly we sleep!

What peace, what unanimity!  
 How innocent from the lewd fashion,  
 Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!  
 Oh, how innocent our pleasure!  
 O ye valleys! O ye mountains!  
 O ye groves, and crystal fountains!  
 How I love, at liberty,  
 By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,  
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,  
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend.

With thee I here converse at will,  
 And would be glad to do so still,  
 For 'is it thou alone that keep'st the soul  
 awake.

How calm and quiet a delight  
 Is it, alone  
 To read, and meditate, and write,  
 By none offended, and offending none!  
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own  
 ease;  
 And, pleasing a man's self, none other to dis-  
 please.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,  
 Princess of rivers, how I love  
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,  
 And view thy silver stream,  
 When gilded by a Summer's beam!  
 And in it all thy wanton fry  
 Playing at liberty,  
 And, with my angle, upon them,  
 The all of treachery  
 I ever learned industriously to try!

Sack streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot  
 show,  
 The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;  
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,  
 Are puddle-water, all, compared with thine;  
 And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are  
 With thine, much purer, to compare;  
 The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine  
 Are both too mean,  
 Beloved Dove, with thee  
 To vie priority;  
 Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,  
 And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise  
 To awe the earth and brave the skies!  
 From some aspiring mountain's crown  
 How dearly do I love,  
 Giddy with pleasure, to look down;  
 And, from the vales, to view the noble heights  
 above;  
 O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,  
 And all anxieties, my safe retreat;  
 What safety, privacy, what true delight,  
 In the artificial night

Your gloomy entrails make,  
 Have I taken, do I take!  
 How oft, when grief has made me fly,  
 To hide me from society  
 E'en of my dearest friends, have I,  
 In your recesses' friendly shade,  
 All my sorrows open laid,  
 And my most secret woes intrusted to your  
 privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,  
 What an over-happy one  
 Should I think myself to be—  
 Might I in this desert place,  
 (Which most men in discourse disgrace,)  
 Live but undisturbed and free!  
 Here, in this despised recess,  
 Would I, maugre Winter's cold,  
 And the Summer's worst excess,  
 Try to live out to sixty full years old;  
 And, all the while,  
 Without an envious eye  
 On any thriving under Fortune's smile,  
 Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTEN.

### THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!  
 In moderate cold and heat,  
 To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!  
 In every field of wheat,  
 The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,  
 And every meadow's brow;  
 So that I say, no courtier may  
 Compare with them who clothe in gray,  
 And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,  
 And labor till almost dark;  
 Then folding their sheep, they hasten to  
 sleep;  
 While every pleasant park  
 Next morning is ringing with birds that are  
 singing,  
 On each green, tender bough.  
 With what content and merriment  
 Their days are spent, whose minds are bent  
 To follow the useful plough!

ANONYMOUS.



## REVE DU MIDI.

WHEN o'er the mountain steeps,  
 The hazy noontide creeps,  
 And the shrill cricket sleeps  
 Under the grass;  
 When soft the shadows lie,  
 And clouds sail o'er the sky,  
 And the idle winds go by,  
 With the heavy scent of blossoms as they  
 pass—

Then when the silent stream  
 Lapses as in a dream,  
 And the water-lilies gleam  
 Up to the sun;  
 When the hot and burdened day  
 Rests on its downward way,  
 When the moth forgets to play  
 And the plodding ant may dream her work is  
 done—

Then, from the noise of war  
 And the din of earth afar,  
 Like some forgotten star  
 Dropt from the sky—  
 The sounds of love and fear,  
 All voices sad and clear,  
 Banished to silence drear—  
 The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale  
 Breathes its mysterious tale,  
 Till the rose's lips grow pale  
 With her sighs;  
 And o'er my thoughts are cast  
 Tints of the vanished past,  
 Glories that faded fast,  
 Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,  
 Where its sweet treasure swings,  
 The honey-lover clings  
 To the red flowers—  
 So, lost in vivid light,  
 So, rapt from day and night,  
 I linger in delight,  
 Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

ROSE TERRY.

## HYMN TO PAN.

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang  
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death  
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;  
 Who lovest to see the Hamadryads dress  
 Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels  
 darken;

And through whole solemn hours dost sit  
 and hearken

The dreary melody of bedded reeds  
 In desolate places, where dank moisture  
 breeds

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,  
 Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth  
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,  
 By thy love's milky brow!  
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
 Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles  
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,  
 What time thou wanderest at eventide  
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the  
 side

Of thine enmossed realms! O thou, to whom  
 Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom  
 Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees  
 Their golden honeycombs; our village leas  
 Their fairest blossomed beans and popped  
 corn;

The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,  
 To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries  
 Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies  
 Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-budding  
 year

All its completions—be quickly near,  
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,  
 O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies  
 For willing service; whether to surprise  
 The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;  
 Or upward ragged precipices flit  
 To save poor lambkins from the eagles maw;  
 Or by mysterious enticement draw  
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again;  
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy maul,  
 And gather up all fancifullest shells  
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cel's

And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;  
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,  
The while they pelt each other on the crown  
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown!  
By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud-clapping shears,  
While ever and anon to his shorn peers  
A ram goes bleating! Winder of the horn,  
When snouted wild-boars, routing tender corn,  
Anger our huntsmen! Breather round our  
farms,

To keep off mildews, and all weather harms!  
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,  
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,  
And wither drearily on barren moors!  
Dread opener of the mysterious doors  
Leading to universal knowledge—see,  
Great son of Dryope,  
The many that are come to pay their vows  
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge  
For solitary thinkings—such as dodge  
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,  
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven  
That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,  
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth;  
Be still a symbol of immensity;  
A firmament reflected in a sea;  
An element filling the space between;  
An unknown—but no more: we humbly  
screen  
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bend-  
ing,  
And, giving out a shout most heaven-rending,  
Conjure thee to receive our humble psæan,  
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

JOHN KEATS.

## TO PAN.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
All ye virtues and ye powers,  
That inhabit in the lakes,  
In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
Move your feet  
To our sound,  
Whilst we greet  
All this ground,

With his honor and his name  
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,  
He is ever good, and must  
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,  
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,  
Let us fling,  
Whilst we sing,  
Ever holy,  
Ever holy,  
Ever honored, ever young!  
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

## THE BIRCH-TREE.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sun-  
shine,  
Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever;  
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,  
The soul once of some tremulous inland river,  
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb,  
dumb for ever!

While all the forest, witch'd with slumber-  
Tous moonshine,  
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,  
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse sus-  
pended,—  
I hear afar thy whispering, gleaming islands,  
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-  
hung silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,  
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,  
Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose  
shadow  
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky  
quiet,  
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would  
some startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;  
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keep-  
ing;  
Reuben writes here the happy name of Pa-  
tience,  
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and  
weeping

Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy  
keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,  
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;  
Thy shadow scarce seems shade; thy pattering  
leaflets  
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my  
senses,  
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,  
Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,  
I fling me down, thy ripple, like a river,  
Flows valleyward where calmness is, and  
by it  
My heart is floated down into the land of  
quiet.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

Come here, come here, and dwell  
In forest deep!  
Come here, come here, and tell  
Why thou dost weep!  
Is it for love (sweet pain!)  
That thus thou dar'st complain  
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,  
Where nought else grieves?

Come here, come here, and lie  
By whispering stream!  
Here no one dares to die  
For love's sweet dream;  
But health all seek, and joy,  
And shun perverse annoy,  
And race along green paths till close of day,  
And laugh—alway!

Or else, through half the year,  
On rushy floor,  
We lie by waters clear,  
While sky-larks pour  
Their songs into the sun!  
And when bright day is done,  
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding  
corn  
And dream—till morn!

BARRY CORNWALL.

#### SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer woods;  
There entereth no annoy;  
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,  
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights  
Of beauty you may see,  
The bursts of golden sunshine,  
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,  
The honey-suckles twine;  
There blooms the rose-red campion,  
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true  
love,"  
In some dusk woodland spot;  
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,  
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,  
Unscared by lawless men;  
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,  
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,  
The timid and the bold;  
For their sweet life of pleasantness,  
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,  
Among the leaves so green,  
There flows a little gurgling brook,  
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,  
Without a fear of ill;  
Down to the murmuring water's edge  
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,  
The merry little things;  
And look askance with bright black eyes,  
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop  
Down from their leafy tree,  
The little squirrels with the old,—  
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,  
I've seen them nimbly go;  
And the bright water seemed to speak  
A welcome kind and low,

The nodding plants they bowed their heads  
As if in heartsome cheer:  
They spake unto these little things,  
" 'Tis merry living here! "

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!  
I saw that all was good,  
And how we might glean up delight  
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,  
Beneath the old wood shade,  
And all day long has work to do,  
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,  
And roots so fresh and fine  
Beneath their feet; nor is there strife  
'Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,  
And they lovingly agree;  
We might learn a lesson, all of us,  
Beneath the green-wood tree.

MARY HOWITT.

### WILLOW SONG.

Willow! in thy breezy moan  
I can hear a deeper tone;  
Through thy leaves come whispering low  
Faint sweet sounds of long ago—  
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old  
Heart-sick Love to thee hath told,  
Gathering from thy golden bough  
Leaves to cool his burning brow—  
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee  
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree;  
Many a lute its last lament  
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent—  
Willow, sighing willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on,  
Sigh for sweet affections gone,  
And for tuneful voices fled,  
And for Love, whose heart hath bled—  
Ever, willow, willow!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

### THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
In summer and winter that bird is there,  
Out and in with the morning air;  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings,  
Till across the dial his shade has passed,  
And the belfry edge is gained at last;  
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,  
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;  
There's a human look in its swelling breast,  
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;  
And I often stop with the fear I feel—  
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—  
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—  
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.  
When the tongue swings out to the midnight  
moon,  
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,  
When the clock strikes clear at morning  
light,  
When the child is waked with "nine at  
night,"

When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—  
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,  
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
He takes the time to smoothen his breast,  
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,  
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be  
A hermit in the crowd like thee!  
With wings to fly to wood and glen,  
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;  
And daily, with unwilling feet,  
I tread, like thee, the crowded street,  
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,



Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar ;  
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,  
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,  
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,  
I could my weary heart upfold ;  
I would I could look down unmoved  
(Unloving as I am unloved),  
And while the world throngs on beneath,  
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;  
And never sad with others' sadness,  
And never glad with others' gladness,  
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,  
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

### THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.

ODE.

O THOU, that swing'st upon the waving ear  
Of some well-filled oaten beard,  
Drunk every night with a delicious tear  
Dropped thee from heaven, where now  
thou'rt reared ;

The joys of air and earth are thine entire,  
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly ;  
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire  
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then ;  
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,  
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,  
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah ! the sickle ! golden ears are cropt ;  
Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night ;  
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,  
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool ! and now green ice, thy  
joys

Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,  
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise  
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends ! we will create  
A genuine summer in each other's breast ;

And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,  
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally  
As vestal flames ; the north wind, he  
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve  
and fly  
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,  
Bewail th' usurping of his reign ;  
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,  
Shall cry he hath his crown again.

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip  
From the light casements where we play,  
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,  
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,  
That asking nothing, nothing need ;  
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he  
That wants himself, is poor indeed.

RICHARD LOVELACE

### THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect, what can be  
In happiness compared to thee ?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine !  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill ;  
'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,  
Nature self's thy Ganymede.  
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king !  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee ;  
All the summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with early juice.  
Man for thee does sow and plow,  
Farmer he, and landlord thou !  
Thou dost innocently enjoy ;  
Nor does thy luxury destroy.  
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
More harmonious than he.  
Thou country hinds with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripened year !  
Thou Phœbus loves, and does inspire,  
Phœbus is himself thy sire.

To thee, of all things upon earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
 Happy insect! happy thou,  
 Dost neither age nor winter know;  
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and  
     sung  
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,  
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,  
 Epicurean animal!)  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endlest rest.

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

### A SOLILOQUY.

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A  
 GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! ever blest  
 With a more than mortal rest,  
 Rosy dew the leaves among,  
 Humble joys, and gentle song!  
 Wretched poet! ever curst  
 With a life of lives the worst,  
 Sad despondence, restless fears,  
 Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer thou  
 Warblest on the verdant bough,  
 Meditating cheerful play,  
 Mindless of the piercing ray;  
 Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I  
 Ever weep and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,  
 Ready Nature waits thee still;  
 Balmy wines to thee she pours,  
 Weeping through the dewy flowers,  
 Rich as those by Hebe given  
 To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Yet alas, we both agree.  
 Miserable thou like me!  
 Each, alike, in youth rehearses  
 Gentle strains and tender verses;  
 Ever wandering far from home,  
 Mindless of the days to come  
 (Such as aged Winter brings  
 Trembling on his icy wings),  
 Both alike at last we die;  
 Thou art starved, and so am I!

WALTER HARTS.

### ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster, perched above,  
 On the summit of the grove,  
 Whom a dewdrop cheers to sing  
 With the freedom of a king;  
 From thy perch survey the fields,  
 Where prolific Nature yields  
 Nought that, willingly as she,  
 Man surrenders not to thee.  
 For hostility or hate  
 None thy pleasures can create.  
 Thee it satisfies to sing  
 Sweetly the return of Spring;  
 Herald of the genial hours,  
 Harming neither herbs nor flowers.  
 Therefore man thy voice attends  
 Gladly—thou and he are friends;  
 Nor thy never-ceasing strains  
 Phœbus or the Muse disdains  
 As too simple or too long,  
 For themselves inspire the song.  
 Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,  
 Ever singing, sporting, playing,  
 What has nature else to show  
 Godlike in its kind as thou?

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

### ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown  
     mead.

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
 In summer luxury,—he has never done  
 With his delights; for, when tired out with  
     fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never.  
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there  
     shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
 And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,  
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June—  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon  
When even the bees lag at the summoning  
brass;

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too  
soon,

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine: both, though small,  
are strong

At your clear hearts; and both seem given  
to earth

To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—  
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

## TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee!  
Where thou art is clime for me;  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek,—  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone!  
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines;  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion!  
Sailor of the atmosphere;  
Swimmer through the waves of air,  
Voyager of light and noon,  
Epicurean of June!  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum,—  
All without is martyrdom,

When the south wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze  
Silvers the horizon wall;  
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance  
With the color of romance;  
And infusing subtle heats  
Turns the sod to violets,—  
Thou in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,  
In Indian wildernesses found;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen;  
But violets, and bilberry bells,  
Maple sap, and daffodils,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern, and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,  
And brier-roses, dwelt among:  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.  
Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher,  
Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
When the fierce north-western blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—  
Thou already slumberest deep;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

## THE BEE.

FROM fruitful beds and flowery borders,  
Parcelled to wasteful ranks and orders,  
Where state grasps more than plain truth needs,  
And wholesome nerbs are starved by weeds,

To the wild woods I will be gone,  
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are missed,  
Both in the rulers and the priest;  
When pity is not cold but dead,  
And the rich eat the poor like bread;  
While factious heads, with open coils  
And force, first make, then share the spoils;  
To Horeb then Elias goes,  
And in the desert grows the rose.

Haile, chrystal fountains and fresh shades,  
Where no proud look invades,  
No busie worldling hunts away  
The sad retiree all the day!  
Haile, happy, harmless solitude!  
Our sanctuary from the rude  
And scornful world; the calm recess  
Of faith, and hope, and holiness!  
Here something still like Eden looks;  
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks;  
And flowers, whose rich, unrifled sweets  
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,  
When the toils of the day are done,  
And the tired world sets with the sun.  
Here flying winds and flowing wells  
Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells  
Their busie murmurs all the night  
To praise or prayer do invite;  
And with an awful sound arrest,  
And piously employ his breast.

When in the East the dawn doth blush,  
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush.  
Herbs straight get up; flowers peep and  
spread;

Trees whisper praise, and bow the head;  
Birds, from the shades of night released,  
Look round about, then quit the nest,  
And with united gladness sing  
The glory of the morning's King.  
The hermit hears, and with meek voice  
Offers his own up, and their, joyes;  
Then prays that all the world might be  
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,  
They flock about him to the shade,  
Where wisely they expect the end,  
Giving the tempest time to spend;

And hard by shelters on some bough  
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.

Oh, purer years of light and grace!  
Great is the difference, as the space,  
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run  
After false fires, and leave the sun.  
Is not fair nature of herself  
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?  
And are not streams at the spring head  
More sweet than in carved stone or lead?  
But fancy and some artist's tools  
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,  
With thorns and briars now is fraught.  
Some part is with bold fable spotted,  
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;  
And discord, old corruption's crest,  
With blood and shame have stained the rest.  
So snow, which in its first descents  
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,  
When touched by man is quickly soiled,  
And after trodden down and spoiled.

Oh, lead me where I may be free,  
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!  
Where undisturbed I may converse  
With Thy great Self; and there rehearse  
Thy gifts with thanks; and from Thy store,  
Who art all blessings, beg much more.  
Give me the wisdom of the bee,  
And her unwearied industrie!  
That, from the wild gourds of these days,  
I may extract health, and Thy praise,  
Who canst turn darkness into light,  
And in my weakness shew Thy might.

Suffer me not in any want  
To seek refreshment from a plant  
Thou didst not set; since all must be  
Plucked up, whose growth is not from Thee.  
'Tis not the garden and the bowers,  
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers  
Their wholesomeness; but Thy good will,  
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then since corrupt man hath driven hence  
Thy kind and saving influence,  
And balm is no more to be had  
In all the coasts of Gilead;



Go<sup>d</sup> with me to the shade and cell,  
Where Thy best servants once did dwell.  
There let me know Thy will, and see  
Exiled religion owned by Thee;  
For Thou canst turn dark grottoes to halls,  
And make hills blossom like the vales,  
Decking their untitled heads with flowers,  
And fresh delights for all sad hours;  
Till from them, like a laden bee,  
I may fly home, and hive with Thee.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

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### THE FLY.

OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF THE  
AUTHOR'S CUP.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!  
Drink with me, and drink as I!  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:  
Make the most of life you may;  
Life is short and wears away!

Both alike, both mine and thine,  
Hasten quick to their decline!  
Thine 's a summer; mine no more,  
Though repeated to threescore!  
Threescore summers, when they 're gone,  
Will appear as short as one!

VINCENT BOURNE.

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### THE SPICE-TREE.

THE Spice-Tree lives in the garden green;  
Beside it the fountain flows;  
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,  
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known  
Within the bounds of an earthly king;  
No lovelier skies have ever shone  
Than those that illumine its constant Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three;  
On each a thousand blossoms grow;  
And, old as aught of time can be,  
The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire  
The fount that builds a silvery dome;  
And flakes of purple and ruby fire  
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,  
And azure wings bedropt with gold,  
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,  
But sings the lament that he framed of old:

"O Princess bright! how long the night  
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear!  
How sadly they flow from the depth below—  
How long must I sing 'and thou wilt not  
hear?"

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,  
And the skies are sunny above;  
I would that all could fade and fall,  
And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"Oh! many a year, so wakeful and drear,  
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for  
thee!  
But there comes no breath from the chambers  
of death,  
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with  
red;  
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;  
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread;  
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry,  
Into the sable and angry flood;  
And the face of the pool, as he falls from  
high,  
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;  
Higher and higher the waters flow—  
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,  
And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound  
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,  
And tones of music circle around,  
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen  
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;  
Under the Spice-Tree the garden's Queen  
Sits by her lover, who waits no more.

JOHN STERLING

## THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,  
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,  
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both, I love the Palm,  
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both, I love the tree  
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three  
With love, and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie  
With any under the Arab sky;  
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem  
Cairo's citadel-diadem  
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance,  
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,  
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,  
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south winds arise,  
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs,

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,  
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame, and the sands may stir,  
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,  
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,  
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a king, O stately Tree,  
A likeness, glorious as might be,  
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,  
And leaves of beryl and malachite;

With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,  
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase.

And there the poets, in thy praise,  
Should night and morning frame new lays—

New measures sung to tunes divine;  
But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forest of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil! What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forest of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## THE LION'S RIDE.

THE lion is the desert's king; through his  
domain so wide

Right swiftly and right royally this night he  
meaps to ride.

By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds  
drink, close couches the grim chief;

The trembling sycamore above whispers with  
every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye  
can see no more  
The changeful play of signals gay; when the  
gloom is speckled o'er  
With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends  
home through the lone karroo;  
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and  
by the stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste—what  
see ye? The giraffe,  
Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the tur-  
bid lymph to quaff;  
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he  
kneels him down to cool  
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from  
the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion  
sits astride  
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king  
so ride?  
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of  
state  
To match the dappled skin whereon that  
rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are  
plunged with ravenous greed;  
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers  
of the steed.  
Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and  
surprise,  
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leop-  
ard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs  
across the moonlit plain!  
As from their sockets they would burst, his  
glaring eyeballs strain;  
In thick black streams of purling blood, full  
fast his life is fleeting;  
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's  
tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness,  
the path of Israel traced—  
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit  
of the waste—

From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-  
spout from ocean,  
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the  
courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vul-  
ture whirs on high;  
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther  
fierce and sly,  
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl,  
join in the horrid race;  
By the foot-prints wet with gore and sweat,  
their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake  
with fear, the while  
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his  
cushion's painted pile.  
On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life  
and strength remain!  
The steed by such a rider backed, may madly  
plunge in rain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and  
breathes his last;  
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is  
the rider's fell repast.  
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush  
is desiered:—  
Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king  
of beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. (German.)

Anonymous translation.

### THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

WOULDEST thou view the lion's den?  
Search afar from haunts of men—  
Where the reed-encircled rill  
Oozes from the rocky hill,  
By its verdure far desiered  
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,  
Couchant, lurks the lion grim;  
Watching till the close of day  
Brings the death-devoted prey.  
Heedless at the ambushed brink  
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;

Upon him straight, the savage springs  
 With cruel joy. The desert rings  
 With clanging sound of desperate strife—  
 The prey is strong, and he strives for life.  
 Plunging off with frantic bound  
 To shake the tyrant to the ground,  
 He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,  
 With glaring eye and headlong haste  
 In vain!—the spoiler on his prize  
 Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.  
 For life—the victim's utmost speed  
 Is mustered in this hour of need.  
 For life—for life—his giant might  
 He strains, and pours his soul in flight;  
 And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,  
 Spurs with wild hoof the thundering plain.  
 'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking  
 His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;  
 The victor's fangs are in his veins—  
 His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;  
 His panting breast in foam and gore  
 Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.  
 He falls—and, with convulsive throes,  
 Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!  
 —And lo! ere quivering life is fled,  
 The vultures, wheeling overhead,  
 Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,  
 Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

## AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
 And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;  
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
 From the fond recollections of former years;  
 And shadows of things that have long since  
 fled  
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the  
 dead:  
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too  
 soon;  
 Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's  
 noon;  
 Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;  
 Companions of early days lost or left—  
 And my native land—whose magical name  
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;

The home of my childhood; the haunts of  
 my prime;  
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous  
 time  
 When the feelings were young, and the world  
 was new,  
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to  
 view;  
 All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!  
 And I—a lone exile remembered of none—  
 My high aims abandoned,—my good acts  
 undone—  
 Aweary of all that is under the sun—  
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger  
 may scan,  
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and  
 strife—  
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's  
 fear—  
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—  
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood,  
 and folly,  
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;  
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are  
 high,  
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's  
 sigh—  
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and  
 pride,  
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!  
 There is rapture to vault on the champing  
 steed,  
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—  
 The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,  
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;  
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,  
 Where thegnu, the gazelle, and the hartè-  
 beast graze,  
 And the kudu and eland unhunted recline  
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with  
 wild vine;



Where the elephant browses at peace in his  
wood,  
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the  
flood,  
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his  
fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating  
cry

Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;  
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling  
neigh

Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;  
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;  
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,  
Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
Where she and her mate have scooped their  
nest,

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view  
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
Away—away—in the wilderness vast  
Where the white man's foot hath never  
passed,

And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan  
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:  
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
Which man hath abandoned from famine and  
fear;

Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
With the twilight bat from the yawning  
stone;

Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;  
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,  
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;  
A region of drought, where no river glides,  
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;  
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,  
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,  
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;  
But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
And the blank horizon, round and round,  
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me  
sigh,  
And the stars burn bright in the midnight  
sky,

As I sit apart by the desert stone,  
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,  
"A still small voice" comes through the wild  
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE

### THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty-steed,  
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,  
Full of fire, and full of bone,  
With all his line of fathers known;  
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,  
But blown abroad by the pride within!  
His mane is like a river flowing,  
And his eyes like embers glowing  
In the darkness of the night,  
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—how 'round his straining throat  
Grace and shifting beauty float;  
Sinewy strength is in his reins,  
And the red blood gallops through his veins  
Richer, redder, never ran  
Through the boasting heart of man.  
He can trace his lineage higher  
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—  
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,  
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,  
Here, upon a red March morn;  
But his famous fathers dead  
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,  
And the last of that great line  
Trod like one of a race divine!  
And yet,—he was but friend to one,  
Who fed him at the set of sun,  
By some lone fountain fringed with green;  
With him, a roving Bedouin,  
He lived (none else would he obey  
Through all the hot Arabian day),—

And died untamed upon the sands  
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,  
Let not the silver lily pine,  
The drooping lily pine in vain  
To feel that dewy touch of thine—  
To drink thy freshness once again,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;  
The cattle pant beneath the tree;  
Through parching air and purple skies  
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;  
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come, thou, and brim the meadow streams,  
And soften all the hills with mist,  
O falling dew! from burning dreams  
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed;  
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

W. C. BENNETT.

### RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
'T is a joy to press the pillow  
Of a cottage chamber bed,  
And to listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart;  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start,  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their bright rays into woof,  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother  
As she used to, years ago,  
To survey her darling dreamers,  
Ere she left them till the dawn.  
Oh! I see her bending o'er me,  
As I list to this refrain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,  
With her wings and waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—  
A serene, angelic pair—  
Glide around my wakeful pillow  
With their praise or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me  
With her eyes, delicious blue,  
And forget I, gazing on her,  
That her heart was all untrue!  
I remember but to love her  
With a rapture kin to pain,  
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate  
To the patter of the rain.

There is nought in Art's bravuras  
That can work with such a spell  
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,  
Whence the holy passions well,  
As that melody of Nature,  
That subdued, subduing strain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noon-day dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that  
waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under;

And then again I dissolve it in rain;  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night, 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers  
Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder;  
It struggles and howls at fits.  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
stream,  
The spirit he loves, remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue  
smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead.  
As, on the jag of a mountain crag  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings;  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit  
sea beneath,  
Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And, wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin  
roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,

Like a swarm of golden bees.  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on  
high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and  
swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch, through which I march,  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to  
my chair,  
Is the million-colored bow;  
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing be  
low.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,  
And the nurseling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and  
shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with their con-  
vex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air—  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from  
the tomb,  
I rise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;  
The plants suck in the earth, and are,  
With constant drinking, fresh and fair;

The sea itself (which one would think  
Should have but little need to drink),  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy sun (and one would guess  
By 's drunken fiery face no less),  
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,  
The moon and stars drink up the sun :  
They drink and dance by their own light;  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in nature 's sober found,  
But an eternal "health" goes round.  
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high—  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I;  
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

ANACREON, (Greek.)

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

### THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;  
The dews begin to fa';  
The pairtricks down the rushy holm  
Set up their e'ening ca'.  
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang  
Rings through the briery shaw,  
While fitting gay, the swallows play  
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky  
The mavis mends her lay;  
The red-breast pours his sweetest strains,  
To charm the ling'ring day;  
While weary yeldrins seem to wail  
Their little nestlings torn,  
The merry wren, frae den to den,  
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
The foxglove shuts its bell;  
The honey-suckle and the birk  
Spread fragrance through the dell.  
Let others crowd the giddy court  
Of mirth and revelry,  
The simple joys that Nature yields  
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

### SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

Up the dale and down the bourne,  
O'er the meadow swift we fly;  
Now we sing, and now we mourn,  
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,  
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep  
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,  
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing  
At the frolic things we say,  
While aside her cheek we're rushing,  
Like some truänt bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,  
Kissing every bud we pass,—  
As we did it in the bustle,  
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,  
O'er the yellow heath we roam,  
Whirling round about the fountain,  
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,  
While our vesper hymn we sigh;  
Then unto our rosy pillows  
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,  
Scarce from waking we refrain,  
Moments long as ages deeming  
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY

### THE WANDERING WIND.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind  
Of the golden summer eves—  
Whence is the thrilling magic  
Of its tones amongst the leaves?  
Oh! is it from the waters,  
Or, from the long tall grass?  
Or is it from the hollow rocks  
Through which its breathings pass!



Or is it from the voices  
 Of all in one combined,  
 That it wins the tone of mastery?  
 The Wind, the wandering Wind!  
 No, no! the strange, sweet accents  
 That with it come and go,  
 They are not from the osiers,  
 Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,  
 Nor of the caverned hill;  
 'Tis the human love within us  
 That gives them power to thrill:  
 They touch the links of memory  
 Around our spirits twined,  
 And we start, and weep, and tremble,  
 To the Wind, the wandering Wind?

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

#### ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

##### I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's  
 being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter  
 fleeing—  
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed  
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and  
 low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds, like flocks, to feed in  
 air)  
 With-living hues and odors, plain and hill:  
 Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

##### II.

Thou, on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's  
 commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are  
 shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and  
 ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
 On blue surface of thine airy surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim  
 verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou  
 dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors; from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O  
 hear!

##### III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer  
 dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
 Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers,  
 Quivering within the waves' intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
 So sweet the sense faints picturing them!  
 Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while, far be-  
 low,

The sea-blooms, and the oozy woods which  
 wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
 And tremble and despoil themselves: O  
 hear!

##### IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;—  
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;—  
 A wave to pant beneath thy power and share  
 The impulse of thy strength—only less free  
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven.  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have  
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and  
bowed  
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and  
proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone—  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit  
fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,  
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide.  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she was, and is, to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend, and power to range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for change;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

## THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the stormy sea—  
From billow to bounding billow east,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.  
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;  
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;  
The mighty cables and iron chains;  
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—  
They strain and they crack; and hearts like  
stone  
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!  
From the base of the wave to the billow's  
crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,  
The stormy petrel finds a home

A home, if such a place may be  
 For her, who lives on the wide, wide sea,  
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
 And only seeketh her rocky lair  
 To warm her young, and to teach them to  
 spring  
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy  
 wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!  
 Where the whale, and the shark, and the  
 sword-fish sleep—  
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
 The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;  
 For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
 Which bringeth him news of the storm un-  
 heard!  
 Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill  
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;  
 Yet he ne'er falters—so, petrel, spring  
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy  
 wing!

BARRY CORNWALL.

## A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea—  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast—  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high—  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free;  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 And hark the music, mariners!  
 The wind is piping loud—

The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free;  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

## TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy;  
 The wind blows wild and free;  
 And like the wings of sea-birds  
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
 There shines a ruddier light,  
 And a little face at the window  
 Peers out into the night;

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
 As if those childish eyes  
 Were looking into the darkness.  
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
 Is passing to and fro,  
 Now rising to the ceiling,  
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean  
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
 As they beat at the crazy casement,  
 Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
 Drive the color from her cheek?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## STORM SONG.

THE clouds are scudding across the moon;  
 A misty light is on the sea;  
 The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,  
 And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom  
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;  
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,  
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!  
The wild and whistling deck have we;  
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,  
While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,  
And the naked spars be snapped away,  
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship  
In the teeth of the whelming spray!

Hark! how the surges o'erleap the deck!  
Hark! how the pitiless tempest raves!  
Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck  
Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers! we trust the wave,  
With God above us, our guiding chart.  
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,  
Be it still with a cheery heart!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales!  
The saddest of your tales  
Is not so sad as life;  
Nor have you e'er began  
A theme so wild as man,  
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!  
Autumn sears not like grief,  
Nor kills such lovely flowers;  
More terrible the storm,  
More mournful the deform,  
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre,  
Silence, ye vocal choir,  
And thou, mellifluous lute,

For man soon breathes his last,  
And all his hope is past,  
And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,  
And when the leaves are dying,  
And when the song is o'er,  
Oh, let us think of those  
Whose lives are lost in woes,  
Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY. NEEL.

### SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks;

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
Of sunken ledges  
In some far-off, bright Azore;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long,



From each cave and rocky fastness  
 In its vastness,  
 Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted  
 Heaven has planted  
 With the golden fruit of truth ;  
 From the flashing surf, whose vision  
 Gleams elysian  
 In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong will, and the endeavor  
 That for ever  
 Wrestles with the tides of fate ;  
 From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,  
 Tempest-shattered,  
 Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless heart ;  
 Till at length in books recorded,  
 They, like hoarded  
 Household words, no more depart.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,  
 Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,  
 Soaring high and sinking low,  
 Lashed along without will of mine ;  
 Sport of the spoom of the surging sea ;  
 Flung on the foam, afar and anear,  
 Mark my manifold mystery,—  
 Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,  
 Rootless and rover though I be ;  
 My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,  
 Arboresce as a trunkless tree ;  
 Corals curious coat me o'er,  
 White and hard in apt array ;  
 'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,  
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,  
 Something whispers soft to me,  
 Restless and roaming for evermore,  
 Like this weary weed of the sea ;  
 Bear they yet on each beating breast  
 The eternal type of the wondrous whole  
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,  
 Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

#### THE SEA—IN CALM.

Look what immortal floods the sunset pours  
 Upon us—Mark ! how still (as though it  
 dreams  
 Bound) the once wild and terrible ocean  
 seems !

How silent are the winds ! no billow roars ;  
 But all is tranquil as Elysian shores.  
 The silver margin which eye runneth round  
 The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound ;  
 Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors !  
 What ! is the giant of the ocean dead,  
 Whose strength was all unmatched beneath  
 the sun ?

No : he reposes ! Now his toils are done ;  
 More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.  
 So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,  
 And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be !

BARRY CORNWALL.

#### THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

##### I.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,  
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice,  
 And with that boding cry  
 O'er the waves dost thou fly ?  
 Oh ! rather, bird, with me  
 Through the fair land rejoice !

##### II.

Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and pale  
 As driven by a beating storm at sea ;  
 Thy cry is weak and scared,  
 As if thy mates had shared  
 The doom of us. Thy wail—  
 What does it bring to me ?

## III.

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the  
 surge,  
 Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord—  
 With the motion and the roar  
 Of waves that drive to shore,  
 One spirit did ye urge—  
 The Mystery—the Word.

## IV.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,  
 Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead  
 From out thy gloomy cells  
 A tale of mourning tells—  
 Tells of man's woe and fall,  
 His sinless glory fled.

## V.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight  
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness  
 bring  
 Thy spirit never more.  
 Come, quit with me the shore  
 For gladness, and the light  
 Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

## THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
 Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;  
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of  
 blue  
 That never are wet with falling dew,  
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine  
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;  
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows  
 flow;  
 The water is calm and still below,  
 For the winds and waves are absent there,  
 And the sands are bright as the stars that  
 glow  
 In the motionless fields of upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,  
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.  
 There, with a light and easy motion,  
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep  
 sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea.  
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms  
 Has made the top of the wave his own.  
 And when the ship from his fury flies,  
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky  
 skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;  
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove  
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

## HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
 Where, miles away,  
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
 A luminous belt, a misty light,  
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of  
 sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!  
 Against its ground  
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
 Still as a picture, clear and free,  
 With varying outline mark the coast for  
 miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein  
 Our seaward way,  
 Through dark-green fields and blossoming  
 grain,  
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
 And bends above our heads the flowering-  
 locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow  
 Comes this fresh breeze,  
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
 While through my being seems to flow  
 The breath of a new life—the healing of the  
 seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
 His feet hath set  
 In the great waters, which have bound  
 His granite ankles greenly round  
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds with  
 cool spray wet.

Good-bye to pain and care! I take  
 Mine ease to-day;  
 Here, where these sunny waters break,  
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
 All burdens from the heart, all weary  
 thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath; I seem  
 Like all I see—  
 Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam  
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
 And far-off sails which flit before the south  
 wind free.

So, when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
 The soul may know  
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
 But with the upward rise, and with the vast-  
 ness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
 No new revealing—  
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
 Or pleasant memory of a dream,  
 The loved and cherished Past upon the new  
 life stealing.

Serene and mild, the untried light  
 May have its dawning;  
 And, as in Summer's northern light  
 The evening and the dawn unite,  
 The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's  
 new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray  
 Wave after wave  
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,  
 Beneath like fallen Titans lay,  
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy  
 cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
 And noisy town?  
 I see the mighty deep expand  
 From its white line of glimmering sand  
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves  
 shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,  
 I yield to all  
 The change of cloud and wave and wind;  
 And passive on the flood reclined,  
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise  
 and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore  
 In shadow lie;  
 The night-wind warns me back once more  
 To where my native hill-tops o'er  
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset  
 sky!

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!  
 I bear with me  
 No token stone nor glittering shell,  
 But long and oft shall Memory tell  
 Of this brief, thoughtful, hour of musing by  
 the sea.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
 And round his breast the ripples break,  
 As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,  
 The dipping paddle echoes far,  
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
 And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue  
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
A sheet of silver spreads below,  
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,—  
When early birds at morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

#### YARROW UNVISITED.\*

\* FROM Stirling castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "winsome marrow:"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow; 'tis their own—  
Each maiden to her dwelling!  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow."

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;  
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus;

\* See the various poems, the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite ballad of Hamilton, on page 450 of this volume, beginning:

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!"

There's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow:  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere,  
As worthy of your wonder."  
Strange words they seemed, of slight and  
scorn;

My true-love sighed for sorrow,  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow."

"Let beeves and homebred kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!  
We will not see them; will not go  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
Enough, if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow."

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
It must, or we shall rue it:  
We have a vision of our own;  
Ah! why should we undo it?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'T will be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy,—  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,  
That earth has something yet to show—  
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



## YARROW VISITED.

AND is this—Yarrow?—This the stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished!  
O that some minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused—  
A tender, hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All profitless dejection;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding;  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
The haunts of happy lovers—  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers;  
And pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love:  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation.

Meek loveliness is round thee spread—  
A softness still and holy,  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary!  
The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom  
For sportive youth to stray in;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
And age to wear away in!  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there,—  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
And on my true-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather!  
And what if I inwreathed my own!  
'T were no offence to reason;  
The sober hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see,—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
A ray of fancy still survives,—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights;  
They melt, and soon must vanish;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine:  
Sad thought, which I would banish  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow,  
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## YARROW REVISITED.

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other friends, visiting the banks of the Yarrow under his guidance—immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

THE gallant youth, who may have gained,  
Or seeks, a "winsome marrow,"  
Was but an infant in the lap  
When first I looked on Yarrow;  
Once more, by Newark's castle-gate—  
Long left without a warder,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling;  
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed,  
The forest to embolden;  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts, the stream flowed on  
In foamy agitation;  
And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation.  
No public and no private care  
The freeborn mind enthralling,  
We made a day of happy hours,  
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the morn of youth,  
With freaks of graceful folly,—  
Life's temperate noon, her sober eve,  
Her night not melancholy;  
Past, present, future, all appeared  
In harmony united,  
Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging,  
Did meet us with unaltered face,  
Though we were changed and changing—

If, then, some natural shadows spread  
Our inward prospect over,  
The soul's deep valley was not slow  
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
And her divine employment!  
The blameless Muse, who trains her sons  
For hope and calm enjoyment;  
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,  
Has o'er their pillow brooded;  
And care waylays their steps,—a sprite  
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change  
Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot  
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;  
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot  
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;  
May classic fancy, linking  
With native fancy her fresh aid,  
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O, while they minister to thee,  
Each vying with the other,  
May health return to mellow age,  
With strength, her venturous brother;  
And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
Renowned in song and story,  
With unimagined beauty shine,  
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For thou, upon a hundred streams,  
By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;  
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
Wherever they invite thee,  
At parent Nature's grateful call  
With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine—  
Such looks of love and honor  
As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
When first I gazed upon her—  
Beheld what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days  
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
That mortals do or suffer,  
Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
Memorial tribute offer?  
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self—  
Her features, could they win us,  
Unhelped by the poetic voice  
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized romance  
Plays false with our affections:  
Unsanctifies our tears,—made sport  
For fanciful dejections.  
Ah, no! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is,—our changeful life,  
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, ye, whose thoughts that day  
In Yarrow's groves were centred;  
Who through the silent portal arch  
Of mouldering Newark entered;  
And clomb the winding stair that once  
Too timidly was mounted  
By the "last Minstrel" (not the last!),  
Ere he his tale recounted!

Flow on for ever, Yarrow stream!  
Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
Well pleased that future bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty;  
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
Dear to the common sunshine,  
And dearer still, as now I feel,  
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er  
With many a brilliant color;  
The world is brighter than before—  
Why should our hearts be duller?  
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,  
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!  
Ah me! this glory and this grief  
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this  
The time when friends are flying;

And lovers now, with many a kiss,  
Their long farewells are sighing.  
Why is Earth so gayly drest?  
This pomp, that Autumn beareth,  
A funeral seems, where every guest  
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,  
On some blue morn hereafter,  
Return to view the gaudy year,  
But not with boyish laughter.  
We shall then be wrinkled men,  
Our brows with silver laden,  
And thou this glen mayst seek again,  
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring  
Will touch her teeming bosom,  
And that a few brief months will bring  
The bird, the bee, the blossom;  
Ah! these forests do not know—  
Or would less brightly wither—  
The virgin that adorns them so  
Will never more come hither!

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

#### ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!  
For Summer's nearly done;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun;  
Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away,—  
But Robin's here in coat of brown,  
And scarlet breast-knot gay.  
Robin, robin redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
The trees are Indian princes,  
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;  
The leathery pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough;  
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
'T will soon be winter now.

Robin, robin redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And what will this poor robin do?  
For pinching days are near.

The fire-side for the cricket,  
The wheat-stack for the mouse,  
When trembling night-winds whistle  
And moan all round the house.  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow,—  
Alas! in winter dead and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go?  
Robin, robin redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little breast to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

#### FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox;  
He halts,—and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks;  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy—  
With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry;  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height;  
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.  
What is the creature doing here?  
It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps, till June, December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land,—  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere;

Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,  
And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past;  
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
The shepherd stood; then makes his way  
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog  
As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground.  
The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The man had fallen, that place of fear!  
At length upon the shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear.  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell!  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This dog had been through three months  
space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side.  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green;  
Ye have been filled with flowers;  
And ye the walks have been  
Where maids have spent their hours



Ye have beheld where they  
 With wicker arks did come,  
 To kiss and bear away  
 The richer cowslips home;

You've heard them sweetly sing,  
 And seen them in a round;  
 Each virgin, like the Spring,  
 With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here  
 Whose silvery feet did tread,  
 And with dishevelled hair  
 Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent  
 Your stock, and needy grown,  
 You're left here to lament  
 Your poor estates alone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,  
 Feeds him still with corn and wine;  
 He who best would aid a brother,  
 Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,  
 Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;  
 Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,  
 Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty  
 Is the royal task of man;  
 Man's a king; his throne is duty,  
 Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—  
 These, like man, are fruits of earth;  
 Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,  
 All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,  
 Earthly goods for earthly lives—  
 These are Nature's ancient pleasures;  
 These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,  
 If from earth we sought to flee?  
 'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;  
 'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,  
 Land and water, sun and shade—  
 Work with these, as bids thy reason,  
 For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness!  
 Man himself is all a seed;  
 Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—  
 Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.

### TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
 That openest when the quiet light  
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
 And frosts and shortening days portend  
 The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
 Look through its fringes to the sky,  
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
 The hour of death draw near to me,  
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
 May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### CORNFIELDS.

WHEN on the breath of autumn breeze,  
 From pastures dry and brown,  
 Goes floating like an idle thought  
 The fair white thistle-down,  
 Oh then what joy to walk at will  
 Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie  
 Amid a field new shorn,  
 And see all round on sun-lit slopes  
 The piled-up stacks of corn;

And send the fancy wandering o'er  
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,  
The quivering of the leaves,  
And good old Jacob and his house  
Binding the yellow sheaves;  
And at this very hour I seem  
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,  
And reapers many a one,  
Bending unto their sickles' stroke—  
And Boaz looking on;  
And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,  
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,  
His mother's sole delight,—  
God's living gift of love unto  
The kind good Shunammite;  
To mortal pangs I see him yield,  
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,  
The fields of Galilee,  
That eighteen hundred years ago  
Were full of corn, I see;  
And the dear Saviour takes His way  
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

Oh, golden fields of bending corn,  
How beautiful they seem!  
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,  
To me are like a dream.  
The sunshine and the very air  
Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

#### AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers,  
How beautiful they are!  
Than all that went before,  
Than all the Summer store,  
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!  
The last! the last! the last!  
Oh! by that little word  
How many thoughts are stirred  
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!

Ye're types of precious things;  
Types of those bitter moments,  
That flit, like life's enjoyments,  
On rapid, rapid wings:

Last hours with parting dear ones  
(That Time the fastest spends),  
Last tears in silence shed,  
Last words half uttered,  
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress  
A life into a day,—  
The last day spent with one  
Who, ere the morrow's sun,  
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!  
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;  
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,  
Because, like those, the nearest  
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!  
I woo your gentle breath—  
I leave the Summer rose  
For younger, blither brows;  
Tell me of change and death!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

#### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest  
of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and  
meadows brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the au-  
tumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the  
rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from  
the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through  
all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flow-  
ers that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous  
sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle  
race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair  
and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie; but the  
cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely  
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they per-  
ished long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid  
the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster  
in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in  
autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,  
as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone,  
from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as  
still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their  
winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters  
of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers  
whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by  
the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful  
beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and  
faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the  
forests cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have  
a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was that one like that  
young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with  
the flowers.      WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of Summer  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;

No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them.  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE

#### THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

AY, this is freedom -- these pure skies  
Were never stained with village smoke;  
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,  
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.  
Here, with my rifle and my steel,  
And her who left the world for me,  
I plant me where the red deer feed  
In the green desert -- and am free.

For here the fair savannas know  
No barriers in the bloomy grass;  
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,  
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.  
In pastures, measureless as air,  
The bison is my noble game;  
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear  
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream  
From the long stripe of waving sedge;  
The bear that marks my weapon's gleam  
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;  
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;  
The brindled catamount, that lies  
High in the boughs to watch his prey,  
Even in the act of springing dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane  
 Fling their huge arms across my way—  
 Gray, old, and cumbered with a train  
 Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!  
 Free stray the lucid streams, and find  
 No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;  
 Free spring the flowers that scent the wind  
 Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the fire, when frost-winds sere  
 The heavy herbage of the ground,  
 Gathers his annual harvest here—  
 With roaring like the battle's sound,  
 And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,  
 And smoke-streams gushing up the sky.  
 I meet the flames with flames again,  
 And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged Past  
 Speaks solemnly; and I behold  
 The boundless Future in the vast  
 And lonely river, seaward rolled.  
 Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?  
 Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,  
 And trains the bordering vines whose blue  
 Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad afe these streams—my steed obeys,  
 Plunges, and bears me through the tide:  
 Wide are these woods—I thread the maze  
 Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.  
 I hunt till day's last glimmer dies  
 O'er woody vale and grassy height;  
 And kind the voice and glad the eyes  
 That welcome my return at night.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
 here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the  
 deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the  
 North,  
 The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with  
 snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys  
 below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging  
 woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring  
 floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
 here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the  
 deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.  
 The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,  
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten  
 hound,  
 Under the steaming, steaming ground.  
 Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,  
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!  
 Our horses are ready and steady.—So, ho!  
 I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.  
*Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn  
 From her sleep in the woods and the stubble  
 corn?*

*The horn,—the horn!*

*The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.*

Now, through the copse where the fox is  
 found,  
 And over the stream at a mighty bound,  
 And over the high lands, and over the low,  
 O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!  
 Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,  
 So flieeth the hunter, away,—away!  
 From the burst at the cover till set of sun,  
 When the red fox dies, and—the day is done!  
*Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is  
 borne?*

*'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:*

*The horn,—the horn!*

*The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.*



Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good  
 What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?  
 Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,  
 At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.  
 Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,  
 When he once is firm on his horse's back,  
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,  
 And the blast of the horn for his morning  
 song?

*Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till  
 morn*

*Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!*

*The horn,—the horn!*

*Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!*

BARRY CORNWALL

### TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-  
 eaves run—

To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel  
 shells

With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their  
 clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while  
 thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined  
 flowers;

And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;

Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by  
 hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where  
 are they?

Think not of them—thou hast thy music  
 too:

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft

Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly  
 bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble  
 soft

The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the  
 skies.

JOHN KEATS.

### AUTUMN—A DIRGE.

The warm sun is failing; the bleak wind is  
 wailing;

The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flowers  
 are dying;

And the Year

On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of  
 leaves dead,

Is lying.

Come, months, come away,

From November to May;

In your saddest array

Follow the bier

Of the dead, cold Year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is  
 crawling;

The rivers are swelling; the thunder is knell-  
 ing

For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards  
 each gone

To his dwelling;

Come, months, come away;

Put on white, black, and gray;

Let your light sisters play—

Ye, follow the bier

Of the dead, cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is old ;  
The sere leaves are flying ;  
He hath gathered up gold,  
And now he is dying :  
Old age, begin sighing !

The vintage is ripe ;  
The harvest is heaping ;  
But some that have sowed  
Have no riches for reaping :—  
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping !

The year's in the wane ;  
There is nothing adorning ;  
The night has no eve,  
And the day has no morning ;  
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill ;  
The red sun is sinking ;  
And I am grown old,  
And life is fast shrinking ;  
Here's enow for sad thinking !

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE LATTER RAIN.

THE latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste  
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,  
Loosening with searching drops the rigid  
waste

As if it would each root's lost strength repair ;  
But not a blade grows green as in the Spring ;  
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening  
leaves ;

The robins only mid the harvests sing,  
Pecking the grain that scatters from the  
sheaves ;

The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened  
drops,

It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell ;  
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops ;  
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell ;  
And all that once received the early rain  
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

## AUTUMN'S SIGHING.

AUTUMN's sighing,  
Moaning, dying ;  
Clouds are flying  
On like steeds ;  
While their shadows  
O'er the meadows  
Walk like widows  
Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,  
Fall unfailing,  
Dropping, sailing,  
From the wood,  
That, unpliant,  
Stands defiant,  
Like a giant  
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling  
Round our dwelling,  
All day telling  
Us their woe ;  
And at vesper  
Frosts grow crisper,  
As they whisper  
Of the snow.

From th' unseen land  
Frozen inland,  
Down from Greenland  
Winter glides,  
Shedding lightness  
Like the brightness  
When moon-whiteness  
Fills the tides.

Now bright Pleasure's  
Sparkling measures  
With rare treasures  
Overflow !  
With this gladness  
Comes what sadness !  
Oh, what madness !  
.Oh, what woe !

Even merit  
May inherit  
Some bare garret,  
Or the ground :

Or, a worse ill,  
 Beg a morsel  
 At some door sill,  
 Like a hound !

Storms are trailing ;  
 Winds are wailing,  
 Howling, railing  
 At each door.  
 'Midst this trailing,  
 Howling, railing,  
 List the wailing  
 Of the poor !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### THE IVY GREEN.

Oh ! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !  
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,  
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;  
 And the mouldering dust that years have made  
 Is a merry meal for him.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,  
 And a staunch old heart has he !  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings  
 To his friend, the huge oak tree !  
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
 And his leaves he gently waves,  
 And he joyously twines and hugs around  
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,  
 And nations scattered been ;  
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade  
 From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days  
 Shall fatten upon the past ;  
 For the stateliest building man can raise  
 Is the Ivy's food at last.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

### NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close ;  
 The little birds have almost sung their last,  
 Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—  
 That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows ;  
 The patient beauty of the scentless rose,  
 Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly  
 glassed,  
 Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,  
 And makes a little summer where it grows.  
 In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day  
 The dusky waters shudder as they shine ;  
 The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way  
 Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define ;  
 And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,  
 Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !  
 Who, the purple evening, lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man—  
 Painting fair the form of things,  
 While the yellow linnet sings,  
 Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tale—  
 Come, with all thy various hues,  
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse.  
 Now, while Phœbus, riding high,  
 Gives lustre to the land and sky,  
 Grongar Hill invites my song—  
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the evening still,  
At the fountain of a rill,  
Sat upon a flowery bed,  
With my hand beneath my head,  
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead and over wood,  
From house to house, from hill to hill,  
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,  
And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
And groves and grottoes where I lay,  
And vistas shooting beams of day.  
Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
As circles on a smooth canal.  
The mountains round, unhappy fate!  
Sooner or later, of all height,  
Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise.  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow;  
What a landscape lies below!  
No clouds, no vapors intervene;  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of Nature show  
In all the hues of heaven's bow!  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly towering in the skies;  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires;  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes:  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;  
And beyond, the purple grove,  
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!  
Gaudy as the opening dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wandering eye;  
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood:

His sides are clothed with waving wood;  
And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below;  
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps;  
So both, a safety from the wind  
In mutual dependence find.  
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;  
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;  
And there the fox securely feeds;  
And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;  
While, ever and anon, there fall  
Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered wall.  
Yet Time has seen—that lifts the low  
And level lays the lofty brow—  
Has seen this broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state.  
But transient is the smile of Fate!  
A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun  
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow—  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life to endless sleep!  
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought  
To instruct our wandering thought;  
Thus she dresses green and gay  
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view!  
The fountain's fall, the river's flow;  
The woody valleys, warm and low;  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky;  
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower;  
The town and village, dome and farm—  
Each gives each a double charm,  
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
Where the prospect opens wide,  
Where the evening gilds the tide,  
How close and small the hedges lie;  
What streaks of meadow cross the eye!  
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
So little distant dangers seem;



So we mistake the Future's face,  
 Eyed through Hope's deluding glass :  
 As yon summits, soft and fair,  
 Clad in colors of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near.  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way—  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see ;  
 Content me with an humble shade,  
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;  
 For while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul.  
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,  
 As on the mountain turf I lie ;  
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
 While the waters murmur deep ;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
 While the birds unbounded fly,  
 And with music fill the sky,  
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;  
 Search for Peace with all your skill ;  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor.  
 In vain you search ; she is not here !  
 In vain you search the domes of Care !  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads and mountain-heads,  
 Along with Pleasure—close allied,  
 Ever by each other's side ;  
 And often, by the murmuring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still  
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

### FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,  
 Fold your flocks up ; for the air  
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
 Already his great course hath run.  
 See the dew-drops, how they kiss  
 Every little flower that is ;

Hanging on their velvet heads,  
 Like a string of crystal beads.  
 See the heavy clouds low falling  
 And bright Hesperus down calling  
 The dead night from under ground :  
 At whose rising, mists unsound,  
 Damps and vapors, fly apace,  
 And hover o'er the smiling face  
 Of these pastures ; where they come,  
 Striking dead both bud and bloom.  
 Therefore from such danger lock  
 Every one his loved flock ;  
 And let your dogs lie loose without,  
 Lest the wolf come as a scout  
 From the mountain, and ere day,  
 Bear a lamb or kid away ;  
 Or the crafty, thievish fox,  
 Break upon your simple flocks.  
 To secure yourself from these,  
 Be not too secure in ease ;  
 So shall you good shepherds prove,  
 And deserve your master's love.  
 Now, good night ! may sweetest slumbers  
 And soft silence fall in numbers  
 On your eyelids. So farewell :  
 Thus I end my evening knell.

BRAMMONT AND FLETCHER.

### BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story ;  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes fly-  
 ing ;  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes—dying, dying,  
 dying !

Oh hark, oh hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, further going !  
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
 Blow ! let us hear the purple glens reply-  
 ing ;  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes—dying, dying,  
 dying !





O love, they die in yon rich sky ;  
 They faint on hill or field or river :  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying,  
 dying !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice ! thou  
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day !  
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my  
 brow ;

Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,  
 Roughening their crests, and scattering  
 high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the  
 sea !

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round  
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;  
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;  
 And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,  
 Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the  
 sight.

Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth—  
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting  
 earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest ;  
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars ; and  
 rouse

The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,  
 Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,  
 The strange deep harmonies that haunt his  
 breast.

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly  
 bows

The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep  
 the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway  
 The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone ;  
 That they who near the churchyard willows  
 stray,

And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,  
 May think of gentle souls that passed away,  
 Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,  
 Sent forth from heaven among the sons of  
 men,  
 And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
 To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child  
 asleep,

And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
 His temples, while his breathing grows  
 more deep ;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed  
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
 And softly part his curtains to allow  
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,  
 Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,  
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty  
 range,

Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once  
 more.

Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,  
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the  
 shore ;

And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## EVENING.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,  
 That rollest from the gorgeous gloom  
 Of evening over brake and bloom  
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below,  
 Through all the dewy-tasselled wood,  
 And shadowing down the horned flood  
 In ripples—fan my brows and blow



The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
 The full new life that feeds thy breath  
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,  
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas,  
 On leagues of odor streaming far,  
 To where, in yonder orient star,  
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest  
 ear,  
 Like thy own brawling springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales—

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-  
 haired Sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With brede ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-  
 eyed bat  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern  
 wing;  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;  
 Now teach me, maid composed,  
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark-  
 ening vale,  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit;  
 As, musing slow, I hail  
 Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
 The fragrant Hours, and elves  
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow  
 with sedge,  
 And sheds the freshening dew; and, lovelier  
 still,

The pensive pleasures sweet,  
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy  
 scene;  
 Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,  
 Whose walls more awful nod  
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
 That, from the mountain's side,  
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered  
 spires;  
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er  
 all  
 Thy dewy fingers draw  
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft  
 he wont,  
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
 While Summer loves to sport  
 Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;  
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
 Affrights thy shrinking train,  
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling  
 Peace,  
 Thy gentlest influence own,  
 And love thy favorite name!

WILLIAM COLLINS

### TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,  
 And sett'st the weary laborer free!  
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,  
 That send'st it from above,  
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow  
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
 Whilst the landscape's odors rise,  
 Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,  
 And songs when toil is done,  
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
 Parted lovers on thee muse;  
 Their remembrancer in Heaven  
 Of thrilling vows thou art,  
 Too delicious to be riven,  
 By absence, from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### EVENING IN THE ALPS.

COME, golden Evening! in the west  
 Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,  
 And let the triple rainbow rest  
 O'er all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done;—  
 The tempest ceases; bold and bright,  
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;  
 Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—  
 Mont Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread  
 The world of shadows at thy feet;  
 And mark how calmly, overhead,  
 The stars, like saints in glory, meet.  
 While hid in solitude sublime,  
 Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,  
 And hear the passing foot of Time  
 Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,  
 From precipice to precipice  
 An avalanche's ruins dash  
 Down to the nethermost abyss,  
 Invisible; the ear alone  
 Pursues the uproar till it dies;  
 Echo to echo, groan for groan,  
 From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,  
 Darkness that may 'be felt;—but soon  
 The silver-clouded east reveals  
 The midnight spectre of the moon.

In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,  
 Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme  
 Brings the faint semblance of a morn,  
 With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights  
 Unreal mockeries appear;  
 With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,  
 Emerging as she climbs the sphere;  
 A crowd of apparitions pale!  
 I hold my breath in chill suspense—  
 They seem so exquisitely frail—  
 Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;  
 Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,  
 Like Dian's crescent far beneath,  
 As beautiful as Dian's face:  
 Pride of the land that gave me birth!  
 All that thy waves reflect I love,  
 Where heaven itself, brought down to earth  
 Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;  
 The trance of poesy is o'er,  
 And I am here at dawn of day,  
 Gazing on mountains as before,  
 Where all the strange mutations wrought  
 Were magic feats of my own mind;  
 For, in that fairy land of thought,  
 Whate'er I seek, I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!  
 Buildings of God, not made with hands,  
 Whose word performs whate'er He wills,  
 Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;  
 Can there be eyes that look on you,  
 Till tears of rapture make them dim,  
 Nor in his works the Maker view,  
 Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,  
 Or love Him not when I behold,  
 Be all I ever knew forgot—  
 My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;  
 Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,  
 On yonder cliff my form be seen,  
 That all may ask, but none reply,  
 What my offence hath been.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of night!  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
 Which make thee terrible and dear—  
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
 Star-inwrought;  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out;  
 Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
 I sighed for thee;  
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to her rest,  
 Lingering like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee?

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
 "Wouldst thou me?"  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmured like a noontide bee,  
 "Shall I nestle near thy side?  
 Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,  
 "No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon—  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled:  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep:  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear when day did close;  
 Bless us, then, with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;  
 Give unto thy flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever;  
 Thou that makest a day of night,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

BEN JONSON.

## MOONRISE.

WHAT stands upon the highland?  
 What walks across the rise,  
 As though a starry island  
 Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?  
 What decks the mountain side,  
 Like a veil of silver folden  
 Round the white brow of a bride.

The magic moon is breaking,  
 Like a conqueror, from the east,  
 The waiting world awaking  
 To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,  
 By changes strange to see,  
 The cypress, so funereal,  
 To a lightsome fairy tree;

Black rocks to marble turning,  
 Like palaces of kings;  
 On ruin windows burning,  
 A festal glory flings;

The desert halls uplifting,  
 While falling shadows glance,  
 Like courtly crowds uniting  
 For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory wand she numbers  
 The stars along the sky;  
 And breaks the billows' slumbers  
 With a love-glance of her eye;

Along the cornfields dances,  
Brings bloom upon the sheaf;  
From tree to tree she glances,  
And touches leaf by leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows;  
Through their half-closed eyelids gleams;  
With her white torch through the meadows  
Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,  
Like a conqueror, from the east,  
And the joyous world partaking  
Of her golden fairy feast.

ERNEST JONES.

## SONNET.

THE crimson Moon, 'uprising from the sea,  
With large delight foretells the harvest near.  
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,  
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere!

And like a page, enamored of her train,  
The star of evening glimmers in the west:  
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant  
strain,  
That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest!

Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,  
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell;  
Her golden splendor glimmers on the main,  
And vales and mountains her bright glory  
tell.

Then sing, ye shepherds! for the time is come  
When we must bring the enriched harvest  
home.

LORD THURLOW.

## TO THE HARVEST MOON.

*Cum ruit imbriferum ver:  
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum  
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent.*

*Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adorot.*

VIRGIL.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild  
Of Plenty, rustic labor's child,  
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,  
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,  
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide,  
Where Innocence and Peace reside!

'Tis thou that gladd'st with joy the rustic  
through,  
Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarat-  
ing song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love  
O'er the uplands now to rove,  
While thy modest ray serene  
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;  
And to watch thee riding high  
In the blue vault of the sky,  
Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray,  
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on  
thy way.

Pleasing 't is, O modest Moon!  
Now the night is at her noon,  
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,  
While around the zephyrs sigh,  
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,  
Ripened by the summer's heat;  
Picturing all the rustic's joy  
When boundless plenty greets his eye,  
And thinking soon,  
O modest Moon!

How many a female eye will roam  
Along the road,  
To see the load,  
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,  
Stern despoilers of the plains,  
Hence, away, the season flee,  
Foes to light-heart jollity!  
May no winds careering high  
Drive the clouds along the sky,  
But may all Nature smile with aspect boon,  
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face,  
O harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,  
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes:  
He dreams of crowded barns, and round  
The yard he hears the flail resound;  
Oh! may no hurricane destroy  
His visionary views of joy!  
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,  
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy  
blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you  
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo;



Press ye still the downy bed,  
While feverish dreams surround your head;  
I will seek the woodland glade,  
Penetrate the thickest shade,  
Wrapped in Contemplation's dreams,  
Musing high on holy themes,

While on the gale  
Shall softly sail

The nightingale's enchanting tune,  
And oft my eyes  
Shall grateful rise  
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

### NIGHT SONG.

THE moon is up in splendor,  
And golden stars attend her;  
The heavens are calm and bright;  
Trees cast a deepening shadow,  
And slowly off the meadow  
A mist is rising silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing  
Round half a world reposing  
In calm and holy trust.  
All seems one vast, still chamber,  
Where weary hearts remember  
No more the sorrows of the dust.

MATTHEIAS CLAUDIUS. (German.)

Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

### TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent  
knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay  
concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us  
blind!

Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious  
strife?—

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

BLANCO WHITE.

### SONG.—THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

### SECOND SONG—TO THE SAME.

THY tuwhits are lulled, I wot,  
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,  
Which, upon the dark afloat,  
So took echo with delight,  
So took echo with delight,  
That her voice, untuneful grown,  
Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;  
But I cannot mimic it;  
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
With a lengthened loud halloo,  
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE OWL.

WHILE the moon, with sudden gleam,  
Through the clouds that cover her,  
Darts her light upon the stream,  
And the poplars gently stir;

Pleased I hear thy boding cry,  
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky!  
Sure thy notes are harmony.

• While the maiden, pale with care,  
Wanders to the lonely shade,  
Sighs her sorrows to the air,  
While the flowerets round her fade,—  
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry;  
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,  
To her it is not harmony.

While the wretch with mournful dole,  
Wrings his hands in agony,  
Praying for his brother's soul,  
Whom he pierced suddenly,—  
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry;  
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,  
To him it is not harmony.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
Wheresoe'er be thine abode  
A ways harbinger of good,  
Pay me for thy warm retreat  
With a song more soft and sweet;  
In return thou shalt receive  
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,  
Inoffensive, welcome guest!  
While the rat is on the scout,  
And the mouse with curious snout,  
With what vermin else infest  
Every dish, and spoil the best;  
Frisking thus before the fire,  
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be  
Formed as if akin to thee,  
Thou surpassesst, happier far,  
Happiest grasshoppers that are;  
Theirs is but a summer's song—  
Thine endures the winter long,  
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,  
Melody throughout the year.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### TO A CRICKET.

VOICE of Summer, keen and shrill,  
Chirping round my winter fire,  
Of thy song I never tire,  
Weary others as they will;  
For thy song with Summer's filled—  
Filled with sunshine, filled with June;  
Firelight echo of that noon  
Heard in fields when all is stilled  
In the golden light of May,  
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,  
Bees, and birds, and flowers away:  
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,  
Voice of Summer, keen and shrill!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

### THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW

AND is the swallow gone?  
Who beheld it?  
Which way sailed it?  
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—  
But who doth hear  
Its summer cheer  
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!  
From its surrounding clay  
It steals away  
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?  
'Tis all unknown;  
We feel alone  
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

### A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?  
Frozen and dead  
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore  
O doubting heart!  
Far over purple seas,  
They wait, in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze  
To bring them to their northern homes once  
more.

Why must the flowers die?  
 Prisoned they lie  
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
 O doubting heart!  
 They only sleep below  
 The soft white ermine snow  
 While winter winds shall blow,  
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
 These many days;  
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?  
 O doubting heart!  
 The stormy clouds on high  
 Veil the same sunny sky  
 That soon, for Spring is nigh,  
 Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.  
 Fair hope is dead, and light  
 Is quenched in night;  
 What sound can break the silence of despair?  
 O doubting heart!  
 The sky is overcast,  
 Yet stars shall rise at last,  
 Brighter for darkness past,  
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## FANCY.

Ever let the Fancy roam;  
 Pleasure never is at home:  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
 Then let winged Fancy wander  
 Through the thought still spread beyond her;  
 Open wide the mind's cage-door—  
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
 O sweet Fancy! let her loose!  
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
 And the enjoying of the Spring  
 Fades as does its blossoming.  
 Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,  
 Blushing through the mist and dew,  
 Cloyes with tasting. What do then?  
 Sit thee by the ingle, when  
 The sear faggot blazes bright,  
 Spirit of a winter's night;  
 When the soundless earth is muffled,  
 And the caked snow is shuffled

From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
 When the Night doth meet the Noon  
 In a dark conspiracy  
 To banish Even from her sky.  
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
 With a mind self-overawed,  
 Fancy, high-commissioned;—send her!  
 She has vassals to attend her;  
 She will bring, in spite of frost,  
 Beauties that the earth hath lost;—  
 She will bring thee, all together,  
 All delights of summer weather;  
 All the buds and bells of May,  
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
 All the heaped Autumn's wealth;—  
 With a still, mysterious stealth;  
 She will mix these pleasures up  
 Like three fit wines in a cup,  
 And thou shalt quaff it,—thou shalt hear  
 Distant harvest-carols clear—  
 Rustle of the reaped corn;  
 Sweet birds antheing the morn;  
 And, in the same moment—hark!  
 'T is the early April lark,—  
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
 Foraging for sticks and straw.  
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
 The daisy and the marigold;  
 White-plumed lilies, and the first  
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
 Shaded hyacinth, alway  
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
 And every leaf, and every flower  
 Pearled with the self-same shower.  
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
 Meagre from its celled sleep:  
 And the snake, all winter-thin,  
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
 Quiet on her mossy nest;  
 Then the hurry and alarm  
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;  
 Acorns ripe down-pattering  
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh sweet Fancy! let her loose!  
 Every thing is spoilt by use;  
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,

Too much gazed at? Where's the maid  
 Whose lip mature is ever new?  
 Where's the eye, however blue,  
 Doth not weary? Where's the face  
 One would meet in every place?  
 Where's the voice, however soft,  
 One would hear so very oft!  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.  
 Let, then, winged Fancy find  
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:  
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter  
 Ere the god of Torment taught her  
 How to frown and how to chide;  
 With a waist and with a side  
 White as Hebe's when her zone  
 Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
 While she held the goblet sweet,  
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh  
 Of the Fancy's silken leash;  
 Quickly break her prison-string,  
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—  
 Let the winged Fancy roam;  
 Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

## THE WINDY NIGHT.

Aloof and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 How the midnight tempests howl!  
 With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune  
 Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;  
 Or whistle and shriek  
 Through limbs that creak.  
 "Tu-who! Tu-whit!"  
 They cry, and flit,  
 "Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

Aloof and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 Sweep the moaning winds amain,  
 And wildly dash  
 The elm and ash,  
 Clattering on the window sash  
 With a clatter and patter  
 Like hail and rain,  
 That well nigh shatter  
 The dusky pane!

Aloof and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 How the tempests swell and roar!  
 Though no foot is astir,  
 Though the cat and the cur  
 Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,  
 There are feet of air  
 On every stair—  
 Through every hall!  
 Through each gusty door  
 There's a jostle and bustle,  
 With a silken rustle,  
 Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Aloof and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 How the stormy tempests swell!  
 And make the vane  
 On the spire complain;  
 They heave at the steeple with might and main,  
 And burst and sweep  
 Into the belfry, on the bell!  
 They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,  
 That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,  
 And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY! oh, mournfully  
 This midnight wind doth sigh,  
 Like some sweet, plaintive melody  
 Of ages long gone by!  
 It speaks a tale of other years,—  
 Of hopes that bloomed to die,—  
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,  
 And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
 This midnight wind doth moan!  
 It stirs some chord of memory  
 In each dull, heavy tone;  
 The voices of the much-loved dead  
 Seem floating thereupon,—  
 All, all my fond heart cherished  
 Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
 This midnight wind doth swell  
 With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—  
 Hope's passionate farewell



To the dreamy joys of early years,  
Ere yet grief's canker fell  
On the heart's bloom,—ay! well may tears  
Start at that parting knell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind—  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green  
holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly;  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.  
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green  
holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly;  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly!

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly-tree!  
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives  
Its glossy leaves  
Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen;  
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,  
Can reach to wound;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves  
appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralize;  
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant  
rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might  
appear  
Harsh and austere—  
To those who on my leisure would intrude,  
Reserved and rude;  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I, day by day,  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display  
Less bright than they;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng;  
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
More grave than they;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,—  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still, wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### NORTH WIND.

Loud wind! strong wind! sweeping o'er the  
mountains;  
Fresh wind! free wind! blowing from the  
sea,  
Pour forth thy vials like torrents from air  
fountains,  
Draughts of life to me.

Clear wind! cold wind! like a northern giant,  
Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven  
hair,  
Thrilling the blank night with thy voice de-  
fiant—  
Lo! I meet thee there!

Wild wind! bold wind! like a strong-armed  
angel  
Clasp me and kiss me with thy kisses  
divine!  
Breathe in this dulled ear thy secret, sweet  
evangel,—  
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind! mad wind! howling o'er the  
nations!

Knew'st thou how leapeth my heart as thou  
goest by,

Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in sudden  
patience,  
Like a human sigh!

Sharp wind! keen wind! cutting as word  
arrows,

Empty thy quiver-full! Pass by! what is 't  
to thee,

That in some mortal eyes life's whole  
bright circle narrows

To one misery?

Loud wind! strong wind! stay thou in the  
mountains;

Fresh wind! free wind! trouble not the sea!  
Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's  
warm fountains

That I hear not thee!

DINAH MARIA MULOKE.

#### THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the  
heaven,

And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's  
feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates  
sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.  
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage; nought cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreathes  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.

And when his hours are numbered, and the  
world  
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er;  
Flowerets bloom no more,  
Wintry winds are sweeping;  
Through the snow-drifts, peeping.  
Cheerful evergreen  
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng  
Charms the wood with song;  
Ice-bound trees are glittering;  
Merry snow-birds, twittering,  
Fondly strive to cheer  
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see  
Many charms in thee—  
Love thy chilly greeting,  
Snow-storms fiercely beating,  
And the dear delights  
Of the long, long nights.

LUDWIG HÖLTY. (German.)

Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

## SONNET

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF  
LAAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day  
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,  
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being  
school  
To patience, which all evil can allay.  
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,  
And given thyself a lesson to the fool  
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,  
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.  
There need not schools nor the professor's  
chair,

Though these be good, true wisdom to impart:  
He who has not enough for these to spare,  
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,  
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers  
fair—

Nature is always wise in every part.

LORD THURLOW.

## TO THE REDBREAST.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early  
hours  
Of winters past or coming, void of care;  
Well pleased with delights which present are,  
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling  
flowers—  
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy  
bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs  
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and  
wrongs,  
And lift a reverend eye and thought to  
Heaven!  
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost  
raise  
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### A SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

WHEN the merry lark doth gild  
With his song the summer hours,  
And their nests the swallows build  
In the roofs and tops of towers,  
And the golden broom-flower burns  
All about the waste,  
And the maiden May returns  
With a pretty haste,—  
*Then, how merry are the times!*  
*The Summer times! the Spring times!*

Now, from off the ashy stone  
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,  
And all merry birds are flown,  
And our dream of pleasure dieth;  
Now the once blue, laughing sky  
Saddens into gray,  
And the frozen rivers sigh,  
Pining all away!  
*Now, how solemn are the times!*  
*The Winter times! the Night times!*

Yet, be merry: all around  
Is through one vast change revolving;  
Even Night, who lately frowned,  
Is in paler dawn dissolving;  
Earth will burst her fetters strange,  
And in Spring grow free;  
All things in the world will change,  
Save—my love for thee!  
*Sing then, hopeful are all times!*  
*Winter, Summer, Spring times!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

### DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep!  
Merry Hours, smile instead,  
For the Year is but asleep:  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So white Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day;  
Solemn Hours! wail aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways  
The tree-swung cradle of a child,  
So the breath of these rude days  
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,  
Trembling Hours; she will arise  
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave;  
February bears the bier;  
March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—but, O ye Hours!  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE  
IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou Soul, that art the eternity of thought!  
And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul—  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;  
But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With Life and Nature; purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.



Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapors rolling down the valleys made  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods  
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer  
nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine.  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the Summer long;  
And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
The cottage windows through the twilight  
blazed,

I heeded not the summons. Happy time  
It was indeed for all of us; for me  
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud  
The village-clock tolled six; I wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home. All shod with  
steel,

We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding  
horn,

The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle. With the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars,  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the  
west

The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous  
throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star—  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain. And oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning  
still

The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,

Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me,—even as if the Earth had  
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round!  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler; and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to  
pause

On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—  
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in  
prayer  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with  
my thought—

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy—  
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to  
Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,  
awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the  
vale!

Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they  
sink—

Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald—wake, oh wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter  
death,

From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
For ever shattered and the same for ever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and  
your joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded (and the silence came),  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's  
brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty  
voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest  
plunge!

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of  
Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade  
the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with liv-  
ing flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your  
feet?

God!—let the torrents, like a shout of na-  
tions,

Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!

God! sing ye meadow-streams with glad-  
some voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like  
sounds!

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal  
frost!

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the elements!

Utter forth God, and fill the hills with  
praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-  
pointing peaks,

Off from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure  
serene,

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou

That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base

Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with  
tears,

Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,

To rise before me—Rise, oh ever rise!

Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!

Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,

Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,

And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



## PART II.

### P O E M S   O F   C H I L D H O O D

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Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he, laughing, said to me :

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
“Piper, pipe that song again.”  
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

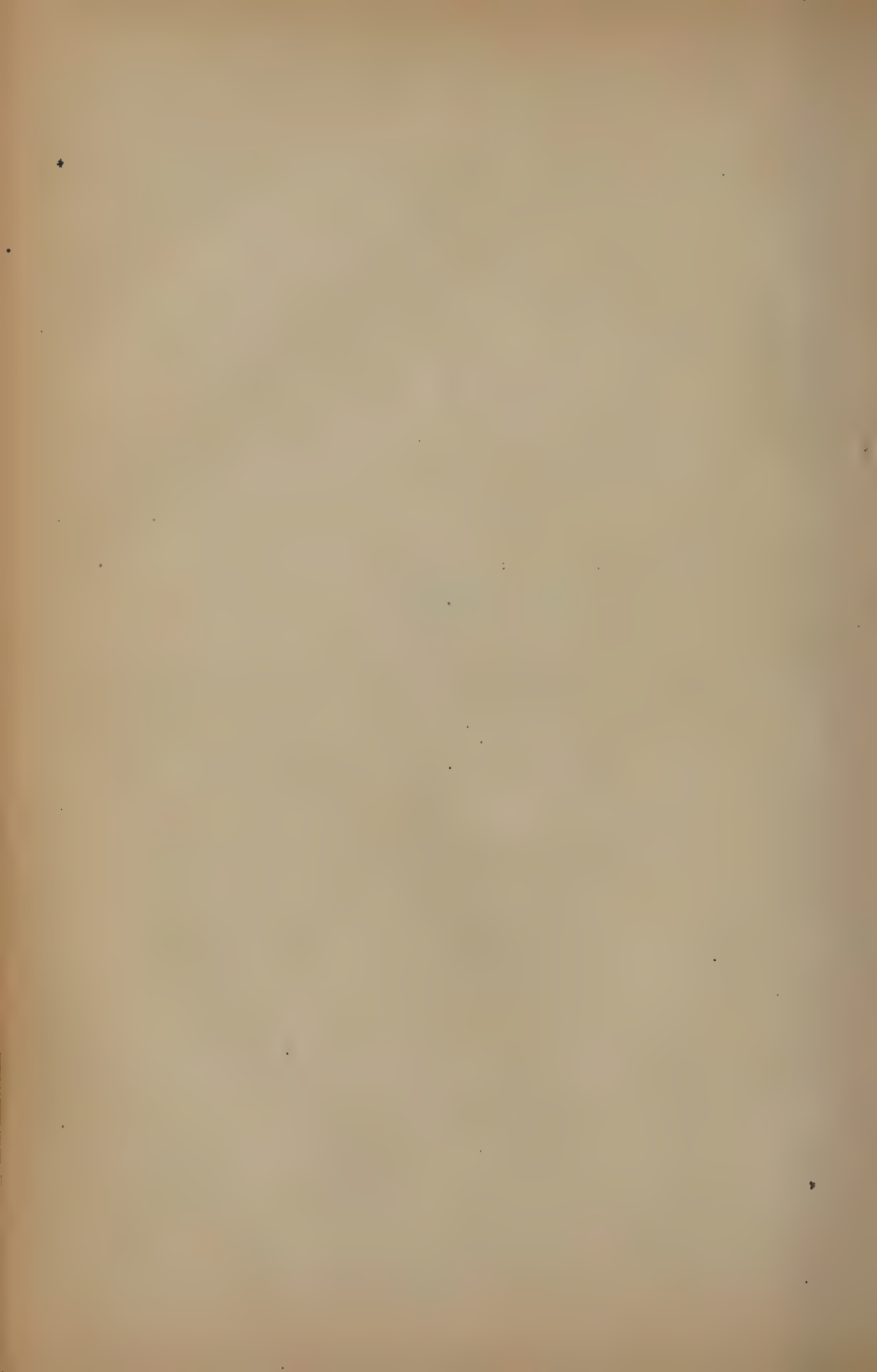
“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”  
So I sung the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write,  
In a book, that all may read.”—  
So he vanished from my sight,  
And I plucked a hollow reed ,

And I made a rural pen ;  
And I stained the water clear  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.









## POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

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### BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;  
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness; round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise;  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;  
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;  
Happy smiles and wailing cries;  
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;  
Lights and shadows, swifter born  
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;  
Ever some new tiny notion,  
Making every limb all motion;  
Catchings up of legs and arms;  
Throwings back and small alarms;  
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;  
Twining feet whose each toe works;  
Kickings up and straining risings;  
Mother's ever new surprisings;  
Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under;  
Tiny scorns of smiled reproving  
That have more of love than lovings;  
Mischiefs done with such a winning  
Archness that we prize such sinning;  
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;  
Graspings small at all that passes;  
Pullings off of all that's able  
To be caught from tray or table;  
Silences—small meditations  
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations  
Breaking into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches;  
All the thoughts of whose possessing  
Must be wooed to light by guessing;

Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings  
That we'd ever have such dreamings;  
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
And we'd always have thee waking;  
Wealth for which we know no measure;  
Pleasure high above all pleasure;  
Gladness brimming over gladness;  
Joy in care; delight in sadness;  
Loveliness beyond completeness;  
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;  
Beauty all that beauty may be;—  
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

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### LULLABY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go;  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one,  
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;  
Father will come to thee soon.  
Rest, rest on mother's breast;  
Father will come to thee soon.  
Father will come to his babe in the nest;  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON



## CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;  
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.  
 When the nursing-woman brought her  
 To papa, his infant daughter,  
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—  
 She will shortly be to christen;  
 And papa has made the offer,  
 I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her—  
 Charlotte, Julia, or Lousia?  
 Ann and Mary, they're too common;  
 Joan's too formal for a woman;  
 Jane's a prettier name beside;  
 But we had a Jane that died.  
 They would say, if 't was Rebecca,  
 That she was a little Quaker.  
 Edith's pretty, but that looks  
 Better in old English books;  
 Ellen's left off long ago;  
 Blanche is out of fashion now.  
 None that I have named as yet  
 Are so good as Margaret.  
 Emily is neat and fine;  
 What do you think of Caroline?  
 How I'm puzzled and perplexed  
 What to choose or think of next!  
 I am in a little fever  
 Lest the name that I should give her  
 Should disgrace her or defame her;—  
 I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

## THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAYED—a half-angelic sight—  
 In vests of pure baptismal white,  
 The mother to the Font doth bring  
 The little helpless, nameless thing  
 With hushes soft and mild caressing,  
 At once to get—a name and blessing.  
 Close by the babe the priest doth stand,  
 The cleansing water at his hand  
 Which must assail the soul within  
 From every stain of Adam's sin.  
 The infant eyes the mystic scenes,  
 Nor knows what all this wonder means;

And now he smiles, as if to say,  
 "I am a Christian made this day;"  
 Now frighted clings to nurse's hold,  
 Shrinking from the water cold,  
 Whose virtues, rightly understood,  
 Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.  
 Strange words—The World, The Flesh, The  
 Devil—

Poor babe, what can it know of evil?  
 But we must silently adore  
 Mysterious truths, and not explore.  
 Enough for him, in after-times,  
 When he shall read these artless rhymes,  
 If, looking back upon this day  
 With quiet conscience, he can say,  
 "I have in part redeemed the pledge  
 Of my baptismal privilege;  
 And more and more will strive to flee  
 All which my sponsors kind did then re-  
 nounce for me."

CHARLES LAMB.

## WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,  
 Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,  
 Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,  
 "Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now  
 ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?  
 The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin'  
 hen,  
 The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna  
 gie a cheep;  
 But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa'  
 asleep.

Only thing but sleep, ye rogue!—glow'rin' like  
 the moon,  
 Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,  
 Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like  
 a cock,  
 Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin'  
 folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!  
 Waumblyin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,  
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her  
 thrums:  
 Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,  
A wee stumple stoussie, that canna rin his  
lane.

That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll  
close an ee;

But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength  
anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

### TO FERDINAND SEYMOUR.

Rosy child, with forehead fair,  
Coral lip, and shining hair,  
In whose mirthful, clever eyes  
Such a world of gladness lies;  
As thy loose curls idly straying  
O'er thy mother's cheek, while playing,  
Blend her soft lock's shadowy twine  
With the glittering light of thine,—  
Who shall say, who gazes now,  
Which is fairest, she or thou?

In sweet contrast are ye met,  
Such as heart could ne'er forget:  
Thou art brilliant as a flower,  
Crimsoning in the sunny hour;  
Merry as a singing-bird,  
In the green wood sweetly heard;  
Restless as if fluttering wings  
Bore thee on thy wanderings;  
Ignorant of all distress,  
Full of childhood's carelessness.

She is gentle; she hath known  
Something of the echoed tone  
Sorrow leaves, where'er it goes,  
In this world of many woes.  
On her brow such shadows are  
As the faint cloud gives the star,  
Veiling its most holy light,  
Though it still be pure and bright;  
And the color in her cheek  
To the hue on thine is weak,  
Save when flushed with sweet surprise,  
Sudden welcomes light her eyes;  
And her softly chiselled face  
(But for living, moving grace)  
Looks like one of those which beam  
In th' Italian painter's dream,—

Some beloved Madonna, bending  
O'er the infant she is tending:  
Holy, bright, and undefiled  
Mother of the Heaven-born child;  
Who, though painted strangely fair,  
Seems but made for holy prayer,  
Pity, tears, and sweet appeal,  
And fondness such as angels feel:  
Baffling earthly passion's sigh  
With serenest majesty!

Oh! may those enshrouded years  
Whose fair dawn alone appears,—  
May that brightly budding life,  
Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,—  
Bring its store of hoped-for joy,  
Mother, to thy laughing boy!  
And the good thou dost impart  
Lie deep-treasured in his heart,  
That, when he at length shall strive  
In the bad world where we live,  
Thy sweet name may still be blest  
As one who taught his soul true rest!

CAROLINE NORTON.

### PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king!

For round thee the purple shadow lies  
Of babyhood's royal dignities.

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;

I am thine Esther, to command  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,  
Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,  
Philip, my king!

When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,  
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there

Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,  
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;

For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping now,  
May rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren higher and  
fairer,

Let me behold thee in future years!

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Philip, my king—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my king!

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way  
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;

Rebels within thee, and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,  
glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,

As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,

"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

### THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A BABY was sleeping;

Its mother was weeping;

For her husband was far on the wild raging  
sea;

And the tempest was swelling

Round the fisherman's dwelling;

And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come  
back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,

The baby still slumbered,

And smiled in her face as she bended her  
knee:

"Oh blest be that warning,

My child, thy sleep adorning,

For I know that the angels are whispering  
with thee.

"And while they are keeping

Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!

And say thou wouldst rather

They'd watch o'er thy father!

For I know that the angels are whispering  
to thee."

The dawn of the morning

Saw Dermot returning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's father  
to see;

And closely caressing

Her child with a blessing,

Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering  
with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER

### THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,

Tired of all thy playing—

Sleep with smile the sweeter for

That you dropped away in

On your curls' fair roundness stand

Golden lights serenely;

One cheek, pushed out by the hand,

Folds the dimple inly—

Little head and little foot

Heavy laid for pleasure;

Underneath the lids half-shut

Plants the shining azure;

Open-souled in noonday sun,

So, you lie and slumber;

Nothing evil having done,

Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,

Shall I sigh to view you?

Or sigh further to foretell

All that may undo you?

Nay, keep smiling, little child,

Ere the fate appeareth!

I smile, too; for patience mild

Pleasure's token wearth.

Nay, keep sleeping before loss;

I shall sleep, though losing!

As by cradle, so by cross,

Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,

Child at childish leisure,

I am all as tired of pain

As you are of pleasure.

Very soon, too, by His grace,  
Gently wrapt around me,  
I shall show as calm a face,  
I shall sleep as soundly—  
Differing in this, that you  
Clasp your playthings sleeping,  
While my hand must drop the few  
Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I,  
Sleeping, must be colder,  
And, in waking presently,  
Brighter to beholder—  
Differing in this beside  
(Sleeper, have you heard me?  
Do you move, and open wide  
Your great eyes toward me?)  
That while I you draw withal  
From this slumber solely,  
Me, from mine, an angel shall,  
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's  
face,

Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have  
pressed!

Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place  
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to  
me!

I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;  
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for  
thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;  
His eye 'tis closed; he sleeps, nor dreams  
of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,  
Would you not say he slept on Death's  
cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!  
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—  
Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on the light!  
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again.  
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep  
beguile!

Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,  
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE. (French.)

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

### THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES

THAT way look, my infant, lo!  
What a pretty baby-show!  
See the kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall—  
Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,—  
From the lofty elder-tree!  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Eddying round and round, they sink  
Softly, slowly; one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or fairy hither tending,  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute  
In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!  
First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow;  
There are many now,—now one,—  
Now they stop, and there are none.  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire!  
With a tiger-leap! Half-way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again;  
Now she works with three or four,  
Like an Indian conjurer;  
Quick as he in feats of art,  
Far beyond in joy of heart.  
Were her antics played in the eye  
Of a thousand standers-by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little Tabby care  
For the plaudits of the crowd?  
Over happy to be proud,



Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby treat,  
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;  
Here for neither Babe nor me  
Other playmate can I see.  
Of the countless living things  
That with stir of feet and wings  
(In the sun or under shade,  
Upon bough or grassy blade),  
And with busy revellings,  
Chirp, and song, and murmurings,  
Made this orchard's narrow space,  
And this vale, so blithe a place;  
Multitudes are swept away,  
Never more to breathe the day.  
Some are sleeping; some in bands  
Travelled into distant lands;  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighborhood;  
And, among the kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,  
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,  
Who was blest as bird could be,  
Feeding in the apple-tree—  
Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
Turning blossoms inside out—  
Hung, head pointing towards the ground,  
Fluttered, perched, into a round  
Bound himself, and then unbound—  
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!  
Prettiest tumbler ever seen!  
Light of heart, and light of limb—  
What is now become of him?  
Lambs, that through the mountains went  
Frisking, bleating merriment,  
When the year was in its prime,  
They are sobered by this time.  
If you look to vale or hill,  
If you listen, all is still,  
Save a little neighboring rill  
That from out the rocky ground  
Strikes a solitary sound.  
Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
And the air is calm in vain;  
Vainly Morning spreads the lure

Of a sky serene and pure;  
Creature none can she decoy  
Into open sign of joy.  
Is it that they have a fear  
Of the dreary season near?  
Or that other pleasures be  
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
In the impenetrable cell  
Of the silent heart which Nature  
Furnishes to every creature—  
Whatsoever we feel and know  
Too sedate for outward show—  
Such a light of gladness breaks,  
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—  
Spreads with such a living grace  
O'er my little Dora's face—  
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
That almost I could repine  
That your transports are not mine,  
That I do not wholly fare  
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!  
And I will have my careless season  
Spite of melancholy reason,  
Will walk through life in such a way  
That, when time, brings on decay,  
Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladness.  
Pleased by any random toy—  
By a kitten's busy joy,  
Or an infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy—  
I would fare like that or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss,  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have faculties to take,  
Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
Matter for a jocund thought—  
Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

#### THE CHILD IN THE WILDERNESS.

ENCINOTURED in a twine of leaves—  
That leafy twine his only dress—  
A lovely boy was plucking fruits  
In a moonlight wilderness.

The moon was bright, the air was free,  
And fruits and flowers together grew,  
And many a shrub, and many a tree:

And all put on a gentle hue,  
Hanging in the shadowy air  
Like a picture rich and rare.

It was a climate where they say  
The night is more beloved than day.

But who that beauteous boy beguiled—  
That beauteous boy!—to linger here?

Alone by night, a little child,

In place so silent and so wild—

Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she  
kneels,

And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,  
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!

Oh fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—  
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria. (Greek.)

Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

### THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

"SUCK, baby, suck! mother's love grows by  
giving;

Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by  
wasting:

Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty  
living

Hands thee the cup that shall be death in  
tasting.

Kiss, baby, kiss! mother's lips shine by  
kisses;

Choke the warm breath that else would fall  
in blessings:

Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty  
blisses

Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caress-  
ings.

Hang, baby, hang! mother's love loves such  
forces;

Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy  
clinging:

Black manhood comes, when violent lawless  
courses

Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging."

So sang a withered beldam energetical,  
And banned the ungiving door with lips pro-  
phetical.

CHARLES LAMB.

### TO A CHILD

EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

I.

Love thy mother, little one!

Kiss and clasp her neck again,—

Hereafter she may have a son

Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.

Love thy mother, little one!

II.

Gaze upon her living eyes,

And mirror back her love for thee,—

Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs

To meet them when they cannot see.

Gaze upon her living eyes!

III.

Press her lips the while they glow

With love that they have often told,—

Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,

And kiss them till thine own are cold.

Press her lips the while they glow!

IV.

Oh, revere her raven hair!

Although it be not silver-gray—

Too early Death, led on by Care,

May snatch save one dear lock away.

Oh, revere her raven hair!

V.

Pray for her at eve and morn,

That Heaven may long the stroke defer—

For thou mayst live the hour forlorn

When thou wilt ask to die with her.

Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD

## TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD:—A NURSERY SONG.

. . . . Pien d'amori,  
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.

FRUGENI.

Full of little loves of ours,  
Full of songs, and full of flowers.

Arr, little ranting Johnny,  
For ever blithe and bonny,  
And singing nonny, nonny,  
With hat just thrown upon ye;  
Or whistling like the thrushes,  
With a voice in silver gushes;  
Or twisting random posies  
With daisies, weeds, and roses;  
And strutting in and out so,  
Or dancing all about so;  
With cock-up nose so lightsome,  
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,  
And cheeks as ripe as apples,  
And head as rough as Dapple's,  
And arms as sunny shining  
As if their veins they'd wine in,  
And mouth that smiles so truly  
Heaven seems to have made it newly—  
It breaks into such sweetness  
With merry-lipped completeness;  
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,  
As blithe as Laughing Trio!  
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,  
So christened from the Tattler,  
My Bacchus in his glory,  
My little Cor-di-fiori,  
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,  
Who in and out come bobbing,  
As full of feints and frolics as  
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,  
And play the graceless robber on  
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—  
Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso,  
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,  
But mischief—there you're in it:  
A-getting at my books, John,  
With mighty bustling looks, John,  
Or poking at the roses,  
In midst of which your nose is;  
Or climbing on a table,

No matter how unstable,  
And turning up your quaint eye  
And half-shut teeth, with "May n't I?"  
Or else you're off at play, John,  
Just as you'd be all day, John,  
With hat or not, as happens;  
And there you dance, and clap hands,  
Or on the grass go rolling,  
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,  
And getting me expenses  
With losing balls o'er fences;  
Or, as the constant trade is,  
Are fondled by the ladies  
With "What a young rogue this is!"  
Reforming him with kisses;  
Till suddenly you cry out,  
As if you had an eye out,  
So desperately tearful,  
The sound is really fearful;  
When lo! directly after,  
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue! and do you know, John,  
Why 'tis we love you so, John?  
And how it is they let ye  
Do what you like and pet ye,  
Though all who look upon ye,  
Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"  
It is because you please 'em  
Still more, John, than you teaze 'em;  
Because, too, when not present,  
The thought of you is pleasant;  
Because, though such an elf, John,  
They think that if yourself, John,  
Had something to condemn too,  
You'd be as kind to them too;  
In short, because you're very  
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;  
And are as quick at giving  
As easy at receiving;  
And in the midst of pleasure  
Are certain to find leisure  
To think, my boy, of ours,  
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly;  
Come, put your hat on rightly,  
And we'll among the bushes,  
And hear your friends, the thrushes;  
And see what flowers the weather  
Has rendered fit to gather;

And, when we home must jog, you  
 Shall ride my back, you rogue you,—  
 Your hat adorned with fine leaves,  
 Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves,  
 And so, with green o'erhead, John,  
 Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

### THE FAIRY CHILD.

THE summer sun was sinking  
 With a mild light, calm and mellow ;  
 It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,  
 And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,  
 And his song was sad and tender ;  
 And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the  
 song,  
 Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom  
 While his soul the song was quaffing ;  
 The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,  
 And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,  
 The midnight needle plying ;  
 I feared for my child, for the rush's light  
 In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,  
 Like the wind at midnight moaning ;  
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,  
 For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,  
 But that night my child departed—  
 They left a weakling in his stead,  
 And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,  
 For his eyes are dim and hollow ;  
 My little boy is gone—is gone,  
 And his mother soon will follow

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,  
 And the mass be chanted meetly,  
 And I shall sleep with my little boy,  
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

### TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,  
 My little patient boy ;  
 And balmy rest about thee  
 Smooths off the day's annoy.  
 I sit me down, and think  
 Of all thy winning ways ;  
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,  
 Thy thanks to all that aid,  
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
 Of fancied faults afraid ;  
 The little trembling hand  
 That wipes thy quiet tears :  
 These, these are things that may demand  
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,  
 I will not think of now ;  
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,  
 Have wasted with dry brow ;  
 But when thy fingers press  
 And pat my stooping head,  
 I cannot bear the gentleness—  
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,  
 When life and hope were new ;  
 Kind playmate of thy brother,  
 Thy sister, father too ;  
 My light, where'er I go ;  
 My bird, when prison-bound ;  
 My hand-in-hand companion—No,  
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—  
 "His voice"—"his face"—is gone,  
 To feel impatient-hearted,  
 Yet feel we must bear on—  
 Ah, I could not endure  
 To whisper of such woe,  
 Unless I felt this sleep ensue  
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping !  
 This silence too the while—  
 Its very hush and creeping  
 Seem whispering us a smile



Something divine and dim  
Seems going by one's ear,  
Like parting wings of cherubim,  
Who say, "We 've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU whose fancies from afar are brought;  
Who of thy words dost make a mock appare.,  
And fittest to unutterable thought  
The breeze-like motion and the self-born  
carol;

Thou fairy voyager! that dost float  
In such clear water, that thy boat  
May rather seem  
To brood on air than on an earthly stream—  
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,  
Where earth and heaven do make one  
imagery;

O blessed vision! happy child!  
Thou art so exquisitely wild,  
I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy  
guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality;  
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest  
But when she sat within the touch of thee.  
O too industrious folly!

O vain and causeless melancholy!  
Nature will either end thee quite;  
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
Preserve for thee, by individual right,  
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown  
flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,  
Or the injuries of to-morrow?  
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings  
forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;  
A gem that glitters while it lives,  
And no forewarning gives,  
But, at the touch of wrongs, without a strife,  
Slips in a moment out of life.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Does human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,  
That stray along that forehead fair,  
Lost mid a gleam of golden hair?  
Oh! can that light and airy breath  
Steal from a being doomed to death;  
Those features to the grave be sent  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;  
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,  
A phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art—  
I feel it at my beating heart,  
Those tremors both of soul and sense  
Awoke by infant innocence!  
Though dear the forms by Fancy wove,  
We love them with a transient love;  
Thoughts from the living world intrude  
Even on her deepest solitude:  
But, lovely child! thy magic stole  
At once into my inmost soul,  
With feelings as thy beauty fair,  
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;  
Glad would they be their child to own!  
And well they must have loved before,  
If since thy birth they loved not more.  
Thou art a branch of noble stem,  
And, seeing thee, I figure them.  
What many a childless one would give,  
If thou in their still home wouldst live!  
Though in thy face no family line  
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"  
In time thou wouldst become the same  
As thy own child,—all but the name.

How happy must thy parents be  
Who daily live in sight of thee!  
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek  
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,  
And feel all natural griefs beguiled  
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.  
What joy must in their souls have stirred  
When thy first broken words were heard—  
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, expressed  
The transports dancing in thy breast!  
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,  
Even while I gaze, are kindling now

I called thee duteous ; am I wrong?  
 No ! truth, I feel, is in my song :  
 Duteous, thy heart's still beatings move  
 To God, to Nature, and to love !  
 To God !—for thou, a harmless child,  
 Hast kept his temple undefiled ;  
 To Nature !—for thy tears and sighs  
 Obey alone her mysteries ;  
 To love !—for fiends of hate might see  
 Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee.  
 What wonder then, though in thy dreams  
 Thy face with mystic meaning beams !  
 Oh ! that my spirit's eye could see  
 Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy !  
 That light of dreaming soul appears  
 To play from thoughts above thy years ;  
 Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring  
 To heaven, and heaven's God adoring.  
 And who can tell what visions high  
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye ?  
 What brighter throne can brightness find  
 To reign on, than an infant's mind,  
 Ere sin destroy, or error dim,  
 The glory of the seraphim ?

But now thy changing smiles express  
 Intelligible happiness.  
 I feel my soul thy soul partake.  
 What grief, if thou wouldst now awake !  
 With infants happy as thyself  
 I see thee bound, a playful elf ;  
 I see thou art a darling child,  
 Among thy playmates bold and wild ;  
 They love thee well ; thou art the queen  
 Of all their sports, in bower or green ;  
 And if thou livest to woman's height,  
 In thee will friendship, love, delight.

And live thou surely must ; thy life  
 Is far too spiritual for the strife  
 Of mortal pain ; nor could disease  
 Find heart to prey on smiles like these.  
 Oh ! thou wilt be an angel bright—  
 To those thou lovest, a saving light—  
 The staff of age, the help sublime  
 Of erring youth, and stubborn prime ;  
 And when thou goest to heaven again,  
 Thy vanishing be like the strain  
 Of airy harp—so soft the tone  
 The ear scarce knows when it is gone !

Thrice blessed he whose stars design  
 His spirit pure to lean on thine,  
 And watchful share, for days and years,

Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears !  
 For good and guiltless as thou art,  
 Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—  
 Grievs that along thy altered face  
 Will breathe a more subduing grace  
 Than even those looks of joy that lie  
 On the soft cheek of infancy.  
 Though looks, God knows, are cradled there  
 That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

O vision fair ! that I could be  
 Again as young, as pure, as thee !  
 Vain wish ! the rainbow's radiant form  
 May view, but cannot brave, the storm ;  
 Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes  
 That paint the bird of Paradise ;  
 And years, so Fate hath ordered, roll  
 Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.  
 Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,  
 Such as the gladness of thy face,  
 O sinless babe, by God are given  
 To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

No common impulse hath me led  
 To this green spot, thy quiet bed,  
 Where, by mere gladness overcome,  
 In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.  
 When to the lake I would have gone,  
 A wondrous beauty drew me on—  
 Such beauty as the spirit sees  
 In glittering fields and moveless trees,  
 After a warm and silent shower  
 Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.  
 What led me hither, all can say  
 Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long ;  
 Thy little dreams become too strong  
 For sleep—too like realities ;  
 Soon shall I see those hidden eyes.  
 Thou wakest, and starting from the ground,  
 In dear amazement look'st around ;  
 Like one who, little given to roam,  
 Wonders to find herself from home !  
 But when a stranger meets thy view,  
 Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.  
 A moment's thought who I may be,  
 Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,  
 When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,  
 Like a thin veil that half concealed  
 The light of soul, and half revealed.  
 While thy hushed heart with visions wrought.  
 Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought

And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,  
 Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek—  
 Such summer-clouds as travel light,  
 When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright—  
 Till thou awokest; then to thine eye  
 Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!  
 And lovely is that heart of thine,  
 Or sure those eyes could never shine  
 With such a wild, yet bashful glee,  
 Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!  
 Nature has breathed into thy face  
 A spirit of unconscious grace—  
 A spirit that lies never still,  
 And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will:  
 As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake  
 Soft airs a gentle rippling make,  
 Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,  
 And water blends again with sky.

O happy sprite! didst thou but know  
 What pleasures through my being flow  
 From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling  
 From their blue light could ne'er be stealing;  
 But thou wouldst be more loth to part,  
 And give me more of that glad heart.  
 Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence  
 The glory of thy innocence.  
 But with deep joy I breathe the air  
 That kissed thy cheek, and fanned thy hair,  
 And feel, though fate our lives must sever,  
 Yet shall thy image live for ever!

JOHN WILSON.

## CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.  
 No fondest father's fondest care  
 Can fashion so the infant heart  
 As those creative beams that dart,  
 With all their hopes and fears, upon  
 The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see  
 A father near him on his knee,  
 Who wishes all the while to trace  
 The mother in his futureface;  
 But 't is to her alone uprise  
 His wakening arms; to her those eyes  
 Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! whom sleep can hardly tame,  
 As live and beautiful as flame,  
 Thou glancest round my graver hours  
 As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers  
 Were not by mortal forehead worn,  
 But on the summer breeze were borne,  
 Or on a mountain streamlet's waves  
 Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow  
 Delight and wonder come and go;  
 And eyes whose inward meanings play,  
 Congenial with the light of day;  
 And brow so calm, a home for Thought  
 Before he knows his dwelling wrought;  
 Though wise indeed thou seemest not,  
 Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;  
 That laughter leaves no ache behind;  
 And in thy look and dance of glee,  
 Unforced, unthought of, simply free,  
 How weak the schoolman's formal art  
 Thy soul and body's bliss to part!  
 I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,  
 In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,  
 A thing thou art of present cheer;  
 And thus to be beloved and known,  
 As is a rushy fountain's tone,  
 As is the forest's leafy shade,  
 Or blackbird's hidden serenade.  
 Thou art a flash that lights the whole—  
 A gush from Nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives  
 A power that deeper feeling gives,  
 That makes thee more than light or air,  
 Than all things sweet and all things fair;  
 And sweet and fair as aught may be,  
 Diviner life belongs to thee,  
 For 'mid thine aimless joys began  
 The perfect heart and will of Man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me  
 How greater far thou soon shalt be;

And while amid thy garlands blow  
The winds that warbling come and go,  
Ever within, not loud but clear,  
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,  
And says that every human birth  
Anew discloses God to earth.

JOHN STEERLING.

## THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing  
In the happy summer time—  
When the raptured air is ringing  
With Earth's music heavenward springing,  
Forest chirp, and village chime—  
Is there, of the sounds that float  
Unsigningly, a single note  
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,  
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:  
Morn hath touched her golden strings;  
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;  
Life and Light are reunited,  
Amid countless carollings;  
Yet, delicious as they are,  
There 's a sound that 's sweeter far—  
One that makes the heart rejoice  
More than all,—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,  
Though it be a stranger's tone—  
Than the winds or waters dearer,  
More enchanting to the hearer,  
For it answereth to his own.  
But, of all its witching words,  
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild  
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,  
Haunted strains from rivulets,  
Hum of bees among the flowers,  
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—  
These, ere long, the ear forgets;  
But in mine there is a sound  
Ringing on the whole year round—  
Heart-deep laughter that I heard  
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,  
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—  
Ear of one whose love is surer—  
Hers, the mother, the endurer  
Of the deepest share of pain;  
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure  
Memories of that cry of pleasure;  
Hers to hoard, a life-time after,  
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection  
Hears with a mysterious sense—  
Breathings that evade detection,  
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,  
Thrill in her with power intense.  
Childhood's honeyed words untaught  
Hiveth she in loving thought—  
Tones that never thence depart;  
For she listens—with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

## THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and  
fond,  
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest  
treasure,  
My heart received thee with a joy beyond  
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;  
Nor thought that any love again might be  
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy  
years,  
And natural piety that leaned to heaven;  
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
Yet patient to rebuke when justly given—  
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—  
And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my  
child!

Not willing to be left—still by my side,  
Haunting my walks, while summer-day  
was dying;



Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide  
Through the dark room where I was sadly  
lying;  
Or by the couch of pain, a sifter meek,  
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered  
cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made  
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,  
No strength in all thy freshness, prone to  
fade,  
And bending weakly to the thunder-  
shower;  
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force  
to bind,  
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the  
wind!

Then thou, my merry love—bold in thy glee,  
Under the bough, or by the firelight danc-  
ing,  
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free—  
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing  
glancing,  
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,  
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of  
joy,  
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip re-  
soundeth;  
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,  
And the glad heart from which all grief  
reboundeth;  
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply  
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,  
The cold and stern to joy and fondness  
warming;  
The coaxing smile—the frequent soft caress—  
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath dis-  
arming!  
Again my heart a new affection found,  
But thought that love with thee had reached  
its bound.

At length thou camest—thou, the last and  
least,  
Nick-named "the Emperor" by thy laugh-  
ing brothers—  
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,  
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the  
others—  
Mingling with every playful infant wile  
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!  
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!  
Fair shoulders—curling lips—and dauntless  
brow—  
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's  
dreaming;  
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,  
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding  
claim

I, that all other love had been forswearing,  
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;  
Nor injured either by this love's comparing  
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—  
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

CAROLINE NORTON.

#### TO GEORGE M——.

Yes, I do love thee well, my child!  
Albeit mine's a wandering mind;  
But never, darling, hast thou smiled  
Or breathed a wish that did not find  
A ready echo in my heart.  
What hours I've held thee on my knee,  
Thy little rosy lips apart!  
Or, when asleep, I've gazed on thee  
And with old tunes sung thee to rest,  
Hugging thee closely to my bosom;  
For thee my very heart hath blest,  
My joy, my care, my blue-eyed blossom!

THOMAS MILLER.

## MOTHER'S LOVE.

He sang so wildly, did the boy,  
That you could never tell  
If 't was a madman's voice you heard,  
Or if the spirit of a bird  
Within his heart did dwell—  
A bird that dallies with his voice  
Among the matted branches;  
Or on the free blue air his note,  
To pierce, and fall, and rise, and float,  
With bolder utterance launches.  
None ever was so sweet as he,  
The boy that wildly sang to me;  
Though toilsome was the way and long,  
He led me, not to lose the song.

But when again we stood below  
The unhidden sky, his feet  
Grew slacker, and his note more slow,  
But more than doubly sweet.  
He led me then a little way  
Athwart the barren moor,  
And there he stayed, and bade me stay,  
Beside a cottage door;  
I could have stayed of my own will,  
In truth, my eye and heart to fill  
With the sweet sight which I saw there,  
At the dwelling of the cottager.

A little in the doorway sitting,  
The mother plied her busy knitting;  
And her cheek so softly smiled,  
You might be sure, although her gaze  
Was on the meshes of the lace,  
Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,  
As o'er her work she did rejoice,  
His became silent altogether;  
And slyly creeping by the wall,  
He seized a single plume, let fall  
By some wild bird of longest feather;  
And all a-tremble with his freak,  
He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh what a loveliness her eyes  
Gather in that one moment's space,

While peeping round the post she spies  
Her darling's laughing face!  
Oh mother's love is glorifying,  
On the cheek like sunset lying;  
In the eyes a moistened light,  
Softer than the moon at night!

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

## THE PET LAMB.

## A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to  
blink;  
"I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty  
creature, drink!"  
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I  
espied  
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden  
at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was  
all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tethered to a  
stone;  
With one knee on the grass did the little  
maiden kneel,  
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its  
evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his  
supper took,  
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his  
tail with pleasure shook.  
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said,  
in such a tone  
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of  
beauty rare!  
I watched them with delight: they were a  
lovely pair.  
Now with her empty can the maiden turned  
away;  
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps  
did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and  
from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her  
face.

If nature to her tongue could measured num-  
bers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid  
might sing:—

“What ails thee, young one? what? Why  
pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed  
and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass  
can be;

Rest, little young one, rest; what is’t that  
aileth thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? What is  
wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beau-  
tiful thou art.

This grass is tender grass; these flowers they  
have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy  
ears!

“If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch  
thy woollen chain—

This beech is standing by, its covert thou  
canst gain;

For rain and mountain-storms—the like thou  
need’st not fear;

The rain and storm are things that scarcely  
can come here.

‘Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot  
the day

When my father found thee first in places far  
away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert  
owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore  
was gone.

•He took thee in his arms, and in pity  
brought thee home:

A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst  
thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast—the dam that did  
thee rear

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could  
have been.

“Thou know’st that twice a day I have  
brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever  
ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground is  
wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it  
is, and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as  
they are now;

Then I’ll yoke thee to my cart like a pony  
in the plough.

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the  
wind is cold,

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall  
be thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature,  
can it be

That ’t is thy mother’s heart which is work-  
ing so in thee?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are  
dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst nei-  
ther see nor hear.

“Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green  
and fair!

I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness that  
come there;

The little brooks, that seem all pastime and  
all play,

When they are angry roar like lions for their  
prey.

“Here thou need’st not dread the raven in  
the sky;

Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is  
hard by.

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?

Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line  
by line,

That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was mine.

Again and once again, did I repeat the song;  
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

### I.

DEAR Fanny! nine long years ago,  
While yet the morning sun was low,  
And rosy with the eastern glow

The landscape smiled;

Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds—

Sweet as the early song of birds;

I heard those first, delightful words,

"Thou hast a child!"

### II.

Along with that uprising dew  
Tears glistened in my eyes, though few,  
To hail a dawning quite as new

To me, as Time:

It was not sorrow—not annoy—

But like a happy maid, though coy,

With grief-like welcome, even Joy

Forestalls its prime.

### III.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years,  
In all the bliss that life endears,  
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears,  
Too strictly kept.

When first thy infant littleness

I folded in my fond caress,

The greatest proof of happiness

Was this—I wept.

THOMAS HOOD.

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide;

Playing by the waterside;

Wandering o'er the heathy fells;

Down within the woodland dells;

All among the mountains wild,

Dwelleth many a little child!

In the baron's hall of pride;

By the poor man's dull fireside:

'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,

Little children may be seen,

Like the flowers that spring up fair,

Bright and countless everywhere!

In the far isles of the main;

In the desert's lone domain;

In the savage mountain-glen,

'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;

Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;

Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone

On a league of peopled ground,

Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they in me

Move a kindly sympathy,

With their wishes, hopes, and fears;

With their laughter and their tears;

With their wonder so intense,

And their small experience!

Little children, not alone

On the wide earth are ye known,

'Mid its labors and its cares,

'Mid its sufferings and its snares;

Free from sorrow, free from strife,

In the world of love and life,

Where no sinful thing hath trod—

In the presence of your God,

Spotless, blameless, glorified—

Little children, ye abide!

MARY HOWITT



## THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS.

A PASTORAL.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ;  
 Among the hills the echoes play  
 A never, never-ending song,  
 To welcome in the May.  
 The magpie chatters with delight ;  
 The mountain raven's youngling brood  
 Have left the mother and the nest ;  
 And they go rambling east and west  
 In search of their own food ;  
 Or through the glittering vapors dart  
 In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,  
 Two boys are sitting in the sun ;  
 Their work, if any work they have,  
 Is out of mind,—or done.  
 On pipes of sycamore they play  
 The fragments of a Christian hymn ;  
 Or with that plant which in our dale  
 We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,  
 Their rusty hats they trim :  
 And thus, as happy as the day,  
 Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge  
 The sand-lark chants a joyous song ;  
 The thrush is busy in the wood,  
 And carols loud and strong.  
 A thousand lambs are on the rocks,  
 All newly born ! both earth and sky  
 Keep jubilee, and more than all,  
 Those boys with their green coronal ;  
 They never hear the cry,  
 That plaintive cry ! which up the hill  
 Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,  
 "Down to the stump of yon old yew  
 We'll for our whistles run a race."  
 —Away the shepherds flew ;  
 They leapt—they ran—and when they came  
 Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
 Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
 "Stop !" to his comrade Walter cries.  
 James stopped with no good will.  
 Said Walter then, exulting, "Here  
 You'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross,—  
 Come on, and tread where I shall tread "  
 The other took him at his word,  
 And followed as he led.  
 It was a spot which you may see  
 If ever you to Langdale go ;  
 Into the chasm a mighty block  
 Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :  
 The gulf is deep below ;  
 And, in a basin black and small,  
 Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft  
 The challenger pursued his march ;  
 And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained  
 The middle of the arch.  
 When list ! he hears a piteous moan.  
 Again !—his heart within him dies :  
 His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,  
 He totters, pallid as a ghost,  
 And, looking down, espies  
 A lamb, that in the pool is pent  
 Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,  
 And safe without a bruise or wound  
 The cataract had borne him down  
 Into the gulf profound.  
 His dam had seen him when he fell—  
 She saw him down the torrent borne ;  
 And, with all a mother's love,  
 She from the lofty rocks above  
 Sent forth a cry forlorn ;  
 The lamb, still swimming round and round  
 Made answer in that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was  
 That sent this rueful cry, I ween  
 The boy recovered heart, and told  
 The sight which he had seen.  
 Both gladly now deferred their task ;  
 Nor was there wanting other aid :  
 A Poet, one who loves the brooks  
 Far better than the sages' books,  
 By chance had hither strayed ;  
 And there the helpless lamb he found  
 By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,  
 And brought it forth into the light ;  
 The shepherds met him with his charge.

An unexpected sight!  
 Into their arms the lamb they took,  
 Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;  
 Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
 And placed him at his mother's side;  
 And gently did the Bard  
 Those idle shepherd boys upbraid,  
 And bade them better mind their trade.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE SHEPHERD BOY.

LIKE some vision olden  
 Of far other time,  
 When the age was golden,  
 In the young world's prime,  
 Is thy soft pipe ringing,  
 O lonely shepherd boy:  
 What song art thou singing,  
 In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining  
 Of thy lowly lot,  
 And thine own disdaining,  
 Dost ask what thou hast not?  
 Of the future dreaming,  
 Weary of the past,  
 For the present scheming—  
 All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting  
 In thy summer home;  
 Where the flowers inviting  
 Tempt the bee to roam;  
 Where the cowslip, bending  
 With its golden bells,  
 Of each glad hour's ending  
 With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him  
 When he is alone;  
 Every bird above him  
 Sings its softest tone.  
 Thankful to high Heaven,  
 Humble in thy joy,  
 Much to thee is given,  
 Lowly shepherd boy.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

WHEN the corn-fields and meadows  
 Are pearled with the dew,  
 With the first sunny shadow  
 Walks little Boy Blue.

Oh the Nymphs and the Graces  
 Still gleam on his eyes,  
 And the kind fairy faces  
 Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing  
 Of life within life,  
 When feeling meets feeling  
 In musical strife;

A winding and weaving  
 In flowers and in trees,  
 A floating and heaving  
 In sunlight and breeze;

A striving and soaring,  
 A gladness and grace,  
 Make him kneel half adoring  
 The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows  
 Of lambs at their play,  
 Where the kine scent the meadows  
 With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor  
 That waits on the morn,  
 And a music more tender  
 Distils from his horn;

And he weeps, he rejoices,  
 He prays; nor in vain,  
 For soft loving voices  
 Will answer again;

And the Nymphs and the Graces  
 Still gleam through the dew,  
 And kind fairy faces  
 Watch little Boy Blue.

ANONYMOUS.

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

COME back, come back together,  
 All ye fancies of the past,  
 Ye days of April weather,  
 Ye shadows that are cast  
 By the haunted hours before !  
 Come back, come back, my Childhood ;  
 Thou art summoned by a spell  
 From the green leaves of the wildwood,  
 From beside the charmed well,  
 For Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
 The flower of fairy lore !

The fields were covered over  
 With colors as she went ;  
 Daisy, buttercup, and clover  
 Below her footsteps bent ;  
 Summer shed its shining store ;  
 She was happy as she pressed them  
 Beneath her little feet ;  
 She plucked them and caressed them ;  
 They were so very sweet,  
 They had never seemed so sweet before,  
 To Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
 The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances  
 Upon a sunny day !  
 It has its own romances,  
 And a wide, wide world have they !  
 A world where Phantasie is king,  
 Made all of eager dreaming ;  
 When once grown up and tall—  
 Now is the time for scheming—  
 Then we shall do them all !  
 Do such pleasant fancies spring  
 For Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
 The flower of fairy lore ?

She seems like an ideal love,  
 The poetry of childhood shown,  
 And yet loved with a real love,  
 As if she were our own—  
 A younger sister for the heart ;  
 Like the woodland pheasant,  
 Her hair is brown and bright ;  
 And her smile is pleasant,

With its rosy light.  
 Never can the memory part  
 With Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
 The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming  
 In a morning hour,  
 Catch the fairy seeming  
 Of this fairy flower ?  
 Winning it with eager eyes  
 From the old enchanted stories,  
 Lingering with a long delight  
 On the unforgotten glories  
 Of the infant sight ?  
 Giving us a sweet surprise  
 In Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
 The flower of fairy lore ?

Too long in the meadow staying,  
 Where the cowslip bends,  
 With the buttercups delaying  
 As with early friends,  
 Did the little maiden stay.  
 Sorrowful the tale for us ;  
 We, too, loiter mid life's flowers,  
 A little while so glorious,  
 So soon lost in darker hours.  
 All love lingering on their way,  
 Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
 • The flower of fairy lore.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON

## THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled green-sward dancing,  
 Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy—  
 Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,  
 Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,  
 How they glimmer, how they quiver !  
 Sparkling one another after,  
 Like bright ripples on a river

Tipsy band of rubious faces,  
 Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,  
 Make your mocks and sly grimaces  
 At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

## I.

HAMELIN Town 's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
But when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.

## II.

Rats!  
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's own  
ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

## III.

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking:  
"T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a  
noddy;  
And as for our Corporation—shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin!  
You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease?  
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking  
To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

## IV.

An hour they sate in counsel—  
At length the Mayor broke silence:  
'For a guildler I'd my ermine gown sell;  
I wish I were a mile hence!  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
I'm sure my poor head aches again,

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.  
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?  
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"  
(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous  
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous.)  
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?  
Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

## V.

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking  
bigger;  
And in did come the strangest figure:  
His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red;  
And he himself was tall and thin;  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin!  
And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire.  
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand sire,  
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-  
stone!"

## VI.

He advanced to the council-table:  
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm  
able,  
By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
After me so as you never saw!  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm—  
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—  
And people call me the Pied Piper."  
(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the self same  
check;  
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;



And his fingers, they noticed, were ever  
straying

As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;  
I eased in Asia the Nizam  
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;  
And, as for what your brain bewilders—  
If I can rid your town of rats,  
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"  
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation  
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

## VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,  
Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,

To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,

Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rum-  
bling;

And out of the houses the rats came tum-  
bling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;

Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—

Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,

And step for step they followed dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser

Wherein all plunged and perished

—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,

Swam across and lived to carry

(As he the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary,

Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the  
pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press's gripe—

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;

And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!

The world is grown to one vast dysaltery!

So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!

And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,

All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious, scarce an inch before me,

Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!

—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

## VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people

Ring the bells till they rocked the steeple;

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!

Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,

And leave in our town not even a trace

Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face

Of the Piper perked in the market-place,

With a, "First, if you please, my thousand  
guilders!"

## IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked  
blue;

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havock

With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish

Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow

With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing  
wink,

"Our business was done at the river's brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,

And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something for  
drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;

But, as for the guilders, what we spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was in joke

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;  
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

## X.

The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,  
I've promised to visit by dinner time  
Bagdat, and accept the prime  
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpion's no survivor—  
With him I proved no bargain-driver;  
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."

## XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll  
brook  
Being worse treated than a cook?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

## XII.

Once more he stept into the street;  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)  
There was a rustling that seemed like a bus-  
tling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and  
hustling;  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes  
clattering,  
Little hands clapping, and little tongues  
chattering;  
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley  
is scattering,  
Out came the children running:  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and  
laughter.

## XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by—  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However, he turned from South to West,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"  
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children  
followed;  
And when all were in, to the very last,  
The door in the mountain side shut fast.  
Did I say all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say,—  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates  
left!  
I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me;  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And every thing was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks  
here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles' wings;  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,

To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!"

## XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate  
A text which says, that Heaven's gate  
Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!  
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and  
South,

To offer the piper by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,  
And piper and dancers were gone for ever,  
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear,  
"And so long after what happened here  
On the Twenty-second of July,

Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six:"  
And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the Children's last retreat  
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—  
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.  
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;  
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the Great Church window painted  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away;  
And there it stands to this very day.  
And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress  
On which their neighbors lay such stress  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some subterranean prison  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago, in a mighty band,  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.

## XV.

So, Willy; let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or  
from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep  
our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all  
through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with  
care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be  
there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their  
beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their  
heads;  
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my  
cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's  
nap—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the  
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen  
snow,

Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should  
appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-  
deer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they  
came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called  
them by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer  
and Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and  
Blitzen—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE

### SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,

Of wild and careless play,

And persuade myself that I am not old,

And my locks are not yet gray;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,

And makes his pulses fly,

To catch the thrill of a happy voice,

And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,

And they say that I am old—

That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,

And my years are well-nigh told.

It is very true—it is very true—

I am old, and I "bide my time;"

But my heart will leap at a scene like this,

And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,

In the midst of your merry ring;

I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,

And the rush of the breathless swing.

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,

And I whoop the smothered call,

And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,

And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,

And I shall be glad to go—

For the world, at best, is a weary place,

And my pulse is getting low;

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail

In treading its gloomy way;

And it wiles my heart from its dreariness

To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.



## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies,  
While partial Fame doth with her blasts  
adorn

Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;  
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.  
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try  
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies,  
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,  
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,  
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to  
Fame,

There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,  
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress  
name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;  
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,  
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;  
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are  
sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
Which Learning near her little dome did  
stow,

Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,  
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
For not a wind might curl the leaves that  
blew,

But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse  
beat low;

And as they looked, they found their horror  
grew,

And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the  
view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)  
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;  
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look  
aghast;

Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy  
May no bold Briton's ripper age e'er taste!

No superstition clog his dance of joy,  
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
On which the tribe their gambols do display;  
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,  
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should  
stray,

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,  
Do Learning's little tenement betray;  
Where sits the dame, disguised in look pro-  
found,

And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her  
wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;  
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field;  
And in her hand for sceptre, she does wield  
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fears en-  
twined,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,  
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,  
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement un-  
kind.

Few but have kenned, in semblance meet por-  
trayed,

The childish faces of old Eol's train;  
Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns arrayed,  
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or  
main,

Were the stern god to give his slaves the  
rein?

And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the  
cell,

Where comely peace of mind and decent  
order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;  
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;  
'T was simple russet, but it was her own;  
'T was her own country bred the flock so  
fair;

'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare;  
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,  
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;

For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest  
wight on ground!

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;  
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;  
Yet these she challenged, these she held right  
dear;  
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
Who should not honored eld with these re-  
vere;  
For never title yet so mean could prove,  
But there was eke a mind which did that  
title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;  
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!  
Such favor did her past deportment claim;  
And if Neglect had lavished on the ground  
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;  
For well she knew, and quaintly could ex-  
pound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb  
she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could  
speak,  
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,  
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy  
streak;  
But herbs for use and physic not a few,  
Of grey renown, within these borders grew;  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;  
And more I fain would sing, disdainng here  
to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues  
around;  
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;  
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's  
wound;  
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie  
found;

And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,  
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle  
rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom  
crowned  
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,  
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found  
A sacred shelter for its branches here;  
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts  
appear.  
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!  
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!  
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
Nor ever would she more with thane and  
lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,  
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did  
mete.  
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did  
cleave,  
But in her garden found a summer-seat;  
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat  
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,  
All for the nonce untuning every string,  
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had  
they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;  
And in those elfin ears would oft deplore  
The times when truth by Popish rage did  
bleed,  
And tortuous death was true devotion's  
meed,  
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,  
That nould on wooden image place her creed;  
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did  
burn;  
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should  
e'er return!

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem  
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced  
In which, when he receives his diadem,  
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is  
placed,

The matron sate, and some with rank she  
graced,  
(The source of children's and of courtiers'  
pride!)

Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there  
passed;  
And warned them not the fretful to deride,  
But love each other dear, whatever them  
betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;  
To thwart the proud, and the submissive to  
raise;

Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,  
And some entice with pittance small of  
praise;

And other some with baleful sprig she frays;  
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,  
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she  
sways;

Forewarned if little bird their pranks behold,  
'T will whisper in her ear and all the scene  
unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command;  
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;  
Their books of stature small they take in  
hand,

Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
To save from fingers wet the letters fair;  
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
St. George's high achievements doth declare;  
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight,  
I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
Of evil star! it irks me while I write;  
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,  
Of as he told of deadly, dolorous plight,  
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-  
light!

And down they drop; appears his dainty  
skin,  
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene! when from a nook obscure,  
His little sister doth his peril see;  
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;  
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;

She meditates a prayer to set him free;  
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,  
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
To her sad grief, which swells in either eye,  
And wrings her so that all for pity she could  
die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,  
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,  
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous  
hand

To stay harsh justice in his mid-career.  
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!  
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)  
She sees no kind domestic visage near;  
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,  
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may  
trace?

Or what device his loud laments explain?  
The form uncouth of his disguised face?  
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?  
The plenteous shower that does his cheek  
dustain?

When he in abject wise implores the dame,  
No hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;  
Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
And through the thatch his cries each falling  
stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,  
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care;  
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,  
And from their fellow's hateful wounds be-  
ware,

Knowing, I wis, how each the same may  
share,

Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
And to the well-known chest the dame re-  
pair,

Whence oft with sugared cates she doth them  
greet,

And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly  
sweet.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,  
And in besemly order sitten there;  
All but the wight of bum y-galled; he  
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and  
chair,

(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his hair ;)  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting, doth declare  
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest ;  
 And scorns her offered love, and shuns to be caressed.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face that seems a purple flower,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smeared and sullied by a vernal shower.  
 Oh the hard bosoms of despotic power !  
 All, all but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all but she, regret this mournful hour ;  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;  
 Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns ;  
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;  
 And many a sullen look askance is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he perverse, her'haviour past resent.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of noble fires.  
 Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valor's generous heat ;  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,  
 Like Vernon's patriot soul ! more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill or flowery false deceit.

Yet nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
 E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show  
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellor in embryo,

Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !  
 Though now he crawl along the ground so low,  
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,  
 Wisheth, poor starveling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,  
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
 Shall Dennis be ! if rigid Fate incline,  
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield ;  
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field,  
 And, soured by age, profound he shall appear,  
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrilled  
 Surveys mine work ; and levels many a sneer,  
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here ?"

And now Dan Phoebe gains the middle skie,  
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door ;  
 And, like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque had covered o'er  
 With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;  
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run ;  
 Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore !  
 For well may freedom erst so dearly won,  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,  
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid ;  
 For never may ye taste more careless hours  
 In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.  
 Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing !  
 But most in courts where proud Ambition towers ;  
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.



See in each sprite some various bent appear!  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;  
 Those sauntering on the green, with jocund  
 leer

Salute the stranger passing on his way;  
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to  
 play;  
 Think to the hunter's savory cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite  
 to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,  
 Galling full sore th' unmoneyed wight, are  
 seen;

And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;  
 And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,  
 Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:  
 O may no wight e'er penniless come there,  
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with  
 hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,  
 Scattering like blooming maid their glances  
 round,

With pampered look draw little eyes aside;  
 And must be bought, though penury betide.  
 The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,  
 And here each season do those cakes abide.  
 Whose honored names th' inventive city  
 own,

Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's  
 praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride  
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient  
 wave,

Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings  
 brave;

Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his  
 grave,

Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!  
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,  
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,  
 Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on  
 their way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

## ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade;  
 And ye that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers  
 among

Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!—

Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
 A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow,

As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,

Disporting on thy margent green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace;  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on urgent business bent,  
 Their murmuring labors ply  
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty;

Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry;  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast:  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer, of vigor born;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play!  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day;  
 Yet see, how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black misfortune's baleful train!  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!  
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,  
 And shame that skulks behind;  
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,  
 Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
 And envy wan, and faded care,  
 Grim-visaged, comfortless despair,  
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning infamy;  
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard unkindness' altered eye,  
 That mocks the tears it forced to flow;  
 And keen remorse, with blood defiled,  
 And moody madness, laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of death,  
 More hideous than their queen;  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every laboring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo! poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
 Condemned alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies,  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more:—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY.

### THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,  
 The words which I shall write;  
 A doleful story you shall hear,  
 In time brought forth to light:  
 A gentleman, of good account,  
 In Norfolk lived of late,  
 Whose wealth and riches did surmount  
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
 No help then he could have;  
 His wife by him as sick did lie,  
 And both possessed one grave.  
 No love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to other kind;  
 In love they lived, in love they died,  
 And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
 Not passing three years old;  
 The other a girl, more young than he,  
 And made in beauty's mould.  
 The father left his little son,  
 As plainly doth appear,  
 When he to perfect age should come,  
 Three hundred pounds a year—

And to his little daughter Jane  
 Five hundred pounds in gold,  
 To be paid down on marriage-day,  
 Which might not be controlled;  
 But if the children chanced to die  
 Ere they to age should come,  
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,  
 For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,  
 "Look to my children dear;  
 Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 No friends else I have here;  
 To God and you I do commend  
 My children, night and day;  
 But little while, be sure, we have,  
 Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,  
 And uncle, all in one;  
 God knows what will become of them  
 When I am dead and gone."  
 With that bespake their mother dear,  
 "O brother kind," quoth she,  
 "You are the man must bring our babes  
 To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,  
 Then God will you reward;  
 If otherwise you seem to deal,  
 God will your deeds regard."  
 With lips as cold as any stone,  
 She kissed her children small:  
 "God bless you both, my children dear,"  
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake  
 To this sick couple there:  
 "The keeping of your children dear,  
 Sweet sister, do not fear;  
 God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children dear,  
 When you are laid in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,  
 The children home he takes,  
 And brings them home unto his house,  
 And much of them he makes.  
 He had not kept these pretty babes  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 But, for their wealth, he did devise  
 To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,  
 Which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take these children young,  
 And slay them in a wood.  
 He told his wife, and all he had,  
 He did the children send  
 To be brought up in fair London,  
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,  
 Rejoicing at that tide;  
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
 They should on cock-horse ride;  
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
 As they rode on the way,  
 To those that should their butchers be,  
 And work their lives' decay,

So that the pretty speech they had,  
 Made Murder's heart relent;  
 And they that undertook the deed  
 Full sore they did repent.  
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
 Did vow to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch that hired him  
 Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,  
 So here they fell at strife;  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the children's life;  
 And he that was of mildest mood,  
 Did slay the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood;  
 While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand  
 When tears stood in their eye,  
 And bade them come and go with him,  
 And look they did not cry;  
 And two long miles he led them on,  
 While they for food complain:  
 "Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread  
 When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
 Went wandering up and down,  
 But never more they saw the man,  
 Approaching from the town.  
 Their pretty lips, with black-berries,  
 Were all besmeared and dyed,  
 And, when they saw the darksome night,  
 They sate them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,  
 Till death did end their grief;  
 In one another's arms they died,  
 As babes wanting relief.  
 No burial these pretty babes  
 Of any man receives,  
 Till robin redbreast, painfully,  
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
 Upon their uncle fell;  
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
 His conscience felt an hell.  
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
 His lands were barren made;  
 His cattle died within the field,  
 And nothing with him stayed.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,  
 Two of his sons did die;  
 And, to conclude, himself was brought  
 To extreme misery.  
 He pawned and mortgaged all his land  
 Ere seven years came about;  
 And now, at length, this wicked act  
 Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand  
 These children for to kill,  
 Was for a robber judged to die,  
 As was God's blessed will;  
 Who did confess the very truth,  
 The which is here expressed;  
 Their uncle died while he, for debt,  
 In prison long did rest.

You that executors be made,  
 And overseers eke;  
 Of children that be fatherless,  
 And infants mild and meek,  
 Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Lest God, with such like misery,  
 Your wicked minds requite.

ANONYMOUS.

## LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG,

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;  
 If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad,  
 Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.  
 Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy!  
 Thy father breides me great annoy.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

When he began to court my luve,  
 And with his sugred words to muve,

His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,  
 To me that time did not appeire:  
 Rut now I see, most cruell hee,  
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,  
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile:  
 But smile not, as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!  
 But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,  
 Thy fateris hart and face to beire.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

I cannae chuse, but ever will  
 Be luvng to thy father stil:  
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,  
 My luve with him maun stil abyde:  
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
 Mine hart can neir depart him frae.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,  
 To faynings fals thine hart incline;  
 Be loyal to thy luvver trew,  
 And nevir change hir for a new;  
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
 For women's banning's wonderous sair.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;  
 My babe and I'll together live,  
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;  
 My babe and I right saft will ly,  
 And quite forget man's cruelty.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth  
 That ever kist a woman's mouth!  
 I wish all maids be warned by mee,  
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy;  
 For if we doe but chance to bow,  
 They'll use us than they care not how.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

ANONYMOUS.



## DANÆE.

WHILST, around her lone ark sweeping,  
 Wailed the winds and waters wild,  
 Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,  
 Danæe clasped her sleeping child;  
 And "Alas," (cried she,) "my dearest,  
 What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine!  
 But nor wrongs nor woes thou fearest,  
 In that sinless rest of thine.  
 Faint the moonbeams break above thee,  
 And, within here, all is gloom;  
 But fast wrapt in arms that love thee,  
 Little reck'st thou of our doom.  
 Not the rude spray round thee flying,  
 Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,—  
 On thy purple mantlet lying,  
 O mine Innocent, my Fair!  
 Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,  
 Thou would'st lend thy little ear,  
 And this heart of thine might borrow  
 Haply yet a moment's cheer.  
 But no; slumber on, Babe, slumber;  
 Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,  
 My dark troubles, without number,—  
 Oh, that ye would slumber too!  
 Though with wrongs they've brimmed my  
 chalice,  
 Grant Jove, that, in future years,  
 This boy may defeat their malice,  
 And avenge his mother's tears!"

SIMONIDES. (Greek.)

Translation of WILLIAM PETER.

## BOYHOOD.

AH, then how sweetly closed those crowded  
 days!  
 The minutes parting one by one like rays,  
 That fade upon a summer's eve.  
 But oh! what charm, or magic numbers  
 Can give me back the gentle slumbers  
 Those weary, happy days did leave?  
 When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,  
 And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;  
 Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—  
 E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

## HER EYES ARE WILD.

## I.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
 The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;  
 Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,  
 And she came far from over the main.  
 She had a baby on her arm,  
 Or else she were alone;  
 And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
 And on the greenwood stope,  
 She talked and sung the woods among,  
 And it was in the English tongue.

## II.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad,  
 But nay, my heart is far too glad;  
 And I am happy when I sing  
 Full many a sad and doleful thing.  
 Then, lovely baby, do not fear!  
 I pray thee have no fear of me;  
 But safe as in a cradle, here,  
 My lovely baby! thou shalt be.  
 To thee I know too much I owe;  
 I cannot work thee any woe.

## III.

"A fire was once within my brain,  
 And in my head a dull, dull pain;  
 And fiendish faces, one, two, three,  
 Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.  
 But then there came a sight of joy;  
 It came at once to do me good:  
 I waked, and saw my little boy,  
 My little boy of flesh and blood;  
 Oh joy for me that sight to see!  
 For he was here, and only he.

## IV.

"Suck, little babe, oh suck again!  
 It cools my blood; it cools my brain;  
 Thy lips, I feel them, baby! they  
 Draw from my heart the pain away.  
 Oh press me with thy little hand!  
 It loosens something at my chest;  
 About that tight and deadly band  
 I feel thy little fingers prest.  
 The breeze I see is in the tree—  
 It comes to cool my babe and me.

## V.

"Oh love me, love me, little boy!  
 Thou art thy mother's only joy;  
 And do not dread the waves below,  
 When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;  
 The high crag cannot work me harm,  
 Nor leaping torrents when they howl;  
 The babe I carry on my arm,  
 He saves for me my precious soul;  
 Then happy lie; for blest am I;  
 Without me my sweet babe would die.

## VI.

"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee  
 Bold as a lion will I be;  
 And I will always be thy guide,  
 Through hollow snows and rivers wide.  
 I'll build an Indian bower; I know  
 The leaves that make the softest bed;  
 And, if from me thou wilt not go,  
 But still be true till I am dead,  
 My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing  
 As merry as the birds in Spring.

## VII.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,  
 'T is thine, sweet baby, there to rest;  
 'T is all thine own!—and if its hue  
 Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
 'T is fair enough for thee, my dove!  
 My beauty, little child, is flown,  
 But thou wilt live with me in love;  
 And what if my poor cheek be brown?  
 'T is well for me thou canst not see  
 Uow pale and wan it else would be.

## VIII.

"Dread not their taunts, my little Life;  
 I am thy father's wedded wife;  
 And underneath the spreading tree  
 We two will live in honesty.  
 If his sweet boy he could forsake,  
 With me he never would have stayed.  
 From him no harm my babe can take;  
 But he, poor man, is wretched made;  
 And every day we two will pray  
 For him that's gone and far away.

## IX.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:  
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings,  
 My little babel thy lips are still,  
 And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.  
 —Where art thou gone, my own dear child  
 What wicked looks are those I see?  
 Alas! alas! that look so wild,  
 It never, never came from me.  
 If thou art mad, my pretty lad,  
 Then I must be for ever sad.

## X.

"Oh smile on me, my little lamb!  
 For I thy own dear mother am.  
 My love for thee has well been tried:  
 I've sought thy father far and wide.  
 I know the poisons of the shade;  
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food.  
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid;  
 We'll find thy father in the wood.  
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!  
 And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why would'st thou leave me, oh gentle  
 child?

Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—  
 A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;  
 Mine is a fair and pillared hall,  
 Where many an image of marble gleams,  
 And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers  
 play,

Through the long bright hours of the sum-  
 mer's day;

They find the red cup-moss where they climb,  
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented  
 thyme,

And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms  
 they know;

Lady, kind lady! oh let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell  
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest  
 well:

Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,  
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune,  
 And the silvery wood-note of many a bird  
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountain  
 heard."

"Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall,  
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all;  
 She sings it under our own green tree  
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee;  
 I dreamt last night of that music low—  
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest;  
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;  
 Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no  
 more,  
 Nor hear her song at the cabin door.  
 Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,  
 And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest  
 dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—  
 But I know that my brothers are there at  
 play—  
 I know they are gathering the fox-glove's  
 bell,  
 Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;  
 Or they launch their boats where the bright  
 streams flow—  
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now;  
 They sport no more on the mountain's brow;  
 They have left the fern by the spring's green  
 side,  
 And the streams where the fairy barks were  
 tied.  
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,  
 For the cabin home is a lonely spot."

'Are they gone, all gone from the sunny  
 hill?—  
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;  
 And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,  
 And the heath is bent by the singing bee,  
 And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow;  
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

## LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

OfT I had heard of Lucy Gray;  
 And, when I crossed the wild,  
 I chanced to see, at break of day  
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
 She dwelt on a wide moor,—  
 The sweetest thing that ever grew  
 Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
 The hare upon the green;  
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
 Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—  
 You to the town must go;  
 And take a lantern, Child, to light  
 Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do;  
 'Tis scarcely afternoon,—  
 The minster-clock has just struck two,  
 And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,  
 And snapped a faggot-band.  
 He plied his work;—and Lucy took  
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—  
 With many a wanton stroke  
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow  
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;  
 She wandered up and down;  
 And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
 Went shouting far and wide;  
 But there was neither sound nor sight  
 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood  
 That overlooked the moor;  
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
 A furlong from their door.

They wept,—and, turning homeward, cried,  
 “In heaven we all shall meet;”—  
 When in the snow the mother spied  
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge  
 They tracked the footmarks small;  
 And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,  
 And by the low stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed—  
 The marks were still the same—  
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
 Those footmarks, one by one,  
 Into the middle of the plank;  
 And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
 She is a living child;  
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
 And never looks behind;  
 And sings a solitary song  
 That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse  
 Upon the days gone by; to act in thought  
 Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;  
 To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope  
 Down which the child would roll; to pluck  
     gay flowers,  
 Make posies in the sun, which the child's  
     hand  
 (Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)  
 Would throw away, and straight take up  
     again,

Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the  
     lawn  
 Bound with so playful and so light a foot,  
 That the pressed daisy scarce declined her  
     head.

CHARLES LAMB.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
 When night is beginning to lower,  
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
 That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
 The patter of little feet,  
 The sound of a door that is opened,  
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
 Descending the broad hall stair,  
 Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence.  
 Yet I know by their merry eyes  
 They are plotting and planning together  
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
 A sudden raid from the hall,  
 By three doors left unguarded,  
 They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,  
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
 If I try to escape, they surround me;  
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
 Their arms about me entwine,  
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.



Do you think, oh blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### UNDER MY WINDOW.

Under my window, under my window,  
All in the Midsummer weather,  
Three little girls with fluttering curls  
Flit to and fro together:—  
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
Leaning stealthily over,  
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,  
Of each glad-hearted rover.  
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;  
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,  
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,  
In the blue Midsummer weather,  
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,  
I catch them all together:—  
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
And off through the orchard closes;

While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,  
They scamper and drop their posies;  
But dear little Kate takes nought amiss,  
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,  
And I give her all my roses.

T. WESTWOOD.

#### I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now, I often wished the night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups—  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day,—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 't is little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

## WE ARE SEVEN.

—A SIMPLE child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
She was eight years old, she said,  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—  
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered: "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little maid replied:  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply:  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"—  
'T was throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

SHE bounded o'er the graves,  
With a buoyant step of mirth;  
She bounded o'er the graves,  
Where the weeping willow waves,  
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,  
And her eyes were glittering bright;  
Her hair was blown aside,  
And her little hands spread wide,  
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word  
That registers the dead;  
She spelt the lettered word,  
And her busy thoughts were stirred  
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf  
Left fluttering on a rose;  
She stopped and culled a leaf,  
Sweet monument of grief,  
That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile—  
'T was near her sister's mound:  
She called it with a smile,  
And played with it awhile,  
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,  
Nor turn its gush to tears;  
I did not chill her heart,  
Oh, bitter drops will start  
Full soon in coming years.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

## BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—  
It was midnight on the waters  
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in Winter  
To be shattered by the blast,

And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers,  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted  
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand:  
"Is n't God upon the ocean  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELD.

## LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

ANCIENT MARINER.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray:  
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What's your name?" quoth he—  
"What's your name? Oh stop and straight  
unfold,  
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"—  
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—  
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—  
"Bonny bird," quoth she,  
"Sing me your best song before I go."  
"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird—  
Full of quips and wiles,  
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour  
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the  
glade,  
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,  
And from out the tree  
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of  
fear,—  
While bold blackbird piped that all might  
hear—  
"Little Bell," piped he. •

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—  
"Squirrel, squirrel to your task return—  
Bring me nuts," quoth she.  
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—  
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes—  
And adown the tree,  
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,  
In the little lap, dropped one by one—  
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!  
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—  
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!"  
Down came squirrel eager for his fare—  
Down came bonny blackbird I declare;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share—  
Ah the merry three!  
And the while these frolic playmates twain  
Piped and frisked from bough to bough  
again,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow,  
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—

Very calm and clear  
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,  
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene  
Paused awhile to hear—  
"What good child is this," the angel said,  
"That with happy heart, beside her bed  
Prays so lovingly?"  
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,  
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,  
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair  
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels'  
care;  
Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind,  
Shall watch around and leave good gifts be-  
hind,  
Little Bell, for thee!"

T. WESTWOOD.

### THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black; but, oh, my soul is white!  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,  
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun; there God does  
live,  
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;  
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men,  
receive  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,  
And these black bodies and this sunburnt  
face  
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.



"For when our souls have learned the heat  
to bear,  
The clouds will vanish; we shall hear His  
voice,  
Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and  
care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs re-  
joice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,  
And thus I say to little English boy:  
When I from black, and he from white cloud  
free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

#### A CHILD PRAYING.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,  
Bow down at thy mother's knee,  
Now thy sunny face is fair,  
Shining through thine auburn hair;  
Thine eyes are passion-free;  
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee  
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—  
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy young heart, like a bird,  
Warbles in its summer nest;  
No evil thought, no unkind word,  
No chilling autumn winds have stirred  
The beauty of thy rest;  
But winter hastens, and decay  
Shall waste thy verdant home away—  
Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glée,  
With gladness harping at the door;  
While ever, with a joyous shout,  
Hope, the May queen, dances out,  
Her lips with music running o'er;  
But Time those strings of joy will sever,  
And hope will not dance on for ever—  
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy mother's arm is spread  
Beneath thy pillow in the night;  
And loving feet creep round thy bed,  
And o'er thy quiet face is shed  
The taper's darkened light;  
But that fond arm will pass away;  
By thee no more those feet will stay—  
Then pray, child, pray!

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

#### TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell  
Of love, comes o'er my mind—  
As dew upon the purple bell—  
As perfume on the wind;—  
As music on the sea—  
As sunshine on the river;—  
So hath it always been to me,  
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams  
Upon me softly call,  
Like echoes of the mountain streams,  
In sportive waterfall.  
I see thy form as when  
Thou wert a living thing,  
And blossomed in the eyes of men,  
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,  
From earthly thralldom free;  
Yet, 't is not as the dead  
That thou appear'st to me.  
In slumber I behold  
Thy form, as when on earth,  
Thy locks of waving gold,  
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,  
The prattle kind and free  
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood  
While seated on my knee.  
So strong each vision seems  
My spirit that doth fill,  
I think not they are dreams,  
But that thou livest still.

ANONYMOUS

## LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye !  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh !  
The difference to me !

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;  
Then Nature said : “ A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ;  
This child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

“ Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse ; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power,  
To kindle or restrain.

“ She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

“ The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend :  
Nor shall she fail to see,  
Even in the motions of the storm,  
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form  
By silent sympathy.

“ The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—  
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A host of angels flying,  
Through cloudless skies impelled,  
Upon the earth beheld  
A pearl of beauty lying,  
Worthy to glitter bright  
In heaven’s vast hall of light.

They saw with glances tender,  
An infant newly born,  
O’er whom life’s earliest morn  
Just cast its opening splendor ;  
Virtue it could not know,  
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion  
Greeted its birth above,  
And came, with looks of love,  
From heaven’s enchanting region ;  
Bending their winged way  
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o’er it,—  
That little pearl which shone  
With lustre all its own,—  
And then on high they bore it,  
Where glory has its birth ;—  
But left the shell on earth.

DIJK SMITS, (Dutca.)

Translation of H. S. VAN DYK.

## MY PLAYMATES.

I ONCE had a sister, oh fair 'mid the fair!  
 With a face that looked out from its soft  
     golden hair,  
 Like a lily some tall stately angel may hold,  
 Half revealed, half concealed in a mist of  
     pure gold.  
 I once had a brother, more dear than the  
     day,  
 With a temper as sweet as the blossoms in  
     May;  
 With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like  
     a rose,  
 The red child of the wild! when the sum-  
     mer-wind blows.  
 We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;  
 Were we born there or brought there I never  
     could tell;  
 Were we nursed by the angels, or clothed by  
     the fays,  
 Or, who led when we fled down the deep  
     sylvan ways,  
     'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!

When we rose in the morning we ever said  
     "Hark!"  
 We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the  
     lark;  
 And we stood with our faces, calm, silent,  
     and bright,  
 While the breeze in the trees held his breath  
     with delight.  
 Oh the stream ran with music, the leaves dript  
     with dew,  
 And we looked up and saw the great God in  
     the blue;  
 And we praised him and blessed him, but  
     said not a word,  
 For we soared, we adored, with that magical  
     bird.  
 Then with hand linked in hand, how we  
     laughed, how we sung!  
 How we danced in a ring, when the morn-  
     ing was young!  
 How we wandered where kingcups were  
     crusted with gold,  
 Or more white than the light glittered daisies  
     untold,  
     Those treasures of gold and of silver!

Oh well I remember the flowers that we found,  
 With the red and white blossoms that dam-  
     asked the ground;  
 And the long lane of light, that, half yellow,  
     half green,  
 Seemed to fade down the glade where the  
     young fairy queen  
 Would sit with her fairies around her and  
     sing,  
 While we listened all ear, to that song of the  
     Spring.  
 Oh well I remember the lights in the west,  
 And the spire, where the fire of the sun  
     seemed to rest,  
 When the earth, crimson-shadowed, laughed  
     out in the air,—  
 Ah! I'll never believe but the fairies were  
     there;  
 Such a feeling of loving and longing was ours,  
 And we saw, with glad awe, little hands in  
     the flowers,  
     Drop treasures of gold and of silver.

Oh weep ye and wail! for that sister, alas!  
 And that fair gentle brother lie low in the  
     grass;  
 Perchance the red robins may strew them  
     with leaves,  
 That each morn, for white corn, would come  
     down from the eaves;  
 Perchance of their dust the young violets are  
     made,  
 That bloom by the church that is hid in the  
     glade;  
 But one day I shall learn, if I pass where  
     they grow,  
 Far more sweet they will greet their old play-  
     mates, I know.  
 Ah! the cottage is gone, and no longer I see  
 The old glade, the old paths, and no lark  
     sings for me;  
 But I still must believe that the fairies are  
     there,  
 That the light grows more bright, touched  
     by fingers so fair,  
     'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!

ANONYMOUS.

## THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens  
 Stood silent in the shade,  
 And on the gravelled pathway  
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
 Wide open to the air ;  
 But the faces of the children,  
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
 Was standing by the door ;  
 He looked for his little playmates,  
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
 They played not in the hall ;  
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
 With sweet familiar tone ;  
 But the voices of the children  
 Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,  
 He could not understand  
 Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
 I pressed his warm, soft hand !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird  
 Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
 So is my memory thrilled and stirred ;—  
 I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unruven,  
 The blue dome's measureless content,  
 So my soul held that moment's heaven ;—  
 I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift Spring heaps  
 The orchards full of bloom and scent,  
 So clove her May my wintry sleeps ;—  
 I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,  
 Through the low doorway of my tent ;  
 The tent is struck, the vision stays ;—  
 I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,  
 And when the oil is nearly spent,  
 One gush of light these eyes will brim,  
 Only to think she came and went.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head  
 The morning-glory bright ;  
 Her little face looked out beneath,  
 So full of life and light,  
 So lit as with a sunrise,  
 That we could only say,  
 "She is the morning-glory true,  
 And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time  
 We called her by their name,  
 And very fitting did it seem—  
 For sure as morning came,  
 Behind her cradle bars she smiled  
 To catch the first faint ray,  
 As from the trellis smiles the flower  
 And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear  
 Their airy cups of blue,  
 As turned her sweet eyes to the light,  
 Brimmed with sleep's tender dew ;  
 And not so close their tendrils fine  
 Round their supports are thrown,  
 As those dear arms whose outstretched plea  
 Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,  
 Even as comes the flower,  
 The last and perfect added gift  
 To crown Love's morning hour ;  
 And how in her was imaged forth  
 The love we could not say,  
 As on the little dewdrops round  
 Shines back the heart of day.



We never could have thought, O God,  
 That she must wither up,  
 Almost before a day was flown,  
 Like the morning-glory's cup;  
 We never thought to see her droop  
 Her fair and noble head,  
 Till she lay stretched before our eyes,  
 Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming  
 Will soon be coming round—  
 We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves  
 Upspringing from the ground;  
 The tender things the winter killed  
 Renew again their birth,  
 But the glory of our morning  
 Has passed away from earth.

Oh, Earth! in vain our aching eyes  
 Stretch over thy green plain!  
 Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,  
 Her spirit to sustain;  
 But up in groves of Paradise  
 Full surely we shall see  
 Our morning-glory beautiful  
 Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

### BABY'S SHOES.

On those little, those little blue shoes!  
 Those shoes that no little feet use.  
 Oh the price were high  
 That those shoes would buy,  
 Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet  
 That no more their mother's eyes meet,  
 That, by God's good will,  
 Years since, grew still,  
 And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,  
 So hushed, how the mother has kept  
 With a tearful pleasure,  
 That little dear treasure,  
 And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore  
 Of a patter along the floor;  
 And blue eyes she sees  
 Look up from her knees  
 With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,  
 There babbles from chair to chair  
 A little sweet face  
 That's a gleam in the place,  
 With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart  
 From all else would rather part  
 Than those tiny blue shoes  
 That no little feet use,  
 And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

### THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years  
 old,  
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind  
 of gentle mould.  
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his  
 ways appears,  
 That my child is grave and wise of heart be-  
 yond his childish years.  
 I cannot say how this may be; I know his  
 face is fair—  
 And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet  
 and serious air;  
 I know his heart is kind and fond; I know  
 he loveth me;  
 But loveth yet his mother more with grateful  
 fervency.  
 But that which others most admire, is the  
 thought which fills his mind,  
 The food for grave inquiring speech he every  
 where doth find.  
 Strange questions doth he ask of me, when  
 we together walk;  
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks  
 as children talk.  
 Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes  
 not on bat or ball,  
 But looks on manhood's ways and works, and  
 aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes  
perplex

With thoughts about this world of ours, and  
thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she  
teacheth him to pray;

And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are  
the words which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to man-  
hood's years like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will  
be;

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke  
his thoughtful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel, were I to  
lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of  
three;

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little  
features be,

How silver sweet those tones of his when he  
prattles on my knee;

I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his  
brother's, keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as  
his hath ever been;

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind  
and tender feeling;

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich  
depths of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk,  
who pass us in the street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks  
so mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with  
cheerful tone,

Will sing his little song of love, when left to  
sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden  
home and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten  
all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant  
his heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now  
for earthly love;

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching  
eyes must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we  
shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I  
cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months  
where he is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant  
smiles were given;

And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went  
to live in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he  
weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his  
shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss  
which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which  
God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that  
he is now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Sa-  
viour's loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary  
load of flesh,

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams  
of joy for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath  
their glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of  
Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his  
mother dear and I,)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears  
from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss  
can never cease;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his  
is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls  
from bliss may sever;

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must  
be ours for ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and  
what we still must be—

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss,  
and this world's misery—

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and  
feel this grief and pain—

Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than  
have him here again.

JOHN MOULTAIS

## THRENODY.

THE South-wind brings  
Life, sunshine, and desire,  
And on every mount and meadow  
Breathes aromatic fire;  
But over the dead he has no power;  
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;  
And, looking over the hills, I mourn  
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house;  
I see my trees repair their boughs;  
And he, the wondrous child,  
Whose silver warble wild  
Outvalued every pulsing sound  
Within the air's cerulean round—  
The hyacinthine boy, for whom  
Morn well might break and April bloom—  
The gracious boy, who did adorn  
The world whereinto he was born,  
And by his countenance repay  
The favor of the loving Day—  
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;  
Far and wide she cannot find him;  
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.  
Returned this day, the South-wind searches,  
And finds young pines and budding birches;  
But finds not the budding man;  
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him;  
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him;  
Nature, Fate, Men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wife and sweet,  
Oh, whither tend thy feet?  
I had the right, few days ago,  
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know;  
How have I forfeited the right?  
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?  
I hearken for thy household cheer,  
O eloquent child!  
Whose voice, an equal messenger,  
Conveyed thy meaning mild.  
What though the pains and joys  
Whereof it spoke were toys  
Fitting his age and ken,  
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,  
Who heard the sweet request,  
So gentle, wise, and grave,  
Bended with joy to his behest,

And let the world's affairs go by,  
Awhile to share his cordial game,  
Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,  
Still plotting how their hungry ear  
That winsome voice again might hear  
For his lips could well pronounce  
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene  
His early hope, his liberal mien;  
Took counsel from his guiding eyes  
To make this wisdom earthly wise.  
Ah, vainly do these eyes recall  
The school-march, each day's festival,  
When every morn my bosom glowed  
To watch the convoy on the road;  
The babe in willow wagon closed,  
With rolling eyes and face composed;  
With children forward and behind,  
Like Cupids studiously inclined;  
And he the chieftain paced beside,  
The centre of the troop allied,  
With sunny face of sweet repose,  
To guard the babe from fancied foes.  
The little captain innocent  
Took the eye with him as he went;  
Each village senior paused to scan  
And speak the lovely caravan.  
From the window I look out  
To mark thy beautiful parade,  
Stately marching in cap and coat  
To some tune by fairies played;  
A music, heard by thee alone,  
To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain,  
Up and down their glances strain.  
The painted sled stands where it stood;  
The kennel by the corded wood;  
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall  
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall;  
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,  
And childhood's castles built or planned;  
His daily haunts I well discern—  
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn—  
And every inch of garden ground  
Paced by the blessed feet around,  
From the roadside to the brook  
Whereinto he loved to look.  
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged  
The wintry garden lies unchanged;

The brook into the stream runs on;  
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day,  
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,  
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath  
In birdlike heavings unto death,  
• Night came, and Nature had not thee;  
I said: "We are mates in misery."  
The morrow dawned with needless glow;  
Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow;  
Each tramper started; but the feet  
Of the most beautiful and sweet  
Of human youth had left the hill  
And garden—they were bound and still.  
There's not a sparrow or a wren,  
There's not a blade of Autumn grain,  
Which the four seasons do not tend,  
And tides of life and increase lend;  
And every chick of every bird,  
And weed and rock-moss is preferred.  
Oh, ostrich-like forgetfulness!  
Oh loss of larger in the less!  
Was there no star that could be sent,  
No watcher in the firmament,  
No angel from the countless host  
That loiters round the crystal coast,  
Could stoop to heal that only child,  
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,  
And keep the blossom of the earth,  
Which all her harvests were not worth?  
Not mine—I never called thee mine,  
But Nature's heir—if I repine,  
And seeing rashly torn and moved  
Not what I made, but what I loved,  
Grew early old with grief that thou  
Must to the wastes of Nature go—  
'Tis because a general hope  
Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope.  
For flattering planets seemed to say  
This child should ill of ages stay,  
By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,  
Bring the flown Muses back to men.  
Perchance not he, but Nature, ailed;  
The world and not the infant failed.  
It was not ripe yet to sustain  
A genius of so fine a strain,  
Who gazed upon the sun and moon  
As if he came unto his own;  
And, pregnant with his grander thought,  
Brought the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried;  
They could not feed him, and he died,  
And wandered backward as in scorn,  
To wait an æon to be born.  
Ill day which made this beauty waste,  
Plight broken, this high face defaced!  
Some went and came about the dead;  
And some in books of solace read;  
Some to their friends the tidings say;  
Some went to write, some went to pray;  
One tarried here, there hurried one;  
But their heart abode with none.  
Covetous Death bereaved us all,  
To aggrandize one funeral.  
The eager fate which carried thee  
Took the largest part of me.  
For this losing is true dying;  
This is lordly man's down-lying,  
This his slow but sure reclining,  
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise,  
Boy who made dear his father's home,  
In whose deep eyes  
Men read the welfare of the times to come  
I am too much bereft.  
The world dishonored thou hast left.  
Oh, truth's and nature's costly lie!  
Oh, trusted broken prophecy!  
Oh richest fortune sourly crossed!  
Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered: "Weepest thou:  
Worthier cause for passion wild  
If I had not taken the child.  
And deemest thou as those who pore,  
With aged eyes, short way before—  
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast  
Of matter, and thy darling lost?  
Taught he not thee—the man of old,  
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld  
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span  
The mystic gulf from God to man?  
To be alone wilt thou begin  
When worlds of lovers hem thee in?  
To-morrow when the masks shall fall  
That dizen Nature's carnival,  
The pure shall see by their own will,  
Which overflowing Love shall fill,  
'Tis not within the force of Fate  
The fate-conjoined to separate.



But thou, my votary, weepest thou?  
 I gave thee sight—where is it now?  
 I taught thy heart beyond the reach  
 Of ritual, bible, or of speech;  
 Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,  
 As far as the incommunicable;  
 Taught thee each private sign to raise,  
 Lit by the super-solar blaze.  
 Past utterance, and past belief,  
 And past the blasphemy of grief,  
 The mysteries of Nature's heart;  
 And though no Muse can these impart,  
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,  
 And all is clear from east to west.

"I came to thee as to a friend;  
 Dearest, to thee I did not send  
 Tutors, but a joyful eye,  
 Innocence that matched the sky,  
 Lovely locks, a form of wonder,  
 Laughter rich as woodland thunder,  
 That thou might'st entertain apart  
 The richest flowering of all art;  
 And, as the great all-loving Day  
 Through smallest chambers takes its way,  
 That thou might'st break thy daily bread  
 With prophet, saviour, and head;  
 That thou might'st cherish for thine own  
 The riches of sweet Mary's son,  
 Boy-rabbi, Israel's paragon.  
 And thoughtest thou such guest  
 Would in thy hall take up his rest?  
 Would rushing life forget her laws,  
 Fate's glowing revolution pause?  
 High omens ask diviner guess,  
 Not to be coned to tediousness.  
 And know my higher gifts unbind  
 The zone that girds the incarnate mind.  
 When the scanty shores are full  
 With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;  
 When frail Nature can no more,  
 Then the Spirit strikes the hour:  
 My servant Death, with solving rite,  
 Pours finite into infinite.

"Wilt thou freeze Love's tidal flow,  
 Whose streams through Nature circling go?  
 Nail the wild star to its track  
 On the half-climbed zodiac?  
 Light is light which radiates;  
 Blood is blood which circulates;

Life is life which generates;  
 And many-seeming life is one—  
 Wilt thou transfix and make it none?  
 Its onward force too starkly pent  
 In figure, bone, and lineament?  
 Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate,  
 Talker! the unreplying Fate?  
 Nor see the genius of the whole  
 Ascendant in the private soul,  
 Beckon it when to go and come,  
 Self-announced its hour of doom?  
 Fair the soul's recess and shrine,  
 Magic-built to last a season;  
 Masterpiece of love benign;  
 Fairer than expansive reason,  
 Whose omen 'tis, and sign.  
 Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know  
 What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?  
 Verdict which accumulates  
 From lengthening scroll of human fates,  
 Voice of earth to earth returned,  
 Prayers of saints that inly burned—  
 Saying: *What is excellent,  
 As God lives, is permanent;  
 Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;  
 Hearts' love will meet thee again.*  
 Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye  
 Up to his style, and manners of the sky.  
 Not of adamant and gold  
 Built he heaven stark and cold;  
 No, but a nest of bending reeds,  
 Flowering grass, and scented weeds;  
 Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,  
 Or bow above the tempest bent;  
 Built of tears and sacred flames,  
 And virtue reaching to its aims;  
 Built of furtherance and pursuing,  
 Not of spent deeds, but of doing.  
 Silent rushes the swift Lord  
 Through ruined systems still restored,  
 Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,  
 Plants with worlds the wilderness;  
 Waters with tears of ancient sorrow  
 Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.  
 House and tenant go to ground,  
 Lost in God, in Godhead found."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

## CASA WAPPY.\*

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
 Our fond, dear boy—  
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
 Where life is joy?  
 Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,  
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;  
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,  
 Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,  
 As closed thine eye;  
 Tears of our anguish may not tell  
 When thou didst die;  
 Words may not paint our grief for thee;  
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
 Of our unfathomed agony;  
 Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,  
 To bless us given;  
 Beauty embodied to our sight—  
 A type of heaven!  
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
 Even less thine own self, than a part  
 Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—  
 'T was cloudless joy;  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Beloved boy!  
 This moon beheld thee blythe and gay;  
 That found thee prostrate in decay;  
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
 Earth's undefiled,  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child!  
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;  
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,  
 Thou meet'st my sight;  
 There dost thou glide before me still—  
 A form of light!  
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—  
 Till oh! my heart is like to break,  
 Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,  
 With glance of stealth;  
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow  
 In buoyant health;  
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light—  
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—  
 Thy clasping arms so round and white—  
 Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
 Thy bat—thy bow—  
 Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;  
 But where art thou?  
 A corner holds thine empty chair;  
 Thy playthings, idly scattered there,  
 But speak to us of our despair,  
 Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—  
 To glad—to grieve—  
 Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird  
 On Summer's eve;  
 In outward beauty undecayed,  
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
 And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,  
 Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night  
 The chamber fills;  
 We pine for thee, when morn's first light  
 Reddens the hills;  
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,  
 All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—  
 Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may glean  
 Of casual mirth,  
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,  
 An inward birth;

\* The self-appellative of a beloved child.

We miss thy small step on the stair ;—  
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;  
 All day we miss thee—every where—  
     Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
     In life's spring-bloom,  
 Down to the appointed house below—  
     The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree,  
 The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"  
 Return—but with them bring not thee,  
     Casa Wappy !

'Tis so ; but can it be—while flowers  
     Revive again—  
 Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
     For aye remain ?  
 Oh ! can it be, that, o'er the grave,  
 The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
 Yet God forget our child to save ?—  
     Casa Wappy !

It cannot be ; for were it so  
     Thus man could die,  
 Life were a mockery—thought were woe—  
     And truth a lie ;—  
 Heaven were a coinage of the brain—  
 Religion frenzy—virtue vain—  
 And all our hopes to meet again,  
     Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !  
     With beam of love,  
 A star, death's uncongenial wild  
     Smiling above !  
 Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod  
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
 That led thee back from man to God,  
     Casa Wappy !

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,  
     Fond, fairest boy,  
 That Heaven is God's, and thou art there,  
     With him in joy ;  
 There past are death and all its woes ;  
 There beauty's stream for ever flows ;  
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,  
     Casa Wappy !

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—  
     Pride of my heart !  
 It cannot be that long we dwell,  
     Thus torn apart.  
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;  
 And, dark how'er life's night may be,  
 Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,  
     Casa Wappy !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

### MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead !  
     His fair sunshiny head  
 Is ever bounding round my study chair ;  
     Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
     With tears, I turn to him,  
 The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlour floor,  
     And, through the open door,  
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;  
     I'm stepping toward the hall  
     To give the boy a call ;  
 And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;  
     A satchelled lad I meet,  
 With the same beaming eyes and colored hair  
     And, as he's running by,  
     Follow him with my eye,  
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid  
     Under the coffin lid ;  
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;  
     My hand that marble felt ;  
     O'er it in prayer I knelt ;  
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !  
     When passing by the bed,  
 So long watched over with parental care,  
     My spirit and my eye  
     Seek him inquiringly,  
 Before the thought comes that—he is not  
     there !

When, at the cool, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy;  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not  
there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am in spirit praying  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past  
He lives; nor, to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dreams I see him now;  
And, on his angel brow,  
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there*!"

Yes, we all live to God!  
Father, thy chastening rod  
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
That, in the spirit land,  
Meeting at thy right hand,  
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is  
there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

## LOSS AND GAIN.

WHEN the baby died, we said,  
With a sudden, secret dread:  
"Death, be merciful, and pass;—  
Leave the other!"—but alas!

While we watched he waited there,  
One foot on the golden stair,  
One hand beckoning at the gate,  
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,  
Clothed in innocence to go;"  
Say, to ease the parting pain,  
That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!  
But remember more the kiss  
From the little rose-red lips;  
And the print of finger-tips.

Left upon the broken toy,  
Will remind them how the boy  
And his sister charmed the days  
With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief  
To the weary, lonesome grief:  
God's sweet minister of pain  
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY

## FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still;  
The angels of the hour fulfil  
Their tender ministries, and move  
From couch to couch, in cares of love.  
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,  
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,  
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,  
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;  
And, as they pass, they seem to make  
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,  
And gives it to the night again,  
Fitted with words of lowly praise,  
And patience learned of mournful days,  
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!  
Who gave and took away my son,  
In "the far land" to shine and sing  
Before the Beautiful, the King,  
Who every day doth Christmas make,  
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;  
I will anoint me where he lies,



And change my raiment, and go in  
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin  
Without, and seat me at his board,  
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.  
For wherefore should I fast and weep,  
And sullen moods of mourning keep?  
I cannot bring him back, nor he,  
For any calling come to me.  
The bond the angel Death did sign,  
God sealed— for Charlie's sake, and mine.

'T'm very poor—this slender stone  
Marks all the narrow field I own;  
Yet, patient husbandman, I till  
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,  
Sow it with penitential pains,  
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;  
Content if, after all, the spot  
Yield barely one forget-me-not—  
Whether or figs or thistles make  
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—  
Only that little lonesome cell,  
Where never romping playmates come,  
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—  
An April burst of girls and boys,  
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys  
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;  
Nor ever is its stillness stirred  
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,  
Or mother's twilight legend, told  
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,  
Or fairy hobbling to the door,  
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,  
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,  
The good child's wistful charities,  
And crippled changeling's hunch to make  
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'Tis well;  
Nor would I any miracle  
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,  
Or plague his painless countenance:  
I would not any seer might place  
His staff on my immortal's face,  
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,  
Charm back his pale mortality.  
No, Shunammite! I would not break  
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:  
No comfort like his mother's breast,  
No praise like her's; no charm expressed  
In fairest forms hath half her zest.  
For Charlie's sake this bird 's caressed  
That death left lonely in the nest;  
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,  
As for its birthday, in its best;  
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest  
To Him who gave, and who did take,  
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

### THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;  
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry—  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Called him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took a face-cloth from the face,  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,—  
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
Oh, there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## PART III.

### POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

GIEB treulich mir die Hände,  
Sei Bruder mir, und wende  
Den Blick, vor deinem Ende,  
Nicht wieder weg von mir.  
Ein Tempel wo wir knien,  
Ein Ort wohin wir ziehen,  
Ein Glück für das wir glühen,  
Ein Himmel mir und dir!

NOVALIS.

THEN let the chill sirocco blow  
And gird us round with hills of snow ;  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar ;

Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit ;  
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to ;  
When, having drank all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity ;  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,

The afflicted into joy, th' opprest  
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favor return again more kind ;  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success ;  
The lovers shall have mistresses ;  
Poor unregarded virtue, praise ;  
And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;  
For, freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be, but what we are ?

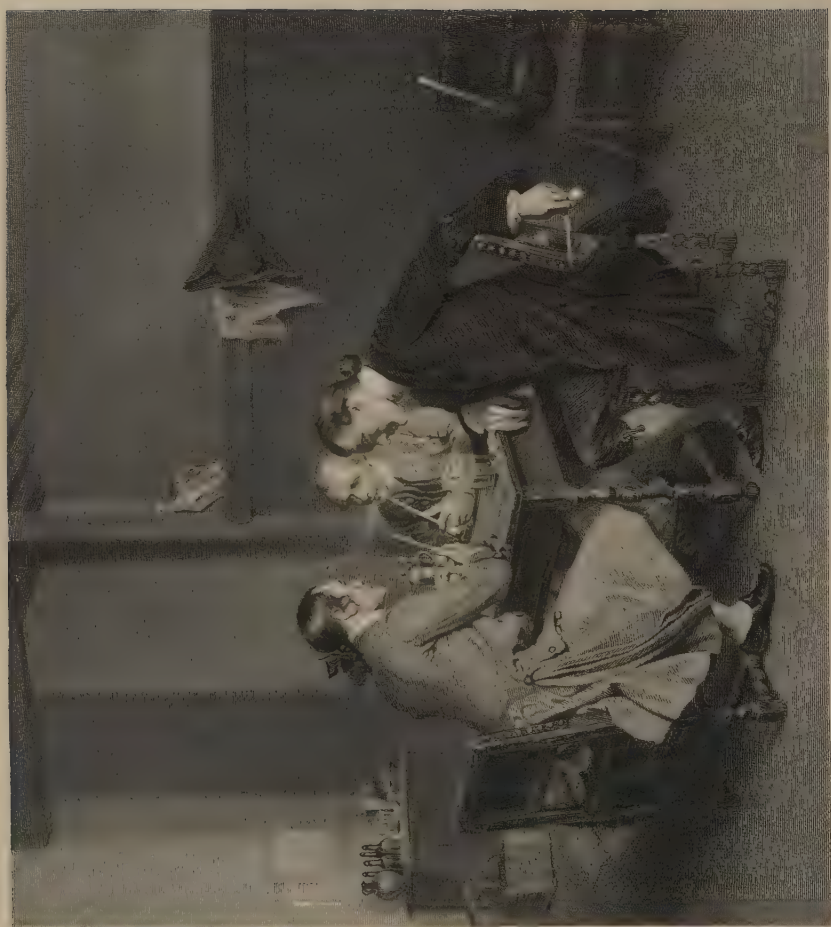
'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice  
That does this happiness produce,  
And will preserve us free together,  
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

CHARLES COTTON









## POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

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### EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,  
When pains and pleasures lightly came and  
went;

The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent  
In fearful wanderings through forbidden  
ways;

The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze  
Of life to noble ends; whereon intent,  
Asking to know for what man here is sent,  
The bravest heart must often pause, and  
gaze—

The firm resolve to seek the chosen end  
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature:  
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to  
friend

With strength no selfish purpose can secure;—  
My happy lot is this, that all attend  
That friendship which first came, and which  
shall last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

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### WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.

WHEN shall we three meet again?  
When shall we three meet again?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath a hostile sky;

Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls.  
Still in Fancy's rich domain  
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead;  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There shall we three meet again.

ANONYMOUS.

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### SONNETS.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the  
time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous  
night;

When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly  
beard;

Then, of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves for-  
sake,

And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can  
make defence,

Save breed, to brave him, when he takes  
thee hence.

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SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of  
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, un-  
trimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his  
shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest.  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can  
see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to  
thee.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,  
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse;  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
Making a compliment of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's  
rich gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things  
rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
Oh let me, true in love, but truly write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:

Let them say no more that like of hearsay  
well;

I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

Let those who are in favor with their stars,  
Of public honor and proud titles boast;  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumphs  
bars,

Unlooked-for joy in that I honor most.  
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves  
spread,

But as the marigold, at the sun's eye;

And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foiled,  
Is from the book of honor rased quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,  
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's  
eyes,

I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless  
cries,

And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends pos-  
sessed,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despis-  
ing,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's  
gate.

For thy sweet love remembered such wealth  
brings,

That then I scorn to change my state with  
kings.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's  
waste.

Then, can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless  
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancelled  
woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanished  
sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

THE bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,

And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I loved I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;  
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdain-  
eth;

Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's  
sun staineth.

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous  
day,

And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?

'T is not enough that through the cloud thou  
break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,

That heals the wound, and cures not the dis-  
grace;

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief—  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah, but those tears are pearl, which thy  
love sheds,

And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you  
made,

That millions of strange shadows on you  
tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit

Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,

And you in Grecian tires are painted new:

Speak of the spring, and foison of the year—

The one doth shadow of your beauty show,

The other as your bounty doth appear;

And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part;

But you like none, none you, for constant  
heart.

OH, how much more doth beauty beauteous  
seem,

By that sweet ornament which truth doth  
give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem

For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye

As the perfumed tincture of the roses—

Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly

When summer's breath their masked buds  
discloses;

But, for their virtue only is their show;

They live unwooded, and unrespected fade -

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors  
made:

And so of you beauteous and lovely youth,

When that shall fade, my verse distills your  
truth.

Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;



But you shall shine more bright in these contents

Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the works of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire  
shall burn

The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity

Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still  
find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity,

That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

#### FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I ENVY not, in any moods,  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unfettered by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth,  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth—  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall—  
I feel it, when I sorrow most—  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

With trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth;  
A rainy cloud possessed the earth  
And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall  
We gambolled, making vain pretence  
Of gladness, with an awful sense  
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused; the winds were in the beech—  
We heard them sweep the winter land;  
And in a circle hand in hand  
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;  
We sang, though every eye was dim—  
A merry song we sang with him  
Last year—impetuously we sang;

We ceased. A gentler feeling crept  
Upon us; surely rest is meet:  
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet."  
And silence followed, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;  
Once more we sang: "They do not die,  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they change:

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail,  
With gathered power, yet the same,  
Pierces the keen seraphic flame  
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.

"Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!  
Draw forth the cheerful day from night!  
O Father! touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born."

Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began,  
And on a simple village green?

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,  
And lives to clutch the golden keys—  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
When all his active powers are still,

A distant dreariness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He played at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea,  
And reaps the labor of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands:  
Does my old friend remember me?"

WITCH-ELMS, that counterchange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;  
And thou, with all thy breadth and height  
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,  
My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
And shook to all the liberal air  
The dust and din and steam of town!

He brought an eye for all he saw,  
He mixed in all our simple sports;  
They pleased him, fresh from brawling  
courts  
And dusky purlieus of the law.

Oh joy to him, in this retreat,  
Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking through the heat.

Oh sound to rout the brood of cares,  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbling half the mellowing pears!

Oh bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed,  
To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn;

Or in the all-golden afternoon  
A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
Or here she brought the harp, and flung  
A ballad to the brightening moon!

Nor less it pleased, in livelier moods,  
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,  
And break the livelong summer day  
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,  
Discussed the books to love or hate,  
Or touched the changes of the state,  
Or threaded some Socratic dream.

But if I praised the busy town,  
He loved to rail against it still,  
For "ground in yonder social mill,  
We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge," he said, "in form and gloss  
The picturesque of man and man."  
We talked; the stream beneath us ran,  
The wine-flask lying couched in moss,

Or cooled within the glooming wave;  
And last, returning from afar,  
Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fallen into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle deep in flowers,  
We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

Thy converse drew us with delight,  
The men of rathe and ripen years;  
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,  
The proud was half disarmed of pride;  
Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his treble tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by;  
The flippant put himself to school  
And heard thee; and the brazen fool  
Was softened, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest sat apart,  
And felt thy triumph was as mine;  
And loved them more, that they were thine  
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,  
But mine the love that will not tire,  
And, born of love, the vague desire  
That spurs an imitative will.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near, in woe and weal;  
Oh, loved the most when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,  
Loved deeper, darker understood;  
Behold I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee.

THY voice is on the rolling air;  
I hear thee where the waters run;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;  
But though I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee, some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;  
My love is vaster passion now;  
Though mixed with God and nature thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice,  
I prosper, circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee, though I die.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave,  
Since I crossed this restless wave;  
And the evening, fair as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside  
Sat two comrades old and tried—  
One with all a father's truth,  
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,  
And his grave in silence sought;  
But the younger, brighter form  
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye  
Back upon the days gone by,  
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me  
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,  
But that soul with soul can blend?  
Soul-like were those hours of yore;  
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—  
Take, I give it willingly;  
For, invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

#### JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,  
The poor man's hope, the friend without a  
peer,

Jaffer was dead, slain by a doom unjust;  
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might  
say,

Ordained that no man living from that day  
Should dare to speak his name on pain of  
death.

All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to  
show

How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
And facing death for very scorn and grief  
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square  
Where once had stood a happy house, and  
there

Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar  
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the  
man

Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes  
began

To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords,"  
cried he;

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless  
household fears;

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious  
tears;  
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of  
fate

Might smile upon another half as great,  
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.  
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"

"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and  
holding it  
High toward the heavens, as though to meet  
his star,  
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT.

### THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

We sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—  
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room;  
Our faces faded from the sight—  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—  
Of ships dismayed, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—  
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—  
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,—  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That sends no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! Oh hearts that  
yearned!

They were indeed too much akin—  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed  
within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day  
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied;  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side;



E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered;  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed  
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—  
One purpose hold where'er they fare;  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

#### CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

We stood upon the ragged rocks,  
When the long day was nearly done;  
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,  
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,  
And o'er the bay in streaming locks  
Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the West the golden bars  
Still to a deeper glory grew;  
Above our heads the faint, few stars  
Looked out from the unfathomed blue;  
And the fair city's clamorous jars  
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

Oh sunset sky! Oh purple tide!  
Oh friends to friends that closer pressed!  
Those glories have in darkness died,  
And ye have left my longing breast.  
I could not keep you by my side,  
Nor fix that radiance in the West.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat  
With the same low and murmuring strain;

Across those waves, with glancing feet,  
The sunset rays shall seek the main;  
But when together shall we meet  
Upon that far-off shore again?

W. B. GLAZIER.

#### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had com-  
panions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-  
days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom  
cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see  
her;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly—  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my  
childhood.  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to trav-  
erse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a bro-  
ther,  
Why wert thou not born in my father's  
dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they  
have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are de-  
parted,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

CHARLES LAMB.

TO ———

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—  
 Unheeded flew the hours :  
 How noiseless falls the foot of time  
 That only treads on flowers !

And who, with clear account, remarks  
 The ebbings of his glass,  
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
 That dazzle as they pass ?

Ah ! who to sober measurement  
 Time's happy swiftness brings,  
 When birds of paradise have lent  
 Their plumage to his wings ?

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER

## STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

[BYRON TO HIS SISTER.]

Though the day of my destiny's over,  
 And the star of my fate hath declined,  
 Thy soft heart refused to discover  
 The faults which so many could find ;  
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
 It shrunk not to share it with me,  
 And the love which my spirit hath painted  
 It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
 The last smile which answers to mine,  
 I do not believe it beguiling,  
 Because it reminds me of thine ;  
 As when winds are at war with the ocean,  
 As the breasts I believed in with me,  
 If their billows excite an emotion,  
 It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,  
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
 Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
 There is many a pang to pursue me :  
 They may crush, but they shall not con-  
 temn—

They may torture, but shall not subdue me—  
 T is of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,

Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
 Though slandered, thou never couldst shake,  
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
 Though parted, it was not to fly,  
 Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,  
 Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
 Nor the war of the many with one—  
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
 'T was folly not sooner to shun ;  
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
 And more than I once could foresee,  
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
 It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past which hath per-  
 ished

Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most cherished  
 Deserved to be dearest of all.  
 In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wild waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

## WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,  
 In sunshine and in shade ;  
 Since first beneath the chestnut-trees  
 In infancy we played.  
 But coldness dwells within thy heart—  
 A cloud is on thy brow ;  
 We have been friends together—  
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;  
 We have laughed at little jests ;  
 For the fount of hope was gushing,  
 Warm and joyous, in our breasts.  
 But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
 And sullen glooms thy brow ;  
 We have been gay together—  
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together—  
 We have wept, with bitter tears,  
 O'er the grass-grown graves, where slum-  
 bered  
 The hopes of early years.

The voices which are silent there  
 Would bid thee clear thy brow ;  
 We have been sad together—  
 Oh ! what shall part us now ?

CAROLINE NORTON.

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GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD  
 BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CON-  
 VERSE WITH.

## I.

OLD wine to drink !—  
 Ay, give the slippery juice  
 That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
     Within the tun ;  
 Plucked from beneath the cliff  
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,  
     And ripened 'neath the blink  
     Of India's sun !  
 Peat whiskey hot,  
 Tempered with well-boiled water !  
 These make the long night shorter,—  
     Forgetting not  
 Good stout old English porter.

## II.

Old wood to burn !—  
 Ay, bring the hill-side beech  
 From where the owlets meet and screech,  
     And ravens croak ;  
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;  
 Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,  
     Dug 'neath the fern ;  
     The knotted oak,  
     A faggot too, perhap,  
 Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,  
 Shall light us at our drinking ;  
     While the oozing sap  
 Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

## III.

Old books to read !—  
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
 The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,  
     Time honored tomes !

The same my sire scanned before,  
 The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,  
 The same his sire from college bore,  
     The well-earned meed  
     Of Oxford's domes :  
     Old Homer blind,  
 Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by  
 Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie ;  
 Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,  
 Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay !  
 And Gervase Markham's venerie—  
     Nor leave behind  
 The Holye Book by which we live and die.

## IV.

Old friends to talk !—  
 Ay, bring those chosen few,  
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
     So rarely found ;  
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
 Him for my easel, distich, bud  
     In mountain walk !  
     Bring Walter good :  
 With soulful Fred ; and learned Will,  
 And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still  
     For every mood).

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

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SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,  
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in ;  
 With hue as red as the rosy bed  
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.  
*Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,  
 To loves as gay and fleeting  
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

Oh ! if Mirth might arrest the flight  
 Of Time through Life's dominions,  
 We here a while would now beguile  
 The graybeard of his pinions,  
*To drink to-night, with hearts as light,  
 To loves as gay and fleeting  
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,  
Nor fond Regret delay him,  
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,  
Nor sober Friendship stay him,  
*We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,  
To loves as gay and fleeting  
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
And break on the lips while meeting.*

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Towards heav'n to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us!  
Should Love amid  
The wreaths be hid  
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,  
No danger fear  
While wine is near—  
We'll drown him if he stings us.  
Then wreathe the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Towards heav'n to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us!  
'T was nectar fed  
Of old, 'tis said,  
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;  
And man may brew  
His nectar too;  
The rich receipt's as follows —  
Take wine like this;  
Let looks of bliss  
Around it well be blended;  
Then bring wit's beam  
To warm the stream,  
And there's your nectar, splendid!  
So wreathe the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Towards heav'n to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did time  
His glass sublime  
Fill up with sands unsightly,  
When wine he knew  
Runs brisker through,  
And sparkles far more brightly?  
Oh, lend it us,  
And, smiling thus,  
The glass in two we'd sever,  
Make pleasure glide  
In double tide,  
And fill both ends for ever!  
Then wreathe the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Towards heav'n to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us!

THOMAS MOORE

CHAMPAGNE ROSÉ.

Let on liquid roses floating—  
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne—  
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,  
And prove that ruby main,  
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous, gray beards swear—  
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;  
And true it is they drown old care—  
But what care we for him,  
So we but float on wine!

And true it is they cross in pain,  
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;  
But only make our Styx champagne,  
And we shall cross right merry.  
Floating away in wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,  
Then gayly row his boat from shore;  
While we, and every jovial fellow,  
Hear, unconcerned, the oar,  
That dips itself in wine!

JOHN KENYON



## FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.  
 Wit's electric flame  
 Ne'er so swiftly passes  
 As when through the frame  
 It shoots from brimming glasses.  
 Fill the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the starred dominions:—  
 So we, sages, sit,  
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 From the heaven of wit  
 Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first  
 Made our souls inherit  
 This ennobling thirst  
 For wine's celestial spirit?  
 It chanced upon that day,  
 When, as bards inform us,  
 Prometheus stole away  
 The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up  
 To Glory's fount aspiring,  
 Took nor urn nor cup  
 To hide the pilfered fire in.—  
 But oh his joy, when, round  
 The halls of heaven spying  
 Among the stars, he found  
 A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,  
 Remains of last night's pleasure,  
 With which the sparks of soul  
 Mixed their burning treasure.  
 Hence the goblet's shower  
 Hath such spells to win us;  
 Hence its mighty power  
 O'er that flame within us.

Fill the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

THOMAS MOORE.

## AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make  
 amends  
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring  
 away—  
 To see thus around me my youth's early  
 friends,  
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day?  
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as  
 o'er mine,  
 The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what  
 then?  
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,  
 We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses  
 again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the  
 heart,  
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!  
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they  
 were part,  
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday,  
 throng;  
 As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,  
 When held to the flame will steal out on the  
 sight,  
 So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,  
 The warmth of a moment like this brings to  
 light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,  
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,  
 Though oft we may see, looking down on the  
 tide,  
 The wreck of full many a hope shining  
 through;  
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers  
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them  
 still ours,  
 And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning  
 once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;  
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost  
For want of some heart that could echo it,  
near.

Ah, well may we hope, when this short life  
is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent  
bliss;  
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning  
on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the  
heart,  
The more we should welcome, and bless them  
the more;  
They're ours, when we meet—they are lost  
when we part—  
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when  
'tis o'er.  
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we  
drink,  
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure,  
through pain,  
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
Her magic shall send it direct through the  
chain.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

How stands the glass around?  
For shame! ye take no care, my boys;  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound.  
The trumpets sound;  
The colors they are flying, boys.  
To fight, kill, or wound,  
May we still be found  
Content with our hard fare, my boys  
On the cold ground:

Why, soldiers, why  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die?  
What, sighing? fie!

Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!  
'Tis he, you, or I!  
Cold, hot, wet or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain—  
I mean not to upbraid you, boys—  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain:  
Should next campaign  
Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain!  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and a kind landlady  
Cure all again.

ANONYMOUS.

#### COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points  
of belief  
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;  
This moment's a flower too fair and brief  
To be withered and stained by the dust of the  
schools.  
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be  
blue,  
But while they are filled from the same bright  
bowl,  
The fool who would quarrel for difference of  
hue  
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the  
soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by  
my side,  
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds may  
agree?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and  
tried,  
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?  
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox  
kiss?  
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try  
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

THOMAS MOORE.

## FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip—

'T will chase the pensive tear ;

'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,

But, oh! 't is more sincere.

Like her delusive beam,

'T will steal away the mind,

But unlike affection's dream,

It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade—

These flowers were culled at noon ;

Like woman's love the rose will fade,

But ah! not half so soon :

For though the flower's decayed,

Its fragrance is not o'er ;

But once when love's betrayed,

The heart can bloom no more.

THOMAS MOORE.

## TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,

And my bark is on the sea ;

But, before I go, Tom Moore,

Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh for those that love me,

And a smile for those who hate ;

And, whatever sky's above me,

Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,

Yet it still shall bear me on ;

Though a desert should surround me,

It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,

As I gasped upon the brink,

Ere my fainting spirit fell

'T is to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,

The libation I would pour

Should be—Peace with thine and mine,

And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LORD BYRON.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU  
WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the  
hour

That awakens the night-song of mirth in your  
bower,

Then think of the friend who once welcomed  
it too,

And forgot his own griefs to be happy with  
you.

His griefs may return—not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brightened his pathway  
of pain—

But he ne'er will forget the short vision that  
threw

Its enchantment around him while lingering  
with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure  
fills up

To the highest top—sparkle each heart and  
each cup,

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you  
that night—

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and  
your wiles,

And return to me beaming all o'er with your  
smiles ;

Too blest if it tells me that, mid the gay  
cheer,

Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he  
were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot  
destroy!

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and  
care,

And bring back the features that joy used to  
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories  
filled!

Like the vase in which roses have once been  
distilled ;

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you  
will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it  
still.

THOMAS MOORE.

## THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
 For which no rhyme our language yields,  
 Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is—  
 The New Street of the Little Fields;  
 And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
 But still in comfortable case—  
 The which in youth I oft attended,  
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
 A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,  
 That Greenwich never could outdo;  
 Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,  
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;  
 All these you eat at Terré's tavern,  
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;  
 And true philosophers, methinks,  
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
 Should love good victuals and good drinks.  
 And Cordelier or Benedictine  
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,  
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?  
 Yes, here the lamp is as before;  
 The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is  
 Still opening oysters at the door.  
 Is Terré still alive and able?  
 I recollect his droll grimace;  
 He'd come and smile before your table,  
 And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.  
 "How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"  
 The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder;—  
 "Monsieur is dead this many a day."  
 "It is the lot of saint and sinner.  
 So honest Terré's run his race!"  
 "What will Monsieur require for dinner?"  
 "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"  
 "Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;  
 "Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"  
 "Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;  
 The Chambertin with yellow seal."

"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in  
 My old accustomed corner-place;  
 "He's done with feasting and with drinking,  
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is—  
 The table still is in the nook;  
 Ah! vanished many a busy year is,  
 This well-known chair since last I took.  
 When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,  
 I'd scarce a beard upon my face,  
 And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,  
 I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty  
 Of early days, here met to dine?  
 Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—  
 I'll pledge them in the good old wine.  
 The kind old voices and old faces  
 My memory can quick retrace;  
 Around the board they take their places,  
 And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;  
 There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;  
 There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;  
 There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;  
 On James's head the grass is growing:  
 Good Lord! the world has wagged apace  
 Since here we set the Claret flowing,  
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are fitting!  
 I mind me of a time that's gone,  
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
 In this same place—but not alone.  
 A fair young form was nestled near me,  
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.  
 —There's no one now to share my cup.

\* \* \* \*

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;  
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
 In memory of dear old times.  
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;  
 And sit you down and say your grace  
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.  
 —Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



## OH FILL THE WINE-CUP HIGH!

On fill the wine-cup high!  
 The sparkling liquor pour;  
 For we will care and grief defy,  
 They ne'er shall plague us more.  
 And ere the snowy foam  
 From off the wine departs,  
 The precious draught shall find a home.  
 A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams  
 That woman's eyes display:  
 They are not like the ruby gleams  
 That in our goblets play.  
 For though surpassing bright  
 Their brilliancy may be,  
 Age dims the lustre of their light  
 But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,  
 The sparkling, and the strong;  
 • He who would learn the poet craft—  
 He who would shine in song—  
 Should pledge the flowing bowl  
 With warm and generous wine;  
 'Twas wine that warmed Anacreon's soul,  
 And made his songs divine.

And e'en in tragedy,  
 Who lives that never knew  
 The honey of the Attic Bee  
 Was gathered from thy dew?  
 He of the tragic muse,  
 Whose praises bards rehearse;  
 What power but thine could e'er diffuse  
 Such sweetness o'er his verse?

Oh would that I could raise  
 The magic of that tongue;  
 The spirit of those deathless lays,  
 The Swan of Teios sung!  
 Each song the bard has given  
 Its beauty and its worth,  
 Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven  
 Was echoed upon the earth.

How mighty—how divine,  
 Thy spirit seemeth when  
 The rich draught of the purple vine  
 Dwelt in these godlike men.

It made each glowing page,  
 Its eloquence, and truth,  
 In the glory of their golden age,  
 Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy  
 To the desolate—oppressed;  
 For wine can every grief destroy  
 That gathers in the breast.  
 The sorrows and the care,  
 That in our hearts abide,  
 'Twill chase them from their dwellings  
 there,  
 To drown them in its tide.

And now the heart grows warm  
 With feelings undefined,  
 Throwing their deep diffusive charm  
 O'er all the realms of mind.  
 The loveliness of truth  
 Flings out its brightest rays,  
 Clothed in the songs of early youth,  
 Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young,  
 The beautiful, the bright,  
 We hear the music of her tongue,  
 Breathing its deep delight.  
 We see again each glance,  
 Each bright and dazzling beam,  
 We feel our throbbing hearts still dance,  
 We live but in a dream.

From darkness, and from woe,  
 A power like lightning darts;  
 A glory cometh down to throw  
 Its shadows o'er our hearts;  
 And dimmed by falling tears,  
 A spirit seems to rise,  
 That shows the friend of other years  
 Is mirrored in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief, and care,  
 Had dimmed his setting star;  
 And we think with tears of those that  
 were,  
 To smile on those that are.  
 Yet though the grassy mound  
 Sits lightly on his head,  
 We'll pledge, in solemn silence round.  
 The memory of the dead!

The sparkling juice now pour,  
 With fond and liberal hand;  
 Oh raise the laughing rim once more,  
 Here's to our Fatherland!  
 Up, every soul that hears,  
 Hurrah! with three times three;  
 And shout aloud, with deafening cheers,  
 The "Island of the Free!"

Then fill the wine-cup high,  
 The sparkling liquor pour;  
 For we will care and grief defy,  
 They ne'er shall plague us more.  
 And ere the snowy foam  
 From off the wine departs,  
 The precious draught shall find a home—  
 A dwelling in our hearts.

ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

### SAINT PERAY.

ADDRESSED TO H. T. P.

WHEN to any saint I pray,  
 It shall be to Saint Peray.  
 He alone, of all the brood,  
 Ever did me any good:  
 Many I have tried that are  
 Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,  
 Once I prayed Saint Dominick:  
 He was holy, sure, and wise;—  
 Was't not he that did devise  
 Auto da Fes and rosaries?—  
 But for one in my condition  
 This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,  
 I made a prayer to Saint Denis,  
 In the great cathedral, where  
 All the ancient kings repose;  
 But, how I was swindled there  
 At the "Golden Fleece,"—he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various,  
 Reaching Naples—as I lay  
 Watching Vesuvius from the bay,  
 I besought Saint Januarius;

But I was a fool to try him;  
 Naught I said could liquefy him;  
 And I swear he did me wrong,  
 Keeping me shut up so long  
 In that pest-house, with obscene  
 Jews and Greeks and things unclean—  
 What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score—  
 In Spain about as many more—  
 And in Rome almost as many  
 As the loves of Don Giovanni,  
 Did I pray to—sans reply;  
 Devil take the tribe!—said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,  
 To Assisi's walls I came;  
 Sad and full of homesick fancies,  
 I addressed me to Saint Francis:  
 But the beggar never did  
 Any thing as he was bid,  
 Never gave me aught—but fleas—  
 Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,  
 Hard by the Rhone, I found a Saint  
 Gifted with a wondrous juice,  
 Potent for the worst complaint.  
 'T was at Avignon that first—  
 In the witching time of thirst—  
 To my brain the knowledge came  
 Of this blessed Catholic's name;  
 Forty miles of dust that day  
 Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard  
 Aught about him, ere a third  
 Of a litre passed my lips,  
 All saints else were in eclipse.  
 For his gentle spirit glided  
 With such magic into mine,  
 That methought such bliss as I did  
 Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection—  
 Chastened hopes, calm retrospection—  
 Softened images of sorrow,  
 Bright forebodings for the morrow—  
 Charity for what is past—  
 Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack  
 The name of this good creature lack?

Or wherefore should the breviary  
Omit a saint so sage and merry?  
The Pope himself should grant a day  
Especially to Saint Peray.  
But, since no day hath been appointed,  
On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,  
Let us not wait—we'll do him right;  
Send round your bottles, Hal—and set  
your night.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

### AULD LANG SYNE.

#### I.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!

#### II.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin auld lang syne.

#### III.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn  
Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roared  
Sin auld lang syne.

#### IV.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught  
For auld lang syne!

#### V.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne!

ROBERT BURNS.

### NIGHT AT SEA.

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestowing  
Has vanished from the waters, where it  
flung  
A royal color, such as gems are throwing  
Tyrian or regal garniture among.  
'T is night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,  
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim  
star;  
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming  
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.  
My friends, my absent friends!  
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweep-  
ing,  
Farther am I from old dear friends re-  
moved;  
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,  
I did not know how much you were be-  
loved.  
How many acts of kindness little heeded,  
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproach-  
ful now!  
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has  
speeded,  
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.  
My friends, my absent friends!  
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them  
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell  
above;  
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them  
At the same moment with a mutual love.  
They shine not there, as here they now are  
shining;  
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye  
sleep?  
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining—  
May some kind dream at least my image  
keep!  
My friends, my absent friends!  
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, To-day could never  
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till  
it parts

How it turns back with tenderest endeavor  
 To fix the past within the heart of hearts.  
 Absence is full of memory; it teaches  
 The value of all old familiar things;  
 The strengthener of affection, while it  
 reaches  
 O'er the dark parting, with an angel's  
 wings.  
 My friends, my absent friends!  
 Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world, with one vast element omitted—  
 Man's own especial element, the earth;  
 Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted  
 By that great knowledge whence has power  
 its birth.  
 How oft on some strange loveliness while  
 gazing  
 Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,  
 The purple waves like some wild army rais-  
 ing  
 Their snowy banners as the ship cuts  
 through.  
 My friends, my absent friends!  
 Do you think of me, as I think of you!

Bearing upon its wings the hues of morn-  
 ing,  
 Up springs the flying fish like life's false  
 joy,  
 Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorn-  
 ing  
 Whose very light is fated to destroy.  
 Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion  
 Spring from the depths of an unkindly  
 world;  
 So spring sweet fancies from the heart's  
 dominion—  
 Too soon in death the scorched-up wing is  
 furled.  
 My friends, my absent friends!  
 Whate'er I see is linked with thoughts  
 of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters  
 Are creatures, huge, and terrible, and  
 strong;  
 The sword-fish and the shark pursue their  
 slaughters,  
 War universal reigns these depths along.

Like some new island on the ocean spring-  
 ing,  
 Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,  
 From its vast head a silver fountain flinging,  
 Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.  
 My friends, my absent friends!  
 I read such fairy legends while with  
 you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,  
 The moon is whitening the dusky sails,  
 From the thick bank of clouds she masters,  
 shedding  
 The softest influence that o'er night pre-  
 vails.  
 Pale is she like a young queen pale with  
 splendor,  
 Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond,  
 too deep;  
 The very glory that she wears is tender,  
 The eyes that watch her beauty fain would  
 weep.  
 My friends, my absent friends!  
 Do you think of me, as I think of you!

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning  
 Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling  
 eyes;  
 The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning  
 What toil upon a path so sunny lies.  
 Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their  
 weather  
 Calls into life an energy like Spring's;  
 But memory and moonlight go together.  
 Reflected in the light that either brings.  
 My friends, my absent friends!  
 Do you think of me, then? I think  
 of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are wak-  
 ing  
 But the watch pacing silently and slow;  
 The waves against the sides incessant break-  
 ing,  
 And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.  
 The topmast sail, it seems like some dim pin-  
 nacle  
 Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;



While red and fitful gleams come from the  
binnacle.

The only light on board to guide us—  
where?

My friends, my absent friends!

Far from my native land, and far from  
you.

On one side of the ship, the moonbeam's  
shimmer

In luminous vibrations sweeps the sea,  
But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale  
glimmer

Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves  
to be.

All that the spirit thinks of thought and feel-  
ing,

Takes visionary hues from such an hour;  
But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,  
I start—remembrance has a keener power:

My friends, my absent friends!

From the fair dream I start to think  
of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight—I discover  
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;  
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover  
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that  
watch?

No; well the sailor knows each speck, ap-  
pearing,

Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;  
To that dark line our eager ship is steering.

Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall  
land.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

#### THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 't was leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years

We talk with joyous seeming—

With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;

While memory brings us back again

Each early tie that twined us,

Oh sweet 's the cup that circles then

To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet

Some isle or vale enchanting,

Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
And naught but love is wanting;

We think how great had been our bliss

If Heaven had but assigned us

To live and die in scenes like this,

With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve

When eastward darkly going,

To gaze upon that light they leave

Still faint behind them glowing,—

So, when the close of pleasure's day

To gloom hath near consigned us,

We turn to catch one fading ray

Of joy that 's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here;  
Winds whistle shrill,  
Icy and chill,  
Little care we;  
Little we fear  
Weather without,  
Sheltered about  
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs  
Birds of rare plume  
Sang, in its bloom;  
Night birds are we;  
Here we carouse,  
Singing, like them,  
Perched round the stem  
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit—  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.

Life is but short—  
 When we are gone,  
 Let them sing on,  
 Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,  
 Happy as this;  
 Faces we miss,  
 Pleasant to see.  
 Kind hearts and true,  
 Gentle and just,  
 Peace to your dust!  
 We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
 Lurks at the gate:  
 Let the dog wait;  
 Happy we'll be!  
 Drink, every one;  
 Pile up the coals;  
 Fill the red bowls,  
 Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—  
 Friend, art afraid?  
 Spirits are laid  
 In the Red Sea.  
 Mantle it up;  
 Empty it yet;  
 Let us forget,  
 Round the old tree!

Sorrows begone!  
 Life and its ills,  
 Duns and their bills,  
 Bid we to flee.  
 Come with the dawn,  
 Blue-devil sprite;  
 Leave us to-night,  
 Round the old tree!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast;  
 Let every man be jolly;  
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest,  
 And every post with holly.  
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
 Round your foreheads garlands twine,

Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
 And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
 And Christmas blocks are burning;  
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,  
 And all their spits are turning.  
 Without the door let sorrow lie;  
 And if for cold it hap to die,  
 We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,  
 And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,  
 And no man minds his labor;  
 Our lasses have provided them  
 A bagpipe and a tabor;  
 Young men and maids, and girls and boys,  
 Give life to one another's joys;  
 And you anon shall by their noise  
 Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun—  
 Their hall of music soundeth;  
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,  
 So all things there aboundeth.  
 The country folks themselves advance,  
 With crowdy-muttons out of France;  
 And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,  
 And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash has fetched his bands from pawn,  
 And all his best apparel;  
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn  
 With dropping of the barrel.  
 And those that hardly all the year  
 Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,  
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare,  
 And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices  
 With capons make their errands;  
 And if they hap to fail of these,  
 They plague them with their warrants;  
 But now they feed them with good cheer,  
 And what they want they take in beer;  
 For Christmas comes but once a year,  
 And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse  
 The poor, that else were undone;  
 Some landlords spend their money worse,  
 On lust and pride at London.

There the roysters they do play,  
 Drab and dice their lands away,  
 Which may be ours another day,  
 And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears;  
 The prisoner's heart is eased;  
 The debtor drinks away his cares,  
 And for the time is pleased.  
 Though others' purses be more fat,  
 Why should we pine or grieve at that?  
 Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat—  
 And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call  
 Each other forth to rambling;  
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,  
 For nuts and apples scrambling.  
 Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!  
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,  
 For they the cellar's depth have found,  
 And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls  
 About the streets are singing;  
 The boys are come to catch the owls  
 The wild mare in is bringing.  
 Our kitchen boy hath broke his box;  
 And to the dealing of the ox  
 Our honest neighbors come by flocks,  
 And here they w'll be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,  
 And mate with everybody;  
 The honest now may play the knave,  
 And wise men play the noddie.  
 Some youths will now a mumming go,  
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,  
 And twenty other game boys mo,  
 Because they will be merry

Then wherefore, in these merry days,  
 Should we, I pray, be duller?  
 No, let us sing some roundelays,  
 To make our mirth the fuller;  
 And, while we thus inspired sing,  
 Let all the streets with echoes ring;  
 Woods and hills, and every thing,  
 Bear witness we are merry!

GEORGE WITHER.

#### WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—  
 What glorious deeds, my suffering brother  
 Would they unite  
 In love and right,  
 And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued  
 With kindling drops of loving-kindness;  
 And knowledge pour,  
 From shore to shore,  
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,  
 All vice and crime, might die together;  
 And wine and corn,  
 To each man born,  
 Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,  
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,  
 Might stand erect  
 In self-respect,  
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,  
 And more than this, my suffering brother—  
 More than the tongue  
 E'er said or sung,  
 If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

## PART IV.

### POEMS OF LOVE

---

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;  
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.  
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine  
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.  
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;  
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;  
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely *this*.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,  
The immortal glory which hath never set;  
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:  
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!  
O! who but can recall the eve they met  
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow?  
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,  
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,  
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

CHARLES SWAIN.





## POEMS OF LOVE.

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### SIR CAULINE.

#### THE FIRST PART.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,  
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;  
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,  
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,  
In fashyon she hath no peere;  
And princely wightes that ladye wooed  
To be theyr wedded fere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,  
But nothing durst he saye,  
Ne descreewe his counsayl to no man,  
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell  
Great dill to him was dight;  
The mayden's love removde his mind,  
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,  
One while he spred them nye:  
"And aye! but I winne that ladye's love,  
For dole now I mun dye."

And whan our parish-masse was done,  
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:  
He sayes, "Where is Syr Cauline,  
That is wont to serve the wyne?"

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,  
And fast his handes gan wringe:  
Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye,  
Without a good leechinge."

"Fetch me downe my daughter deere,"  
She is a leecher fulle fine;  
Goe take him donghe and the baken bread,  
And serve him with the wyne soe red:  
Lothe I were him to tine."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,  
Her maydens followyng nye:  
"Oh well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"  
"Oh sicke, thou fayr ladye."

"Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame;  
Never lye soe cowardlee;  
For it is told in my father's halle  
You dye for love of mee."

"Fayre ladye, it is for your love  
That all this dill I drye:  
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,  
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,  
No lenger wold I lye."

"Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,  
I am his only heire;  
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,  
I never can be youre fere."

"O ladye, thou art a kinge's daughter,  
And I am not thy peere;  
But let me doe some deedes of armes,  
To be your bacheleere."

"Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,  
My bacheleere to bee  
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,  
Giff harm should happe to thee.)

"Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,  
Upon the mores brodinge;  
And darè ye, syr knighte, wake there all  
    nighte,  
Untill the fayre morninge?

"For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of  
    michte,  
Will examine you beforne;  
And never man bare life awaye,  
But he did him seath and scorne.

"That knighte he is a foul paynim,  
And large of limb and bone;  
And but if heaven may be thy speede,  
Thy life it is but gone."

"Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,  
For thy sake, fair ladie;  
And Ile either bring you a ready token,  
Or Ile never more you see."

The lady is gone to her own chaumbere,  
Her maydens following bright;  
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,  
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,  
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,  
He walked up and downe;  
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe  
Over the bents soe browne;  
Quoth hee, "If cryance come till my heart,  
I am farre from any good towne."

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad  
A furyous wight and fell;  
A ladye bright his brydle led,  
Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And soe fast he called on Syr Cauline,  
"O man, I rede thee flye,  
For but if cryance come till thy heart,  
I weene but thou mun dye."

He sayth, "No cryance comes till my heart,  
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;  
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,  
The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;  
Syr Cauline bold abode:  
Then either shooke his trustye speare,  
And the timber these two children bare  
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,  
And layden on full faste,  
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,  
They all were well-nighe brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,  
And stiffe in stower did stande;  
But Syr Cauline with an aukeward stroke  
He smote off his right-hand;  
That soone he, with paine, and lacke of bloud,  
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande  
All over his head so hye:  
"And here I sweare by the holy roode,  
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

Then up and came that ladye brighte,  
Faste wringing of her hande:  
"For the mayden's love, that most you love,  
Withold that deadlye brande:

"For the mayden's love, that most you love,  
Now smyte no more I praye;  
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,  
He shall thy hests obaye."

"Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,  
And here on this lay-land,  
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,  
And therto plight thy hand:

"And that thou never on Eldridge hill come  
To sporte, gamon, or playe;  
And that thou here give up thy armes  
Until thy dyinge daye."

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes,  
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;  
And sware to obey Syr Cauline's hest,  
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte  
Sett him in his saddle anone;  
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye,  
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,  
That was so large of bone,  
And on it he founde five ringes of gold,  
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,  
As hard as any flint;  
And he tooke off those ringes five,  
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline,  
As light as leafe on tree;  
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,  
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knec  
Before that lady gay:  
"O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;  
These tokens I bring away."

"Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,  
Thrice welcome unto mee,  
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,  
Of valour bolde and free."

"O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,  
Thy hests for to obaye;  
And mought I hope to winne thy love!"—  
No more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,  
And fette a gentill sighe:  
"Alas! syr knight, how may this bee,  
For my degree's soe highe?"

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,  
To be my bachelere,  
Ne promise, if thee I may not wedde,  
I will have none other fere."

Then shee held forthe her liley-white hand  
Towards that knighte so free;  
He gave to it one gentill kisse,  
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,  
The teares sterte from his ee.

"But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline,  
Ne let no man it knowe;  
For, and ever my father sholde it ken,  
I wot he wolde us sloe."

From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre  
Lovde Syr Cauline the knighte;  
From that daye forthe, he only joyde  
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette  
Within a fayre arboure,  
Where they, in love and sweet daliaunce,  
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

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THE SECOND PART.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,  
And everye sweete its sowre:  
This founde the ladye Christabelle  
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline  
Was with that ladye faire,  
The kinge, her father, walked forthe  
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went  
To rest his wearye feet,  
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline  
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee started forthe, i-wys,  
And an angyre man was hee:  
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe  
And rewe shall thy ladie."

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,  
And throwne in dungeon deepe;  
And the ladye into a towre so hye,  
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Cauline's friend,  
And to the kinge sayd shee:  
"I pray you save Syr Cauline's life,  
And let him banisht bee."

"Now, dame, that traytoure shall be sent  
Across the salt-sea fome;  
But here I will make thee a band,  
If ever he come within this land,  
A foule deathe is his doome."



All woe-begone was that gentil knight  
 To parte from his ladye;  
 And many a time he sighed sore,  
 And cast a wistfulle eye:  
 "Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,  
 Farre lever had I dye."

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,  
 Was had forthe of the towre;  
 But ever shee droopeth in her minde,  
 As nipt by an ungentle winde  
 Doth some faire liley flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,  
 To tint her lover soe:  
 "Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,  
 But I will still be true."

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,  
 And lorde of high degree,  
 Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;  
 But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,  
 Ne comforte shee colde finde,  
 The kyng proclaimed a tourneament,  
 To cheere his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights  
 Fro manye a farre countrye,  
 To break a spere for theyr ladye's love,  
 Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette,  
 In purple and in palle;  
 But faire Christabelle, soe woe-begone,  
 Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of might,  
 Before his ladye gaye;  
 But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,  
 He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,  
 His hewberke and his sheelde;  
 Ne noe man wist whence he did come,  
 Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,  
 When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past  
 In feates of chivalrye,  
 When lo! upon the fourth morninge,  
 A sorrowfulle sight they see:

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,  
 All foule of limbe and lere,  
 Two goggling eyen, like fire farden,  
 A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,  
 That waited on his knee;  
 And at his backe five heads he bare,  
 All wan and pale of blee.

"Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,  
 "Behold that hend soldain!  
 Behold these heads I beare with me!  
 They are kings which he hath slain.

"The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,  
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent;  
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong:  
 And to thee, all thy knyghtes among,  
 Defiance here hath sent.

"But yette he will appease his wrath,  
 Thy daughter's love to winne;  
 And, but thou yeelede him that fayre maid,  
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.

"Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee,  
 Or else thy daughter dere;  
 Or else within these lists soe broad,  
 Thou must finde him a peere."

The kinge he turned him round aboute,  
 And in his heart was woe:  
 "Is there never a knyghte of my round table  
 This matter will undergoe?

"Is there never a knyghte amongst yee all  
 Will fight for my daughter and mee?  
 Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,  
 Right fair his meede shall bee.

"For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,  
 And of my crowne be heyre;  
 And he shall winne fayre Christabelle  
 To be his wedded fere."

But every knyghte of his round table  
 Did stand both still and pale;  
 For, whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,  
 It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,\*  
 When she sawe no helpe was nye:  
 She cast her thought on her owne true-love,  
 And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knyghte,  
 Sayd, "Ladye, be not affrayd;  
 He fight for thee with this grimme soldan,  
 Though he be unmacklye made:

"And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge  
 sworde,  
 That lyeth within thy bowre,  
 I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,  
 Though he be stiff in stowre."

"Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,"  
 The kinge he cryde, "with speede:  
 Nowe, heaven assist thee, courteous knyghte;  
 My daughter is thy meede."

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,  
 And sayd, "Awaye, awaye!  
 I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,  
 Thou lettest me here all daye."

Then forthe the stranger knyght he came,  
 In his blacke armour dight;  
 The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,  
 "That this were my true knyghte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knyght be mett  
 Within the lists soe broad;  
 And now, with swordes soe sharpe of steele,  
 They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knyghte a stroke  
 That made him reele asyde;  
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,  
 And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,  
 And made the bloude to flowe;  
 All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,  
 And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,  
 Which brought the knyghte on his knee;  
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,  
 And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knyghte he leapt upon his feete,  
 All recklesse of the pain;  
 Quoth hee, "But heaven be now my speede,  
 Or else I shall be slaine."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,  
 And spying a secrette part,  
 He drave it into the soldan's syde,  
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,  
 Whan they sawe the soldan falle;  
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ  
 That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge, with all his barons,  
 Rose uppe from offe his seate,  
 And downe he stepped into the listes  
 That courteous knyghte to greete.

But he, for payne and lacke of bloude,  
 Was fallen into a swounde,  
 And there, all walteringe in his gore,  
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter  
 deare,  
 Thou art a leech of skille;  
 Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes  
 Than this good knyghte sholde spille."

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,  
 To helpe him if she maye;  
 But when she did his beavere raise,  
 "It is my life, my lord!" she sayes,  
 And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes,  
 When he heard his ladye crye:  
 "O ladye, I am thine owne true love;  
 For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one partinge looke,  
 He closed his eyes in death,  
 Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,  
 Begane to drawe her breathe.

But wher she found her comelye knighte  
 Indeed was dead and gone,  
 She layde her pale, cold cheeke to his,  
 And thus she made her moane :

"Oh staye, my deare and onlye lord,  
 For mee, thy faithfulle fere;  
 'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,  
 Who hast bought my love so deare."

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone,  
 And with a deep-fette sighe  
 That burst her gentle heart in twayne,  
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Be it right, or wrong, these men among  
 On women do complain;  
 Affirming this, how that it is  
 A labour spent in vain  
 To love them wele; for never a dele  
 They love a man again:  
 For let a man do what he can,  
 Their favour to attain,  
 Yet, if a new do them pursue,  
 Their first true lover then  
 Laboureth for nought, for from her thought  
 He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day  
 It is both writ and said  
 That woman's faith is, as who saith,  
 All utterly decayed;  
 But, nevertheless, right good witness  
 In this case might be laid,  
 That they love true, and continue,  
 Record the nut-brown maid:  
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
 To her to make his moan,  
 Would not depart; for in her heart  
 She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss  
 What was all the manere  
 Between them too: we will also  
 Tell all the pain and fere

That she was in. Now I begin,  
 So that ye me answer;e;  
 Wherefore, all ye that present be,  
 I pray you, give an ear.  
 I am the knight; I come by night,  
 As secret as I can;  
 Saying, "Alas! thus standeth the case,  
 I am a banished man."

SHE.

And I your will for to fulfil  
 In this will not refuse;  
 Trusting to shew, in wordes few,  
 That men have an ill use  
 (To their own shame) women to blame,  
 And causeless them accuse:  
 Therefore to you I answer now,  
 All women to excuse—  
 Mine own heart dear, with you what chere!  
 I pray you, tell anone;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do  
 Whereof great harm shall grow:  
 My destiny is for to die  
 A shameful death, I trowe;  
 Or else to flee; the one must be.  
 None other way I know,  
 But to withdraw as an outlaw,  
 And take me to my bow.  
 Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true!  
 None other rede I can;  
 For I must to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is this worldys bliss,  
 That changeth as the moon!  
 My summer's day in lusty May  
 Is darked before the noon.  
 I hear you say farewell: nay, nay,  
 We depart not so soon.  
 Why say ye so? Wheder will ye go?  
 Alas! what have ye done?  
 All my welfare to sorrow and care  
 Should change, if ye were gone,  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

I can believe, it shall you grieve,  
 And somewhat you distraint;  
 But afterward your paines hard  
 Within a day or twain  
 Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take  
 Comfort to you again.  
 Why should ye ought? for to make thought,  
 Your labour were in vain.  
 And thus I do; and pray you too,  
 As heartily as I can;  
 For I must to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Now, sith that ye have shewed to me  
 The secret of your mind,  
 I shall be plain to you again,  
 Like as ye shall me find.  
 Sith it is so, that ye will go,  
 I wolle not leave behind;  
 Shall never be said, the nut-brown maid  
 Was to her love unkind:  
 Make you ready, for so am I,  
 Although it were anone;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good heed  
 What men will think and say:  
 Of young and old it shall be told,  
 That ye be gone away,  
 Your wanton will for to fulfil,  
 In green wood you to play;  
 And that ye might from your delight  
 No longer make delay.  
 Rather than ye should thus for me  
 Be called an ill woman,  
 Yet would I to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though it be sung of old and young  
 That I should be to blame,  
 Theirs be the charge, that speak so large  
 In hurting of my name;  
 For I will prove that faithful love  
 It is devoid of shame;  
 In your distress and heaviness  
 To part with you, the same;

And sure all tho that do not so,  
 True lovers are they none;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

I counsel you, remember how  
 It is no maiden's law,  
 Nothing to doubt, but to renne out  
 To wood with an outlâw:  
 For ye must there in your hand bear  
 A bow, ready to draw;  
 And, as a thief, thus must you live,  
 Ever in dread and awe;  
 Whereby to you great harm might grow  
 Yet had I lever than,  
 That I had to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I think not nay, but as ye say,  
 It is no maiden's lore;  
 But love may make me for your sake,  
 As I have said before,  
 To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot  
 To get us meat in store;  
 For so that I your company  
 May have, I ask no more:  
 From which to part, it maketh my heart  
 As cold as any stone;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlâw this is the law,  
 That men him take and bind;  
 Without pity hangèd to be,  
 And waver with the wind.  
 If I had nede, (as God forbede!)  
 What rescue could ye find?  
 Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow  
 For fear would draw behind;  
 And no mervayle: for little avail  
 Were in your counsel then;  
 Wherefore I will to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Right well know ye that women be  
 But feeble for to fight;  
 No womanhede it is indeed  
 To be bold as a knight;



Yet in such fear if that ye were  
 With enemies day or night,  
 I would withstand, with bow in hand,  
 To greve them as I might,  
 And you to save; as women have  
 From death men many a one;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede  
 That ye could not sustain  
 The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,  
 The snow, the frost, the rain,  
 The cold, the heat: for, dry or wet,  
 We must lodge on the plain;  
 And, us above, none other roof  
 But a brake bush, or twain;  
 Which soon should grieve you, I believe;  
 And ye would gladly then  
 That I had to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

With I have here been partynère  
 With you of joy and bliss,  
 I must also part of your woe  
 Endure, as reason is;  
 Yet am I sure of one pleasure;  
 And, shortly, it is this:  
 That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,  
 I could not fare amiss.  
 Without more speech, I you beseech  
 That we were soon agone;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consider,  
 When ye have lust to dine,  
 There shall no meat be for you gete,  
 Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.  
 No shetès clean, to lie between,  
 Made of thread and twine;  
 None other house but leaves and boughs,  
 To cover your head and mine;  
 O mine heart sweet, this evil diète  
 Should make you pale and wan;  
 Wherefore I will to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Among the wild dere, such an archère  
 As men say that ye be,  
 Ne may not fail of good vitayle,  
 Where is so great plenty:  
 And water clear of the ryvére  
 Shall be full sweet to me;  
 With which in hele I shall right wele  
 Endure, as ye shall see;  
 And, or we go, a bed or two  
 I can provide anone;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo! yet, before, ye must do more,  
 If ye will go with me:  
 As cut your hair up by your ear,  
 Your kirtle by the knee;  
 With bow in hand for to withstand  
 Your enemies, if need be;  
 And this same night before day-light,  
 To wood-ward will I flee.  
 If that ye will all this fulfil,  
 Do it shortly as ye can;  
 Else will I to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I shall as now do more for you  
 Than 'longeth to womanhede;  
 To shorte my hair, a bow to bear,  
 To shoot in time of need.  
 O my sweet mother, before all other  
 For you I have most drede;  
 But now, adieu! I must ensue,  
 Where fortune doth me lead.  
 All this make ye: now let us flee;  
 The day cometh fast upon;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go  
 And I shall tell ye why,—  
 Your appetite is to be light  
 Of love, I wele aspy:  
 For, like as ye have said to me,  
 In like wise hardely  
 Ye would answer whosoever it were  
 In way of company.

It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold ;  
 And so is a woman ;  
 Wherefore I to the wood will go  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

If ye take heed, it is no need  
 Such words to say by me ;  
 For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,  
 Or I you loved, pardè ;  
 And though that I of ancestry  
 A baron's daughter be,  
 Yet have you proved how I you loved  
 A squire of low degree ;  
 And ever shall, whatso befall ;  
 To die therefore anone ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

A baron's child to be beguiled !  
 It were a cursèd dede ;  
 To be felawe with an outlawe !  
 Almighty God forbede !  
 Yet better were, the poor squyère  
 Alone to forest yede,  
 Than ye should say another day,  
 That, by my cursèd dede,  
 Ye were betrayed ; wherefore, good maid,  
 The best rede that I can,  
 Is, that I to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall  
 Of this thing you upbraid ;  
 But if ye go, and leave me so,  
 Then have ye me betrayed.  
 Remember you wele, how that ye dele ;  
 For if ye, as ye said,  
 Be so unkind, to leave behind,  
 Your love, the nut-brown maid,  
 Trust me truly, that I shall die  
 Soon after ye be gone ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

If that ye went, ye should repent ;  
 For in the forest now  
 I have purveyed me of a maid,  
 Whom I love more than you ;

Another, fayrèr than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele avow ;  
 And of you both each should be wroth  
 With other, as I trow :  
 It were mine ease to live in peace ;  
 So will I, if I can ;  
 Wherefore I to the wood will go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though in the wood I understood  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I will be your :  
 And she shall finde me soft and kind,  
 And courteys every hour ;  
 Glad to fulfil all that she will  
 Command me to my power :  
 For had ye, lo ! an hundred mo,  
 Of them I would be one ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Mine own dear love, I see the proof  
 That ye be kind and true ;  
 Of maid, and wife, in all my life,  
 The best that ever I knew.  
 Be merry and glad, be no more sad ;  
 The case is changèd new ;  
 For it were ruth, that, for your truth,  
 Ye should have cause to rue.  
 Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said  
 To you, when I began ;  
 I will not to the green wood go,  
 I am no banished man.

SHE.

These tidings be more glad to me,  
 Than to be made a queen,  
 If I were sure they should endure :  
 But it is often seen,  
 When men will break promise, they speak  
 The wordès on the splene.  
 Ye shape some wile me to beguile,  
 And steal from me, I ween,  
 Then were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more wo-begone ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall not nede further to drede;  
 I will not disparage  
 You, (God defend!) sith ye descend  
 Of so great a lineage.  
 Now understand; to Westmoreland,  
 Which is mine heritage,  
 I will you bring; and with a ring,  
 By way of marriage  
 I will you take, and lady make,  
 As shortly as I can:  
 Thus have you won an erly's son,  
 And not a banished man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see, that women be  
 In love, meek, kind, and stable;  
 Let never man reprove them then,  
 Or call them variable;  
 But rather pray God that we may  
 To them be comfortable;  
 Which sometime proveth such, as he loveth,  
 If they be charitable.  
 For sith men would that women should  
 Be meek to them each one;  
 Much more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but him alone.

ANONYMOUS.

## YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

IN London was young Beichan born,  
 He longed strange countries for to see;  
 But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
 Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land:  
 Their way of worship viewed he;  
 But to Mahound, or Termagant,  
 Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they've putten a bore;  
 In every bore they've putten a tree;  
 And they have made him trail the wine  
 And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,  
 Where he could neither hear nor see;  
 For seven years they kept him there,  
 Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,  
 Her name was called Susie Pye;  
 And every day as she took the air,  
 Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

Oh so it fell, upon a day  
 She heard young Beichan sadly sing:  
 "My hounds they all go masterless;  
 My hawks they flee from tree to tree;  
 My younger brother will heir my land;  
 Fair England again I'll never see!"

All night long no rest she got,  
 Young Beichan's song for thinking on;  
 She's stown the keys from her father's head,  
 And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has opened the prison doors,  
 I wot she opened two or three,  
 Ere she could come young Beichan at,  
 He was locked up so curioslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,  
 Sore wondered he that may to see;  
 He took her for some fair captive;—  
 "Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie?"

"Oh have ye any lands," she said,  
 "Or castles in your own countrie,  
 That ye could give to a lady fair,  
 From prison strong to set you free?"

"Near London town I have a hall,  
 With other castles two or three;  
 I'll give them all to the lady fair  
 That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the truth of your right hand,  
 The truth of it give unto me,  
 That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,  
 Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,  
 The truth of it I'll freely gie,  
 That for seven years I'll stay unwed,  
 For the kindness thou dost show to me."

And she has bribed the proud warder  
 Wi' mickle gold and white monie;  
 She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,  
 And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice-cake,  
 She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;  
 She's bidden him sometimes think on her  
 That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,  
 And to Beichan half of it gave she :  
 "Keep it, to mind you of that love  
 The lady borra that set you free."

"And set your foot on good ship-board,  
 And haste ye back to your own countrie;  
 And before that seven years have an end,  
 Come back again, love, and marry me."

But long ere seven years had an end,  
 She longed full sore her love to see;  
 For ever a voice within her breast  
 Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee."  
 So she's set her foot on good ship-board,  
 And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,  
 Till to fair England's shore she came;  
 Where a bonny shepherd she espied,  
 Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?  
 What news has thou to tell to me?"  
 "Such news I hear, ladie," he says,  
 "The like was never in this countrie."

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
 Has lasted these thirty days and three;  
 Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,  
 For love of one that's yond the sea."

She's put her hand in her pocket,  
 Gi'en him the gold and white monie;  
 "Here, take ye that, my bonny boy,  
 For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,  
 She tirl'd softly at the pin;  
 So ready was the proud porter  
 To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,  
 "Or is that noble lord within?"  
 "Yea, he's in the hall among them all,  
 And this is the day o' his weddin."

"And has he wed anither love?  
 And has he clean forgotten me?"  
 And, sighin', said that gay ladie,  
 "I wish I were in my own countrie."

And she has taen her gay gold ring,  
 That with her love she brake so free;  
 Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,  
 And bid the bridegroom speak to me."

When the porter came his lord before,  
 He kneeled down low on his knee—  
 "What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
 Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I've been porter at your gates,  
 It's thirty long years now and three;  
 But there stands a lady at them now,  
 The like o' her did I never see;

"For on every finger she has a ring,  
 And on her mid finger she has three;  
 And as meickle gold aboon her brow  
 As would buy an earldom to me."

Its out then spak the bride's mother,  
 Aye and an angry woman was shee;  
 "Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,  
 And twa or three of our companie."

"Oh hold your tongue, thou bride's mother:  
 Of all your folly let me be;  
 She's ten times fairer nor the bride,  
 And all that's in your companie."

"She begs one sheave of your white bread,  
 But and a cup of your red wine;  
 And to remember the lady's love,  
 That last relieved you out of pine."

"Oh well-a-day!" said Beichan then,  
 "That I so soon have married thee!  
 For it can be none but Susie Pye,  
 That sailed the sea for love of me."

And quickly hied he down the stair;  
 Of fifteen steps he made but three;  
 He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,  
 And kist, and kist her tenderlie.



"Oh hae ye ta'en anither bride?  
And hae ye quite forgotten me?  
And hae ye quite forgotten her,  
That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,  
To hide the tears stood in her e'e:  
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she  
says,  
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,  
For surely this can never be;  
Nor ever shall I wed but her  
That's done and dree'd so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride—  
"My lord, your love it changeth soon;  
This morning I was made your bride,  
And another chose ere it be noon."

"Oh hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride;  
Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me;  
And whan ye return to your own countrie,  
A double dower I'll send with thee."

He's taen Susie Pye by the white hand,  
And gently led her up and down;  
And ay, as he kist her red rosy lips,  
"Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own."

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her to yon fountain stane;  
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,  
And he's called her his bonny love, Lady  
Jane.

ANONYMOUS.

### LORD LOVEL.

LORD Lovel he stood at his castle gate,  
Combing his milk-white steed;  
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,  
To wish her lover good speed, speed,  
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she  
said,  
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;  
"I'm going my Lady Nancy Belle,  
Strange countries for to see, to see,  
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said  
she;

"O! when will you come back?" said she:  
"In a year or two—or three, at the most,  
I'll return to my fair Nancy-ey,  
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,  
Strangè countries for to see,  
When languishing thoughts came into his  
head,  
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,  
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white  
steed,  
Till he came to London town,  
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,  
And the people all mourning, round, round,  
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter," Lord Lovel he said,  
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;  
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,  
"And some call her Lady Nancy-ey,  
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,  
And the shroud he turned down,  
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,  
Till the tears came trickling down, down,  
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,  
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;  
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,  
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,  
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church  
steeple top,  
And then they could grow no higher:  
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,  
For all lovers true to admire-mire,  
For all lovers true to admire.

ANONYMOUS.

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,  
 All you that love mirth for to hear,  
 And I will tell you of a bold outlâw,  
 That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
 All under the greenwood tree,  
 There he was aware of a brave young man,  
 As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,  
 In scarlet fine and gay;  
 And he did frisk it over the plain,  
 And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
 Amongst the leaves so gay,  
 There did he espy the same young man  
 Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
 It was clean cast away;  
 And at every step he fetched a sigh,  
 "Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
 And Midge, the miller's son;  
 Which made the young man bend his bow,  
 When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,  
 "What is your will with me?"  
 "You must come before our master straight,  
 Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,  
 Robin asked him courteously,  
 "O, hast thou any money to spare,  
 For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
 "But five shillings and a ring;  
 And that I have kept this seven long years,  
 To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
 But she was from me ta'en,  
 And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
 Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,  
 "Come tell me, without any fail."  
 "By the faith of my body," then said the  
 young man,  
 "My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,  
 "In ready gold or fee,  
 To help thee to thy true love again,  
 And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young  
 man,  
 No ready gold nor fee,  
 But I will swear upon a book  
 Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?  
 Come tell me without guile."  
 "By the faith of my body," then said the  
 young man,  
 "It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;  
 He did neither stint nor lin,  
 Until he came unto the church  
 Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;  
 "I prithee now tell unto me."  
 "I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he  
 said;  
 "That music best pleaseth me."  
 "You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
 Which was both grave and old;  
 And after him a finikin lass,  
 Did shine like the glistening gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "That you do seem to make here;  
 For since we are come into the church,  
 The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew blasts two or three;  
 When four-and-twenty yeomen bold  
 Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,  
 Marching all in a row,  
 The first man was Allen-a-Dale,  
 To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,  
 "Young Allen, as I hear say;  
 And you shall be married this same time,  
 Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,  
 "For thy word shall not stand;  
 They shall be three times asked in the church,  
 As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,  
 And put it upon Little John;  
 "By the faith of my body," then Robin said,  
 "This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,  
 The people began to laugh;  
 He asked them seven times into church,  
 Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,  
 Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;  
 And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,  
 Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,  
 The bride looked like a queen;  
 And so they returned to the merry green  
 wood,  
 Amongst the leaves so green.

— — —  
 ANONYMOUS.

## TRUTH'S INTEGRITY.

### FIRST PART.

OVER the mountains  
 And under the waves,  
 Over the fountains  
 And under the graves,  
 Under floods which are deepest,  
 Which do Neptune obey,  
 Over rocks which are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie,  
 Where there is no place  
 For receipt of a fly,  
 Where the gnat dares not venture,  
 Lest herself fast she lay,  
 But if Love come he will enter,  
 And find out the way.

You may esteem him  
 A child of his force,  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward, which is worse,  
 But if he whom Love doth honor  
 Be concealed from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon him—  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,  
 Which is too unkind;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor heart, to be blind;  
 But if he were hidden,  
 Do the best you may,  
 Blind Love, if you so call him,  
 Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle  
 Stoop down to the fist,  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The phoenix of the east;  
 With fear the tiger's moved  
 To give over their prey;  
 But never stop a lover—  
 He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,  
And nations thereabout,  
Brave Guy, earl of Warwick,  
That champion so stout,  
With his warlike behavior,  
Through the world he did stray,  
To win his Phillis's favor—  
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters  
Bevis so brave,  
After adventures  
And policy brave,  
To see whom he desired,  
His Josian so gay,  
For whom his heart was fired—  
Love will find out the way.

## SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot  
Which true lovers knit,  
Undo it you cannot,  
Nor yet break it ;  
Make use of your inventions,  
Their fancies to betray,  
To frustrate their intentions—  
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,  
In bower and in hall,  
From the king unto the beggar,  
Love conquers all.  
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,  
Strive or do what you may,  
Yet be you ne'er so hardy,  
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,  
And greatest emperors ;  
In any provinces,  
Such is Love's power  
There is no resisting,  
But him to obey ;  
In spite of all contesting,  
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,  
And all men that are  
Were strictly forbidden  
That place to declare,

Winds that have no abidings,  
Pitying their delay,  
Would come and bring him tidings,  
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,  
He would gallop it o'er ;  
If the seas should o'erthwart him,  
He would swim to the shore.  
Should his love become a swallow,  
Through the air to stray,  
Love will lend wings to follow,  
And will find out the way.

There is no striving  
To cross his intent,  
There is no contriving  
His plots to prevent ;  
But if once the message greet him,  
That his true love doth stay,  
If death should come and meet him,  
Love will find out the way.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray  
Walked forth to tell his beads ;  
And he met with a lady fair  
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar ;  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love  
From many another one ?"

"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view ;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,  
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he's dead and gone !  
Lady, he's dead and gone !  
And at his head a green grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone.



"Within these holy cloisters long  
He languished, and he died,  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedewed his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?  
And art thou dead and gone?  
And didst thou die for love of me?  
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh weep not, lady, weep not so;  
Some ghostly comfort seek:  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth  
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss  
I'll evermore weep and sigh:  
For thee I only wished to live,  
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain;  
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly;  
Why then should sorrow last?  
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,  
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh say not so, thou holy friar;  
I pray thee, say not so;  
For since my true-love died for me,  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?  
Will he ne'er come again?  
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave:  
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;  
The comeliest youth was he!  
But he is dead and laid in his grave:  
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever:  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy;  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not so;  
My love he had the truest heart--  
Oh he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,  
And didst thou die for me?  
Then farewell home; for evermore  
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf  
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady: rest awhile  
Beneath this cloister wall;  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold  
wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh stay me not, thou holy friar,  
Oh stay me not, I pray;  
No drizzly rain that falls on me,  
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears;  
For see beneath this gown of gray  
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here forced by grief and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought;  
And here, amid these lonely walls,  
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace  
Is not yet passed away,  
Might I still hope to win thy love,  
No longer would I stay."

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
Once more unto my heart;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We never more will part."

THOMAS PERCY.

### THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,  
How she wooed an English mal;  
Garments gay, as rich as may be,  
Decked with jewels, had she on.  
Of a comely countenance and grace was  
she,  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her  
In his hands her life did lye;  
Cupid's bands did tye her faster  
By the liking of an eye.  
In his courteous company was all her joy,  
To favour him in any thing she was not  
coy.

At the last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned,  
None to do them injury.  
"Alas!" then said this lady gay, "full woe is  
me;  
Oh let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"O gallant captain, shew some pity  
To a ladye in distresse;  
Leave me not within this city,  
For to dye in heaviness.  
Thou hast set this present day my body  
free,  
But my heart in prison strong remains with  
thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,  
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?  
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:  
Serpents are where flowers grow."  
"All the evil I think to thee, most gracious  
knight,  
God grant unto myself the same may fully  
light.

"Blessed be the time and season,  
That you came on Spanish ground;  
If you may our foes be termed,  
Gentle foes we have you found:  
With our city, you have won our hearts each  
one;  
Then to your country bear away that is your  
own."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;  
Rest you still, and weep no more;  
Of fair lovers there are plenty,  
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."  
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often  
find,  
But Englishmen throughout the world are  
counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
You alone enjoy my heart;  
I am lovely, young, and tender,  
And so love is my desert.  
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is  
prest;  
The wife of every Englishman is counted  
blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence;  
English soldiers never carry  
Any such without offence."  
"I will quickly change myself, if it be so,  
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er  
thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver  
To maintain thee in this case,  
And to travel, 'tis great charges,  
As you know, in every place."  
"My chains and jewels every one shall be  
thine own,  
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that  
lies unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers;  
Many storms do there arise,  
Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."  
"Well in worth I could endure extremity,  
For I could find in heart to lose my life for  
thee."

"Courteous lady, be contented;  
Here comes all that breeds the strife;  
I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife:  
I will not falsifie my vow for gold or gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in  
Spain."

"Oh how happy is that woman  
That enjoys so true a friend!  
Many days of joy God send you!  
Of my suit I'll make an end:  
On my knees I pardon crave for this offence,  
Which love and true affection did first com-  
mence.

"Commend me to thy loving lady;  
Bear to her this chain of gold,  
And these bracelets for a token;  
Grieving that I was so bold.  
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,  
For these are fitting for thy wife, and not for  
me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,  
Love and all her laws defie;  
In a nunnery will I shroud me,  
Far from other company:  
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this,  
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not  
miss.

"Thus farewell, most gentle captain,  
And farewell my heart's content!  
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my love was bent:  
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!"  
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair  
lady."

ANONYMOUS.

### THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow;  
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,  
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,  
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still;  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows;  
My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by that power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring;  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;  
All earth-born cares are wrong:  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fell;  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay;  
A refuge to the neighboring poor,  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
 Required a master's care:  
 The wicket, opening with a latch,  
 Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The hermit trimmed his little fire,  
 And cheered his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gayly prest and smiled;  
 And, skilled in legendary lore,  
 The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,  
 Its tricks the kitten tries;  
 The cricket chirrups on the hearth;  
 The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To soothe the stranger's woe:  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,  
 With answering care oppress:  
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,  
 "The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurned,  
 Reluctant dost thou rove?  
 Or grieve for friendship unreturned,  
 Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
 Are trifling, and decay;  
 And those who prize the paltry things,  
 More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,  
 A charm that lulls to sleep;  
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
 And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,  
 The modern fair one's jest;  
 On earth unseen, or only found  
 To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,  
 And spurn the sex," he said;  
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush  
 His lovelorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,  
 Swift mantling to the view;  
 Like colors o'er the morning skies,  
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
 Alternate spread alarms:  
 The lovely stranger stands confest  
 A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,  
 A wretch forlorn," she cried;  
 "Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude  
 Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,  
 Whom love has taught to stray;  
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
 Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,  
 A wealthy lord was he;  
 And all his wealth was marked as mine,  
 He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,  
 Unnumbered suitors came;  
 Who praised me for imputed charms,  
 And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd  
 With richest proffers strove:  
 Among the rest young Edwin bowed,  
 But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,  
 No wealth or power had he;  
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
 But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale  
 He carolled lays of love,  
 His breath lent fragrance to the gale,  
 And music to the grove.



"The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heaven refined,  
Could nought of purity display  
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine;  
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!  
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain;  
And while his passion touched my heart,  
I triumphed in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cried,  
And clasped her to his breast;  
The wondering fair one turned to chide,—  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign;  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true;  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart  
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.  
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard  
Rocked with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sighed and cast his eyes below:  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing  
hands,  
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he  
stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast  
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
We only part to meet again.  
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall  
be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:  
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find:  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white.  
Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return.  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Last precious tears should drop from Susan's  
 eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
 No longer must she stay aboard;  
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:  
 Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

## THE SEAMAN'S HAPPY RETURN.

WHEN Sol did cast no light, being darkened  
 over,  
 And the dark time of night did the skies  
 cover,  
 Running a river by, there were ships sail-  
 ing,  
 A maid most fair I spied, crying and wailing.

Unto this maid I stopt, asking what grieved  
 her;  
 She answered me and wept, fates had de-  
 ceived her:  
 My love is prest, quoth she, to cross the  
 ocean—  
 Proud waves to make the ship ever in motion.

We loved seven years and more, both being  
 sure,  
 But I am left on shore, grief to endure.  
 He promised back to turn, if life was spared  
 him;  
 With grief I daily mourn death hath de-  
 barred him.

Straight a brisk lad she spied, made her ad-  
 mire,  
 A present she received pleased her desire.  
 'Is my love safe, quoth she, will he come near  
 me?  
 The young man answer made, Virgin, pray  
 hear me.

Under one banner bright, for England's glory,  
 Your love and I did fight—mark well my  
 story;  
 By an unhappy shot we two were parted;  
 His death's wound then he got, though  
 valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can, for I stood by him,  
 For courage, I must say, none did outvie  
 him;  
 He still would foremost be, striving for  
 honor;  
 But fortune is a cheat,—vengeance upon her!

But ere he was quite dead, or his heart  
 broken,  
 To me these words he said, Pray give this  
 token  
 To my love, for there is than she no fairer;  
 Tell her she must be kind and love the  
 bearer.

Intombed he now doth lye in stately manner,  
 'Cause he fought valiantly for love and hon-  
 or.  
 That right he had in you, to me he gave it;  
 Now since it is my due, pray let me have it.

She, raging, flung away like one distracted,  
 Not knowing what to say, nor what she  
 acted.  
 So last she cursed her fate, and showed her  
 anger,  
 Saying, Friend, you come too late, I'll have  
 no stranger.

To your own house return, I am best pleased  
 Here for my love to mourn, since he's de-  
 ceased.  
 In sable weeds I'll go, let who will jeer me;  
 Since death has served me so, none shall  
 come near me.

The chaste Penelope mourned for Ulysses;  
 I have more grief than she, robbed of my  
 blisses.  
 I'll ne'er love man again, therefore pray hear  
 me;  
 I'll slight you with disdain if you come near  
 me.

I know he loved me well, for when we parted,  
None did in grief excel,—both were true-hearted.  
Those promises we made ne'er shall be broken;  
Those words that then he said ne'er shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said, made his love stronger;  
Off his disguise he laid, and staid no longer.  
When her dear love she knew, in wanton fashion  
Into his arms she flew,—such is love's passion!

He asked her how she liked his counterfeiting,  
Whether she was well pleased with such like greeting?  
You are well versed, quoth she, in several speeches,  
Could you coin money so, you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind that waft thee over!  
May heaven preserve that ship that brought my lover!  
Come kiss me now, my sweet, true love's no slander;  
Thou shalt my Hero be, I thy Leander.

Dido of Carthage queen loved stout Æneas,  
But my true love is found more true than he was.  
Venus ne'er fonder was of younger Adonis,  
Than I will be of thee, since thy love her own is.

Then hand in hand they walk with mirth and pleasure,  
They laugh, they kiss, they talk—love knows no measure.  
Now both do sit and sing—but she sings clearest;  
Like nightingale in spring, Welcome my dearest!

ANONYMOUS.

## THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

## I.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer old,  
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,  
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

## II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;  
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;  
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,  
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,  
He passed by; and his weak spirit fails  
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

## III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue  
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;  
But no—already had his death-bell rung;  
The joys of all his life were said and sung;  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve.  
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

## IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;  
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,  
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;

The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;  
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
 Stared, where upon their heads the cornice  
     rests,  
 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-  
     wise on their breasts.

## v.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
 Numerous as shadows haunting faintly  
 The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with  
     triumphs gay  
 Of old romance. These let us wish away;  
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,  
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry  
     day,  
 On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,  
 As she had heard old dames full many times  
     declare.

## vi.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
 And soft adorings from their loves receive  
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night,  
 If ceremonies due they did aright;  
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;  
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
 Of heaven with upward eyes for all that  
     they desire.

## vii.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;  
 The music, yearning like a god in pain,  
 She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,  
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping  
     train  
 Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain  
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
 And back retired; not cooled by high dis-  
     dain,  
 But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere;  
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest  
     of the year.

## viii.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,  
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and  
     short;

The hallowed hour was near at hand; she  
     sighs  
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort  
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;  
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amorn  
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow  
     morn.

## ix.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the  
     moors,  
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and  
     implores  
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline;  
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen;  
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth  
     such things have been.

## x.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;  
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
 Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;  
 For him, those chambers held barbarian  
     hordes,  
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
 Against his lineage; not one breast affords  
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in  
     soul.

## xi.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,  
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's  
     flame,  
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland.  
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,  
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand.  
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from  
     this place;  
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-  
     thirsty race!



## XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish  
Hildebrand;  
He had a fever late, and in the fit  
He cursed thee and thine, both house and  
land;  
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a  
whit  
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!  
Flit like a ghost away!"—"Ah, gossip dear,  
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair  
sit,  
And tell me how"—"Good saints, not here,  
not here;  
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be  
thy bier."

## XIII.

He followed through a lowly arched way,  
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;  
And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"  
He found him in a little moonlight room,  
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,  
"Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving  
piously."

## XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
Yet men will murder upon holy days;  
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,  
To venture so. It fills me with amaze  
To see thee Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!  
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays  
This very night; good angels her deceive!  
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time  
to grieve."

## XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone  
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,  
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.  
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she  
told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could  
brook  
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments  
cold,  
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

## XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown  
rose,  
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
Made purple riot; then doth he propose  
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:  
"A cruel man and impious thou art!  
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream  
Alone with her good angels, far apart  
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem  
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou  
didst seem."

## XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"  
Quoth Porphyro; "Oh may I ne'er find grace  
When my weak voice shall whisper its last  
prayer,  
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
Or look with ruffian passion in her face;  
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;  
Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,  
And beard them, though they be more fanged  
than wolves and bears."

## XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?  
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard  
thing,  
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight  
toll;  
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and  
evening,  
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth  
she bring  
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;  
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
That Angela gives promise she will do  
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or  
woe.

## XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
 Him in a closet, of such privacy  
 That he might see her beauty unespied,  
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride;  
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,  
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
 Never on such a night have lovers met,  
 Since Merlin paid his demon all the mon-  
 strous debt.

## XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;  
 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there  
 Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour  
 frame  
 Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,  
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
 Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in  
 prayer  
 The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady  
 wed,  
 Or may I never leave my grave among the  
 dead."

## XXI.

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.  
 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;  
 The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear  
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast  
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and  
 chaste;  
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.  
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in  
 her brain.

## XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,  
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware;  
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led  
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!  
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove  
 frayed and fled.

## XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;  
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;  
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin  
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide;  
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!  
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;  
 As though a tongueless nightingale should  
 swell  
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in  
 her dell.

## XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
 All garlanded with carven imageries  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-  
 grass,  
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;  
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of  
 queens and kings.

## XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair  
 breast,  
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and  
 boon;  
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint;  
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,  
 Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint  
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal  
 taint.

## XXVI.

Anon his heart-revives; her vespers done,  
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;  
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm  
 is fled.

## XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,  
 Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed  
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;  
 Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;  
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;  
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims  
   pray;  
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud  
   again.

## XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,  
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced  
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
 Which when he heard, that minute did he  
   bless,  
 And breathed himself; then from the closet  
   crept,  
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,  
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—  
   how fast she slept.

## XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon  
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
 A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon  
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—  
 Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!  
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,  
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—  
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise  
   is gone.

## XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
 In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered;  
 While he from forth the closet brought a  
   heap  
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and  
   gourd;  
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;  
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferred  
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,  
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

## XXXI.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand  
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
 Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand  
 In the retired quiet of the night,  
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—  
 “And now, my love, my seraph fair awake!  
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;  
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul  
   doth ache.”

## XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm  
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
 By the dusk curtains;—'twas a midnight  
   charm  
 Impossible to melt as iced stream:  
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;  
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;  
 It seemed he never, never could redeem  
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;  
 So mused awhile, entailed in woofed phantasies.

## XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest  
   be,  
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
 In Provence called “La belle dame sans  
   mercy;”  
 Close to her ear touching the melody;—  
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan;  
 He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly  
 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone;  
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-  
   sculptured stone.

## XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.  
 There was a painful change, that night ex-  
   pelled  
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;  
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
 And moan forth witless words with many a  
   sigh;  
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keen.

Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous  
eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dream-  
ingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now  
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;  
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill,  
and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complainings  
dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where  
to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—  
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind  
blows  
Like love's alarm pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon  
hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown  
sleet;

"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"

'Tis dark; the iced gusts still rave and beat:

"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!

Porphyro will leave me here to fade and  
pine.—

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,

Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—

A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unpruned  
wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?

Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil  
dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
After so many hours of toil and quest,  
A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.  
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,  
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well  
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairy land,  
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:  
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—  
The bloated wassailers will never heed.  
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—  
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.  
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
For o'er the southern moors I have a home  
for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—  
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they  
found,

In all the house was heard no human sound.  
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each  
door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and  
hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;  
And the long carpets rose along the gusty  
floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!  
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,  
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
With a huge empty flagon by his side;  
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his  
hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;  
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;  
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;  
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges  
groans.

XLII.

And they are gone! ay, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm.



That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,  
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and  
form  
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,  
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old  
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face de-  
form;  
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes  
cold.

JOHN KEATS.

### THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden  
cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with  
all the town!  
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes  
are flowing,  
And the lovely lute doth speak between the  
trumpets' lordly blowing,  
And banners bright from lattice light are  
waving every where,  
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bride-  
groom floats proudly in the air.  
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden  
cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with  
all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—  
He bends him to the people with a calm and  
princely grace;  
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of  
Guadalquiver  
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so  
brave and lovely never.  
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of pur-  
ple mixed with white,  
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he  
will wed to-night.  
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden  
cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with  
all the town!

'What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes  
thine eyes look down?  
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze  
with all the town?

I've heard you say on many a day, and sure  
you said the truth,  
Andalla rides without a peer among all  
Granada's youth:  
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white  
horse doth go  
Beneath his stately master, with a stately  
step and slow:—  
Then rise—Oh! rise, Xarifa, lay the golden  
cushion down;  
Unseen here through the lattice, you may  
gaze with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion  
down,  
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all  
the town;  
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in  
vain her fingers strove,  
And though her needle pressed the silk, no  
flower Xarifa wove;  
One bonny rose-bud she had traced before  
the noise drew nigh—  
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping  
from her eye—  
"No—no!" she sighs—"bid me not rise, nor  
lay my cushion down,  
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing  
town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa—nor lay your  
cushion down—  
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—with all the gazing  
town?  
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and  
how the people cry;  
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye  
still—O, why?"  
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him  
shall I discover  
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth  
with tears, and was my lover?  
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my  
cushion down,  
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing  
town!"

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

## THE DAY-DREAM.

## THE SLEEPING PALACE.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf  
 Clothes and re-clothes the happy plains;  
 Here rests the sap within the leaf;  
 Here stays the blood along the veins.  
 Faint shadows, vapors lightly curled,  
 Faint murmurs from the meadows come,  
 Like hints and echoes of the world  
 To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns  
 On every slanting terrace-lawn,  
 The fountain to his place returns,  
 Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.  
 Here droops the banner on the tower,  
 On the hall-hearths the festal fires,  
 The peacock in his laurel bower,  
 The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs;  
 In these, in those the life is stayed.  
 The mantles from the golden pegs  
 Droop sleepily. No sound is made—  
 Not even of a gnat that sings.  
 More like a picture seemeth all,  
 Than those old portraits of old kings  
 That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask  
 Between his knees, half-drained; and there  
 The wrinkled steward at his task;  
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair,  
 The page has caught her hand in his;  
 Her lips are severed as to speak;  
 His own are pouted to a kiss;  
 The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,  
 The beams, that through the oriel shine,  
 Make prisms in every carven glass,  
 And beaker brimmed with noble wine.  
 Each baron at the banquet sleeps;  
 Grave faces gathered in a ring.  
 His state the king reposing keeps:  
 He must have been a jolly king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows  
 At distance like a little wood;  
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,  
 And grapes with bunches red as blood:

All creeping plants, a wall of green  
 Close-matted, burr and brake and briar  
 And glimpsing over these, just seen,  
 High up, the topmost palace-spire.

When will the hundred summers die,  
 And thought and time be born again,  
 And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,  
 Bring truth that sways the soul of men?  
 Here all things in their place remain,  
 As all were ordered, ages since.  
 Come care and pleasure, hope and pain,  
 And bring the fated fairy prince!

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

YEAR after year unto her feet,  
 She lying on her couch alone,  
 Across the purple coverlet,  
 The maiden's jet-black hair has grown;  
 On either side her tranced form  
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;  
 The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,  
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid  
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould,  
 Languidly ever; and, amid  
 Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,  
 Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm,  
 With bracelets of the diamond bright.  
 Her constant beauty doth inform  
 Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard  
 In palace chambers far apart.  
 The fragrant tresses are not stirred  
 That lie upon her charmed heart.  
 She sleeps; on either hand upswells  
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;  
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

## THE ARRIVAL.

ALL precious things, discovered late,  
 To those that seek them issue forth;  
 For love in sequel works with fate,  
 And draws the veil from hidden worth.  
 He travels far from other skies—  
 His mantle glitters on the rocks—  
 A fairy prince, with joyful eyes,  
 And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those  
 That strove in other days to pass,  
 Are withered in the thorny close,  
 Or scattered blanching in the grass.  
 He gazes on the silent dead :  
 "They perished in their daring deeds."  
 This proverb flashes through his head :  
 "The many fail; the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks.  
 He breaks the hedge; he enters there;  
 The color flies into his cheeks;  
 He trusts to light on something fair;  
 For all his life the charm did talk  
 About his path, and hover near  
 With words of promise in his walk,  
 And whispered voices in his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind;  
 The magic music in his heart  
 Beats quick and quicker, till he find  
 The quiet chamber far apart.  
 His spirit flutters like a lark,  
 He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee :  
 "Love, if thy tresses be so dark,  
 How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

## THE REVIVAL.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the chain was snapt.  
 There rose a noise of striking clocks;  
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;  
 A fuller light illumined all;  
 A breeze through all the garden swept;  
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall;  
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
 The butler drank, the steward scrawled,  
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
 The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled;  
 The maid and page renewed their strife;  
 The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt;  
 And all the long-pent stream of life  
 Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,  
 And in his chair himself upreared,  
 And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke;  
 "By holy rood, a royal beard!

How say you? we have slept, my lords—  
 My beard has grown into my lap."  
 The barons swore, with many words,  
 'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still  
 My joints are something stiff or so.  
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
 I mentioned half an hour ago?"  
 The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
 In courteous words returned reply;  
 But dallied with his golden chain,  
 And, smiling, put the question by.

## THE DEPARTURE.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,  
 And round her waist she felt it fold;  
 And far across the hills they went  
 In that new world which is the old.  
 Across the hills, and far away  
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
 And deep into the dying day,  
 The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,  
 O love, for such another kiss!"  
 "Oh wake for ever, love," she hears,  
 "O love, 't was such as this and this."  
 And o'er them many a sliding star,  
 And many a merry wind was borne,  
 And, streamed through many a golden bar,  
 The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"  
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"  
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"  
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"  
 And o'er them many a flowing range  
 Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;  
 And, rapt through many a rosy change,  
 The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?  
 And whither goest thou, tell me where!"  
 "Oh seek my father's court with me,  
 For there are greater wonders there"  
 And o'er the hills, and far away  
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
 Beyond the night, across the day,  
 Through all the world she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay,  
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,  
 Had blended with the lights of eve;  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight;  
 She stood and listened to my lay,  
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
 She loves me best whene'er I sing  
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air;  
 I sang an old and moving story—  
 An old, rude song, that suited well  
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
 For well she knew I could not choose  
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore  
 Upon his shield a burning brand;  
 And that for ten long years he wooed  
 The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined—and ah!  
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
 With which I sang another's love,  
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
 And she forgave me that I gazed  
 Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn  
 That crazed that bold and lovely knight,

And that he crossed the mountain-woods,  
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
 And sometimes starting up at once  
 In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face  
 An angel beautiful and bright;  
 And that he knew it was a fiend,  
 This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,  
 He leaped amid a murderous band,  
 And saved from outrage worse than death,  
 The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees;  
 And how she tended him in vain—  
 And ever strove to expiate  
 The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;  
 And how his madness went away,  
 When on the yellow forest-leaves  
 A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached  
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
 My faltering voice and pausing harp  
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;  
 The music and the doleful tale,  
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
 An undistinguishable throng,  
 And gentle wishes long subdued,  
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight—  
 She blushed with love, and virgin shame;  
 And like the murmur of a dream,  
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside—  
 As conscious of my look she stepped—  
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms;  
 She pressed me with a meek embrace;



And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 't was a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped  
into the well,  
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot  
tell—  
'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke  
Albuharez' daughter:—  
The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath  
the cold blue water;  
To me did Muça give them, when he spake  
his sad farewell,  
And what to say when he comes back, alas!  
I cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were  
pearls in silver set,  
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er  
should him forget;  
That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor  
smile on other's tale,  
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as  
those ear-rings pale.  
When he comes back, and hears that I have  
dropped them in the well,  
Oh! what will Muça think of me?—I cannot,  
cannot tell!

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they  
should have been,  
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and  
glittering sheen,  
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shin-  
ing clear,  
Changing to the changing light, with radiance  
insincere;

That changeful mind unchanging gems are  
not befitting well,  
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas!  
I cannot tell.

He'll think, when I to market went I loitered  
by the way;  
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads  
might say;  
He'll think some other lover's hand, among  
my tresses noosed,  
From the ears where he had placed them my  
rings of pearl unloosed;  
He'll think when I was sporting so beside  
his marble well  
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I  
cannot tell.

He'll say, I am a woman, and we are all the  
same;  
He'll say, I loved, when he was here to  
whisper of his flame—  
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth  
had broken,  
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not  
for his token.  
My ear-rings! my ear-rings: oh! luckless,  
luckless well,—  
For what to say to Muça—alas! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he  
will believe—  
That I thought of him at morning and thought  
of him at eve;  
That, musing on my lover, when down the  
sun was gone,  
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the foun-  
tain all alone;  
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when  
from my hand they fell,  
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as  
they lie in the well.

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

#### SERRANA.

I NE'ER on the border  
Saw girl fair as Rosa,  
The charming milk-maiden  
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey  
To Santa Maria  
Of Calataveño,  
From weary desire  
Of sleep, down a valley  
I strayed, where young Rosa  
I saw, the milk-maiden  
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,  
'Midst roses and grasses,  
Her herd she was tending,  
With other fair lasses;  
So lovely her aspect,  
I could not suppose her  
A simple milk-maiden  
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses  
Have half her smile's sweetness,  
Or mild, modest beauty;  
I speak with discreteness.  
Oh, had I beforehand  
But known of this Rosa,  
The lovely milk-maiden  
Of fair Finojosa!

Her very great beauty  
Had not so subdued,  
Because it had left me,  
To do as I would.  
I have said more, O fair one,  
By learning 't was Rosa,  
The charming milk-maiden  
Of sweet Finojosa.

LOPE DE MENDOZA. (Spanish.)

Translation of J. H. WIFFEN.

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;  
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;  
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,  
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting--  
"Eileen, aelora, I hear some one tapping."  
"Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."  
Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer  
wind dying."  
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the  
foot's stirring;  
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden  
singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window,  
I wonder?"  
"Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush  
under."  
"What makes you be shoving and moving  
your stool on,  
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The  
Coolun?'"  
There's a form at the casement—the form of  
her true-love—  
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm wait-  
ing for you, love;  
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step  
lightly,  
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's  
shining brightly."  
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the  
foot's stirring;  
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden  
singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays  
her fingers,  
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet  
lingers;  
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy  
grandmother,  
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel  
with the other.  
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's  
sound;  
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of  
her lover.  
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel  
swings;  
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing  
and moving,  
Through the grove the young lovers by moon-  
light are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

### WATCH SONG.

THE sun is gone down,  
And the moon upward springeth;  
The night creepeth onward;  
The nightingale singeth.  
To himself said a watchman,  
"Is any knight waiting  
In pain for his lady.  
To give her his greeting?  
Now, then, for their meeting!"

His words heard a knight,  
In the garden while roaming:  
"Ah, watchman!" he said,  
"Is the daylight-fast coming?  
And may I not see her,  
And wilt not thou aid me?"  
"Go, wait in thy covert,  
Lest the cock crow reveillé,  
And the dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that watchman,  
And called for the fair;  
And gently he roused her:  
"Rise, lady! prepare!  
New tidings I bring thee,  
And strange to thine ear;  
Come, rouse thee up quickly—  
Thy knight tarries near;  
Rise, lady! appear!"

"Ah, watchman! though purely  
The moon shines above,  
Yet trust not securely  
That feigned tale of love.  
Far, far from my presence  
My own knight is straying;  
And, sadly repining,  
I mourn his long staying,  
And weep his delaying."

"Nay, lady! yet trust me,  
No falsehood is there."  
Then up sprang that lady  
And braided her hair,

And donned her white garment,  
Her purest of white;  
And her heart with joy trembling,  
She rushed to the sight  
Of her own faithful knight.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Translation of EDGAR TAYLOR.

### THE OLD STORY.

HE came across the meadow-pass,  
That summer eve of eves—  
The sunlight streamed along the grass  
And glanced amid the leaves;  
And from the shrubbery below,  
And from the garden trees,  
He heard the thrushes' music flow  
And humming of the bees;  
The garden gate was swung apart—  
The space was brief between;  
But there, for throbbing of his heart,  
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden-gate;  
He looked, and scarce he breathed;  
Within the little porch she sat,  
With woodbine overwreathed;  
Her eyes upon her work were bent,  
Unconscious who was nigh:  
But oft the needle slowly went,  
And oft did idle lie:  
And ever to her lips arose  
Sweet fragments sweetly sung,  
But ever, ere the notes could close,  
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies as they come and go,  
Her pure face speaks the while;  
For now it is a fitting glow,  
And now a breaking smile;  
And now it is a graver shade,  
When holier thoughts are there—  
An angel's pinion might be stayed  
To see a sight so fair;  
But still they hid her looks of light,  
Those downcast eyelids pale—  
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,  
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge  
Had rested on the hill,  
And, save one thrush from out the hedge,  
Both bower and grove were still.

The sun had almost bade farewell;  
 But one reluctant ray  
 Still loved within that porch to dwell,  
 As charmed there to stay—  
 It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,  
 And through the woodbine fringe,  
 And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,  
 And bathed her in its tinge.

"O beauty of my heart!" he said,  
 "O darling, darling mine!  
 Was ever light of evening shed  
 On loveliness like thine?  
 Why should I ever leave this spot,  
 But gaze until I die?"  
 A moment from that bursting thought  
 She felt his footstep nigh,  
 One sudden, lifted glance—but one—  
 A tremor and a start—  
 So gently was their greeting done  
 That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,  
 And all his golden hail  
 Had died away to lines of brown,  
 In duskier hues that fail.  
 The grasshopper was chirping shrill—  
 No other living sound  
 Accompanied the tiny rill  
 That gurgled under ground—  
 No other living sound, unless  
 Some spirit bent to hear  
 Low words of human tenderness  
 And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,  
 Deep in the liquid sky,  
 Now forth upon the darkness burst,  
 Sole kings and lights on high;  
 For splendor, myriad-fold, supreme,  
 No rival moonlight strove;  
 Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,  
 Nor more majestic Jove.  
 But what if hearts there beat that night  
 That recked not of the skies,  
 Or only felt their imaged light  
 In one another's eyes?

And if two worlds of hidden thought  
 And longing passion met,  
 Which, passing human language, sought  
 And found an utterance yet;

And if they trembled as the flowers  
 That droop across the stream,  
 And muse the while the starry hours  
 Wait o'er them like a dream;  
 And if, when came the parting time,  
 They faltered still and clung;  
 What is it all?—an ancient rhyme  
 Ten thousand times besung—  
 That part of Paradise which man  
 Without the portal knows,—  
 Which hath been since the world began,  
 And shall be till its close.

ANONYMOUS.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye—  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye shall be his bride;  
 And ye shall be his bride, ladye  
 Sae comely to be seen."—  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley dale:  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen."—  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you the foremost of them a'  
 Shall ride, our forest queen."—  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide;  
 The tapers glimmered fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And knight and dame are there;  
 They sought her both by bower and ha';  
 The ladye was not seen,—  
 She's o'er the border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



## LOCHINVAR.

On, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word.)  
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet—the knight took it up;  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whispered,—"T were better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:  
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

UNDER yonder beech-tree standing on the  
green sward,  
Couched with her arms behind her little head,  
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her  
bosom,  
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.  
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her!  
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded  
slow,  
Waking on the instant she could not but em-  
brace me—  
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?  
  
Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the  
swallow;  
Swift as the swallow when, athwart the west-  
ern flood,  
Circling the surface, he meets his mirrored  
winglets—  
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.  
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine  
tops;  
Gentle—ah! that she were jealous—as the  
dove!  
Full of all the wildness of the woodland crea-  
tures,  
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!  
  
What can have taught her distrust of all I tell  
her?  
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my  
brows?  
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-  
tales—  
What can have taught her distrust of all my  
vows?  
No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eve-  
tide,  
Whispering together beneath the listening  
moon,  
I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till  
she faltered—  
Fluttered to my bosom—ah! to fly away so  
soon!  
  
When her mother tends her before the laugh-  
ing mirror,  
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,

Often she thinks—were this wild thing  
wedded,  
I should have more love, and much less care.  
When her mother tends her before the bash-  
ful mirror,  
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,  
Often she thinks—were this wild thing  
wedded,  
I should lose but one for so many boys and  
girls.  
  
Clambering roses peep into her chamber;  
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet  
White-necked swallows, twittering of sum-  
mer,  
Fill her with balm and nested peace from  
head to feet.  
Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,  
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on  
the leaves?  
Will the autumn garners see her still un-  
gathered,  
When the fickle swallows forsake the weep-  
ing eaves?  
  
Comes a sudden question—should a strange  
hand pluck her!  
Oh! what an anguish smites me at the thought!  
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with  
jewels!—  
Can such beauty ever thus be bought?  
Sometimes the huntsmen, prancing down the  
valley,  
Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;  
They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!  
Would she were older and could read my  
worth!  
  
Are there not sweet maidens, if she still deny  
me?  
Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?  
Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,  
Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?  
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before  
me—  
Through the milky meadows from flower to  
flower she flies,  
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled  
eyelids  
From the golden love that looks too eager in  
her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face  
 gazes  
 Out on the weather through the window  
 panes,  
 Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily  
 Bursting out of bud on the rippled river  
 plains.  
 When from bed she rises, clothed from neck  
 to ankle  
 In her long night gown, sweet as boughs of  
 May,  
 Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily,  
 Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twin-  
 kles  
 Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;  
 When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy  
 up the twilight,  
 And the gold sun wakes and weds her in the  
 blue.  
 Then when my darling tempts the early  
 breezes,  
 She the only star that dies not with the dark!  
 Powerless to speak all the ardor of my pas-  
 sion,  
 I catch her little hand as we listen to the  
 lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their  
 sweethearts?  
 Season after season tell a fruitless tale?  
 Will not the virgin listen to their voices?  
 Take the honeyed meaning, wear the bridal  
 veil?  
 Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare  
 branches?  
 Waits she the garlands of spring for her  
 dower?  
 Is she a nightingale that will not be nested  
 Till the April woodland has built her bridal  
 bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds  
 and beauties!  
 With thy crescent brows and thy flowery,  
 showery glee;  
 With thy budding leafage and fresh green  
 pastures;  
 And may thy lustrous crescent grow a bon-  
 eynoon for me!

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the  
 violet!  
 Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue  
 delight!  
 Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish  
 longer!  
 Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

### LADY CLARE.

LORD RONALD courted Lady Clare,  
 I trow they did not part in scorn;  
 Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her,  
 And they will wed the morrow morn.

"He does not love me for my birth,  
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
 He loves me for my own true worth,  
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
 Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"  
 "It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
 "To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,  
 "That all comes round so just and fair:  
 Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
 And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my  
 nurse?"  
 Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"  
 "As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
 "I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast—  
 I speak the truth as I live by bread!  
 I buried her like my own sweet child,  
 And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
 O mother," she said, "if this be true,  
 To keep the best man under the sun  
 So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse  
 "But keep the secret for your life,  
 And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
 When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
 "I will speak out, for I dare not lie.  
 Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,  
 And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
 "But keep the secret all ye can."  
 She said, "Not so; but I will know  
 If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,  
 "The man will cleave unto his right."  
 "And he shall have it," the lady replied,  
 "Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!  
 Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."  
 "O mother, mother, mother!" she said,  
 "So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,  
 My mother dear, if this be so;  
 And lay your hand upon my head,  
 And bless me mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in russet gown,  
 She was no longer Lady Clare;  
 She went by dale, and she went by down,  
 With a single rose in her hair.

A lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
 Leapt up from where she lay,  
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,  
 And followed her all the way.

Down stopt Lord Ronald from his tower:  
 "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!  
 Why come you drest like a village maid,  
 That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,  
 I am but as my fortunes are:  
 I am a beggar born," she said,  
 "And not the lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
 "For I am yours in word and deed;  
 Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh and proudly stood she up!  
 Her heart within her did not fail;  
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;  
 He turned and kissed her where she stood:  
 "If you are not the heiress born,  
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,  
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,  
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNISON.

## THE LETTERS.

### I.

STILL on the tower stood the vane;  
 A black yew gloomed the stagnant air;  
 I peered athwart the chancel pane  
 And saw the altar cold and bare.  
 A clog of lead was round my feet,  
 A band of pain across my brow;  
 "Cold altar, heaven and earth shall meet  
 Before you hear my marriage vow."

### II.

I turned and hummed a bitter song  
 That mocked the wholesome human heart;  
 And then we met in wrath and wrong,  
 We met, but only meant to part.  
 Full cold my greeting was and dry;  
 She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;  
 I saw, with half-unconscious eye,  
 She wore the colors I approved.

### III.

She took the little ivory chest—  
 With half a sigh she turned the key;  
 Then raised her head with lips comprest,  
 And gave my letters back to me.  
 And gave the trinkets and the rings,  
 My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;  
 As looks a father on the things  
 Of his dead son, I looked on these.



## IV.

She told me all her friends had said;  
 I raged against the public liar.  
 She talked as if her love were dead;  
 But in my words were seeds of fire.  
 "No more of love; your sex is known:  
 I never will be twice deceived.  
 Henceforth I trust the man alone—  
 The woman cannot be believed.

## V.

"Through slander, meanest spawn of hell  
 (And woman's slander is the worst),  
 And you, whom once I loved so well—  
 Through you my life will be accurst."  
 I spoke with heart, and heat and force,  
 I shook her breast with vague alarms—  
 Like torrents from a mountain source  
 We rushed into each other's arms.

## VI.

We parted. Sweetly gleamed the stars,  
 And sweet the vapor-braided blue;  
 Low breezes fanned the belfry bars,  
 As homeward by the church I drew.  
 The very graves appeared to smile,  
 So fresh they rose in shadowed swells;  
 "Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,  
 There comes a sound of marriage bells."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## SONNETS.

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assailed, or victor being charged;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged.  
 If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,  
 Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts  
 shouldst owe.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the  
 ground;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treas-  
 ure;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then bettered that the world may see my  
 pleasure;  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by clean starved for a look;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.  
 Thus do I pine and suffer day by day:  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possess-  
 ing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing.  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
 knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment mak-  
 ing.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth  
 flatter  
 In sleep a king; but waking no such matter.

SOME say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
 Some say thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;  
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and  
 less;  
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteemed,  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,  
 To truths translated, and for true things  
 deemed.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy  
state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good re-  
port.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days  
seen,

What old December's bareness everywhere!  
And yet this time removed was summer's  
time;

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widowed wombs after their lords' de-  
cease;

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me  
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the win-  
ter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April dressed in all his  
trim,

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with  
him.

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where  
they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
They are but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you—you pattern of all those.

Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—

Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy  
sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath? the purple  
pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion  
dwells,

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

The lily I condemned for thy hand,

And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,

One blushing shame, another white despair;

A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,

And to this robbery had annexed thy breath;

But for his theft, in pride of all his growth

A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,

But sweet in color it had stolen from thee.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time

I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,

In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;

Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,

Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,

I see their antique pen would have expressed

Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies

Of this our time, all you prefiguring;

And for they looked but with divining eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to sing;

For we, which now behold these present

days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to

praise.

Nor mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to  
come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,

And the sad augurs mock their own presage;

Uncertainties now crown themselves assured,

And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Now, with the drops of this most balmy time

My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass  
are spent.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments; love is not love,  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height  
be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

On! never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth  
lie.

That is my home of love; if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels, I return again—  
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged;  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reigned  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stained,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;

For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SONNETS.

Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of  
peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's re-  
lease,

The indifferent judge between the high and  
low!

With shield of proof, shield me from out the  
prease

Of those fierce darts despair doth at me  
throw.

Oh make in me those civil wars to cease;  
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest  
bed,

A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,  
A rosy garland and a weary head;

And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,  
And yet to break more staves did me ad-  
dress;

While with the people's shouts I must confess,  
Youth, luck, and praise e'en filled my veins  
with pride;

When Cupid having me, his slave, desiered  
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,

"What now, Sir Fool?" said he, "I would  
no less;

Look here I say."—I looked and Stella spied,  
Who, hard by, made a window send forth  
light;

My heart then quaked; then dazzled were  
mine eyes;

One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight;  
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly  
cries.

My foe came on and beat the air for me,  
Till that her blush taught me my shame to  
see.

O HAPPY Thames that didst my Stella bear;  
I saw myself with many a smiling line  
Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,  
While those fair planets on thy streams did  
shine;

The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;  
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine  
Ravished, staid not till in her golden hair  
They did themselves, oh sweetest prison!  
twine;

And fain those Eol's youth there would their  
stay

Have made, but forced by nature still to fly,  
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.  
She so dishevelled, blushed:—from window I,  
With sight thereof, cried out, oh fair disgrace!  
Let honor's self to thee grant highest place.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon thou climb'st  
the skies—

How silently, and with how wan a face!  
What! may it be, that even in heavenly  
place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace;  
To me that feel the like thy state describes.  
Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me—  
Is constant love deemed there but want of  
wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth  
possess?

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SONNET.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays;  
And what by mortals in this world is brought,  
In time's great periods shall return to nought;  
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.  
I know that all the muses' heavenly lays,  
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,

As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;  
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.  
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower  
To which one morn oft birth and death af-  
fords,

That love a jarring is of mind's accords,  
Where sense and will bring under reason's  
power:

Know what I list, this all cannot me move,  
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SONNET.

IF it be true that any beauteous thing  
Raises the pure and just desire of man  
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,  
Such I believe my love; for as in her  
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,  
I view the gentle work of her Creator,  
I have no care for any other thing,  
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,  
Since the effect is not of my own power,  
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,  
Enamored through the eyes,  
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,  
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,  
As to its end, and honors in admiring;  
For who adores the Maker needs must love  
His work.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep  
pace,

And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;  
For if of our affections none find grace

In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God  
made

The world which we inhabit? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid,

Who such divinity to thee imparts



As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.

His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour :  
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power

Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,

That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way

Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."

For these things in themselves, beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—

A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away  
To a man dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully  
I ring out to the full brown length, and say,  
"Take it!" My day of youth went yesterday;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,  
As girls do, any more. It only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,

Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside

Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral shears

Would take this first, but love is justified,—  
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,

The kiss my mother left there when she died.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated

Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it,

Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,  
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.

Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain

Cry: "Speak once more—thou lovest!"  
Who can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—

Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—  
toll

The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,  
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange  
And be all to me? Shall I never miss  
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss  
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,

When I took up, to drop on a new range  
Of walls and floors—another home than this?

Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is  
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?

That's hardest. If to conquer love has tried,  
To conquer grief tries more, as all things prove;

For grief indeed is love and grief beside.  
Alas, I have grieved so, I am hard to love.

Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart  
wide,  
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;  
And, ever since, it grew more clean and  
white,  
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its  
"O list!"

When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in  
height

The first, and sought the forehead, and half  
missed,

Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed!  
That was the chrism of love, which love's  
own crown,

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,  
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my  
own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:  
I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and  
height

My soul can reach, when feeling, out of sight,  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's  
faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the  
breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God  
choose,

I shal. but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,  
In a morne by break of daye,  
With a troupe of damselfs playing,  
Forth I yode forsooth a-maying;

Where anon by a wood side,  
Where as May was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot;  
He wold love, and she wold not.  
She sayd never man was trewe;  
He sayes none was false to you.

He sayde hee had lovde her longe;  
She sayes love should have no wronge.  
Corydon wold kisse her then;  
She sayes maids must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.  
When she made the shepperde call  
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,  
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with many a prettie othe,  
Yea, and naye, and faithe and trothe—  
Such as seelie shepperdes use  
When they will not love abuse—

Love, that had bene long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweete concluded;  
And Phillida with garlands gaye  
Was made the ladye of the Maye.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

Love is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that most with cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,  
 A tempest everlasting;  
 And Jove hath made it of a kind,  
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting.  
 Why so?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
 Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

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### THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCAS-  
 TRIAN MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,  
 Placed in thy bosom bare,  
 'T will blush to find itself less white,  
 And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,  
 As kiss it thou mayest deign,  
 With envy pale 't will lose its dye,  
 And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS.

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### TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love!  
 Wherein my lady rideth!  
 Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,  
 And well the car Love guideth.  
 As shē goes, all hearts do duty  
 Unto her beauty.  
 And, enamored, do wish, so they might  
 But enjoy such a sight,  
 That they still were to run by her side  
 Through swords, through seas, whither she  
 would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light  
 All that Love's world compriseth;  
 Do but look on her hair! it is bright  
 As Love's star when it riseth!  
 Do but mark—her forehead's smoother  
 Than words that soothe her!

And from her arched brows such a grace  
 Sheds itself through the face,  
 As alone there triumphs to the life,  
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements  
 strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
 Before rude hands have touched it?  
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow,  
 Before the soil hath snatched it?  
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver?  
 Or swan's down ever?  
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?  
 Or the nard i' the fire?  
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
 Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she

BEN JONSON

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### AN EARNEST SUIT

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay! for shame!  
 To save thee from the blame  
 Of all my grief and grame.  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 That hath loved thee so long,  
 In wealth and woe among?  
 And is thy heart so strong  
 As for to leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 That hath given thee my heart,  
 Never for to depart,  
 Neither for pain nor smart?  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 And have no more pity  
 Of him that loveth thee  
 Alas! thy cruelty!  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

SIR THOMAS WYAT

## DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

NOBLEST Charis, you that are  
 Both my fortune and my star!  
 And do govern more my blood,  
 Than the various moon the flood!  
 Hear what late discourse of you  
 Love and I have had; and true.  
 'Mongst my muses finding me,  
 Where he chanced your name to see  
 Set, and to this softer strain:  
 "Sure," said he, "if I have brain,  
 This here sung can be no other  
 By description, but my mother!  
 So hath Homer praised her hair;  
 So Anacreon drawn the air  
 Of her face, and made to rise,  
 Just about her sparkling eyes,  
 Both her brows, bent like my bow.  
 By her looks I do her know,  
 Which you call my shafts. And see!  
 Such my mother's blushes be,  
 As the bath your verse discloses  
 In her cheeks of milk and roses;  
 Such as oft I wanton in.  
 And above her even chin,  
 Have you placed the bank of kisses  
 Where, you say, men gather blisses,  
 Ripened with a breath more sweet,  
 Than when flowers and west winds meet.  
 Nay, her white and polished neck,  
 With the lace that doth it deck,  
 Is my mother's! hearts of slain  
 Lovers, made into a chain!  
 And between each rising breast  
 Lies the valley called my nest,  
 Where I sit and proyne my wings  
 After flight; and put new strings  
 To my shafts! Her very name,  
 With my mother's is the same."  
 "I confess all," I replied,  
 "And the glass hangs by her side,  
 And the girdle 'bout her waist,  
 All is Venus; save unchaste.  
 But, alas! thou seest the least  
 Of her good, who is the best  
 Of her sex; but couldst thou, Love,  
 Call to mind the forms that strove  
 For the apple, and those three  
 Make in one, the same were she.

For this beauty still doth hide  
 Something more than thou hast spied.  
 Outward grace weak Love beguiles:  
 She is Venus when she smiles,  
 But she's Juno when she walks,  
 And Minerva when she talks."

BEN JONSON.

## TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine;  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not withered be.  
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me;  
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

PHILOSTRATUS. (Greek.)

Translation of BEN JONSON.

## CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
 At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;  
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows—  
 Loses them too; then down he throws  
 The coral of his lip, the rose  
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);  
 With these the crystal of his brow,  
 And then the dimple of his chin;  
 All these did my Campaspe win.  
 At last he set her both his eyes;  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
 O Love! has she done this to thee?  
 What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY.



## HEAR, YE LADIES.

HEAR, ye ladies that despise  
 What the mighty Love hath done ;  
 Hear examples, and be wise :  
 Fair Calisto was a nun ;  
 Leda sailing on the stream,  
 To deceive the hopes of man,  
 Love accounting but a dream,  
 Doted on a silver swan ;  
 Danaë in a brazen tower,  
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,  
 What the mighty Love can do ;  
 Hear the fierceness of the boy ;  
 The chaste moon he makes to woo.  
 Vesta kindling holy fires,  
 Circled round about with spies,  
 Never dreaming loose desires,  
 Doting at the altar dies.  
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher  
 He can once more build and once more  
 fire.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

## SHALL I TELL.

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?  
 Harken then a while to me ;  
 And if such a woman move  
 As I now shall versify,  
 Be assured 't is she, or none,  
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right  
 As she scorns the help of art.  
 In as many virtues dight  
 As e'er yet embraced a heart.  
 So much good so truly tried,  
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire  
 To make known how much she hath ;  
 And her anger flames no higher  
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath.  
 Full of pity as may be,  
 Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,  
 And her virtues grace her birth ;  
 Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth.  
 Likelihood enough to prove  
 Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know  
 Such a one as I have sung ;  
 Be she brown, or fair, or so  
 That she be but somewhat young ;  
 Be assured 't is she, or none,  
 That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE

## BEAUTY CLEAR AND FAIR.

BEAUTY clear and fair,  
 Where the air  
 Rather like a perfume dwells ;  
 Where the violet and the rose  
 Their blue veins in blush disclose,  
 And come to honor nothing else ;

Where to live near,  
 And planted there,  
 Is to live, and still live new ;  
 Where to gain a favor is  
 More than light, perpetual bliss,—  
 Make me live by serving you !

Dear, again back recall  
 To this light  
 A stranger to himself and all ;  
 Both the wonder and the story  
 Shall be yours, and eke the glory ;  
 I am your servant, and your thrall.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

## SPEAK, LOVE !

DEAREST, do not delay me,  
 Since, thou knowest, I must be gone ;  
 Wind and tide, 't is thought, do stay me ;  
 But 't is wind that must be blown  
 From that breath, whose native smell  
 Indian odors far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair!  
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee;  
 But perfume this neighboring air,  
 Else dull silence, sure, will starve me;  
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,  
 Which, being restrained, a heart is broken.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

### TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away  
 That so sweetly were forsworn,  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 ' Lights that do mislead the morn!  
 But my kisses bring again,  
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
 Are of those that April wears.  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

### YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
 That poorly satisfy our eyes  
 More by your number than your light—  
 You common people of the skies—  
 What are you when the moon shall rise;

You curious chanters of the wood,  
 That warble forth dame nature's lays,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By your weak accents—what's your praise  
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,  
 By your pure purple mantles known,  
 Like the proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the spring were all your own—  
 What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen  
 In form and beauty of her mind;  
 By virtue first, then choice, a queen—  
 Tell me, if she were not designed  
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON

### THE LOVER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light  
 The nightingale does sit so late,  
 And, studying all the summer night,  
 Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend  
 No war, nor prince's funeral,  
 Shining unto no other end  
 Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame  
 To wandering mowers shows the way,  
 That in the night have lost their aim,  
 And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,  
 Since Juliana here is come;  
 For she my mind hath so displaced,  
 That I shall never find my home.

ANDREW MARVELL

### MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER,

#### UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS.

AMONG the myrtles as I walt,  
 Love and my sighs thus intertalkt;  
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,  
 Where I may find my shepherdess.  
 Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?  
 In every thing that's sweet, she is.  
 In yond' carnation go and seek,  
 Where thou shalt find her lip and cheek;  
 In that enamelled pansy by,  
 There thou shalt have her curious eye;  
 In bloom of peach and rose's bud,  
 There waves the streamer of her blood.  
 'Tis true, said I; and thereupon,  
 I went to pluck them, one by one,

To make of parts an union ;  
 But on a sudden all were gone.  
 At which I stopt ; said Love, these be  
 The true resemblances of thee ;  
 For as these flowers, thy joys must die,  
 And in the turning of an eye ;  
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### PANGLORY'S WOOING SONG.

Love is the blossom where there blows  
 Every thing that lives or grows.  
 Love doth make the heavens to move,  
 And the sun doth burn in love.  
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,  
 And makes the ivy climb the oak ;  
 Under whose shadows lions wild,  
 Softened by love, grow tame and mild.  
 Love no med'cine can appease ;  
 He burns the fishes in the seas ;  
 Not all the skill his wounds can stench ;  
 Not all the sea his fire can quench.  
 Love did make the bloody spear  
 Once a heavy coat to wear ;  
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay  
 Sweet birds, for love that sing and play ;  
 And of all love's joyful flame,  
 I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,  
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that below  
 Now as fresh as morning blow ;  
 And of all, the virgin rose,  
 That as bright Aurora shows—  
 How they all unleaved die,  
 Losing their virginity ;  
 Like unto a summer-shade,  
 But now born, and now they fade.  
 Every thing doth pass away ;  
 There is danger in delay.  
 Come, come gather then the rose,  
 Gather it, or it you lose.  
 All the sand of Tagus' shore  
 Into my bosom casts his ore ;  
 All the valleys' swimming corn  
 To my house is yearly borne ;

Every grape of every vine  
 Is gladly bruised to make me wine ;  
 While ten thousand kings, as proud  
 To carry up my train, have bowed ;  
 And a world of ladies send me,  
 In my chambers to attend me.  
 All the stars in heaven that shine,  
 And ten thousand more are mine.  
 Only bend thy knee to me,  
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

GILES FLETCHER

### CASTARA.

Like the violet, which alone  
 Prospers in some happy shade,  
 My Castara lives unknown,  
 To no ruder eye betrayed ;  
 For she's to herself untrue  
 Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts  
 Have enriched with borrowed grace.  
 Her high birth no pride imparts,  
 For she blushes in her place.  
 Folly boasts a glorious blood,—  
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet  
 What a wanton courtship meant ;  
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,  
 In her silence, eloquent.  
 Of herself survey she takes,  
 But 'tween men no difference makes

She obeys with speedy will  
 Her grave parents' wise commands ;  
 And so innocent, that ill  
 She nor acts, nor understands.  
 Women's feet run still astray  
 If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,  
 Where oft virtue splits her mast ;  
 And retiredness thinks the port,  
 Where her fame may anchor cast.  
 Virtue safely cannot sit  
 Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best  
 Where sin waits not on delight;  
 Without mask, or ball, or feast,  
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.  
 O'er that darkness whence is thrust  
 Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,  
 While wild passions captive lie;  
 And each article of time,  
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly;  
 All her vows religious be,  
 And she vows her love to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

### CANZONET.

THE golden sun that brings the day,  
 And lends men light to see withal,  
 In vain doth cast his beams away,  
 When they are blind on whom they fall;  
 There is no force in all his light  
 To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he  
 That shines at noon in summer tide,  
 Hast given me light and power to see,  
 With perfect skill my sight to guide;  
 Till now I lived as blind as mole  
 That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauty's grace,  
 Yet deemed it nought but poet's skill;  
 I gazed on many a lovely face,  
 Yet found I none to bend my will;  
 Which made me think that beauty bright  
 Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,  
 I blush to think I was so blind;  
 Thy flaming eyes afford me light,  
 That beauty's blaze each where I find;  
 And yet those dames that shine so bright  
 Are but the shadows of thy light.

THOMAS WATSON.

### THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,  
 The shooting-starres attend thee;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.  
 No Will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,  
 Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;  
 But on thy way,  
 Not making stay,  
 Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;  
 What though the moon does slumber?  
 The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light,  
 Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me;  
 And when I shall meet  
 Thy silvery feet,  
 My soule I'll pour into thee!

ROBERT HEBBORN

### TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
 That from the nunnerie  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
 To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase—  
 The first foe in the field;  
 And with a stronger faith imbrace  
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such.  
 As you, too, should adore;  
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
 Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE



## DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires—  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires.  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win  
My resolved heart to return;  
I have searched thy soul within,  
And find nought but pride and scorn;  
I have learned thy arts, and now  
Can disdain as much as thou.  
Some power, in my revenge, convey  
That love to her I cast away!

THOMAS CAREW.

## TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye—  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free—  
Fishes, that tittle in the deep,  
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my king;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be—  
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free—  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE

## TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be  
Away from thee;  
Or that, when I am gone,  
You or I were alone;  
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing  
wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
To swell my sail,  
Or pay a tear to 'suage  
The foaming blue-god's rage;  
For, whether he will let me pass  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,  
Our faith and troth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls:  
Above the highest sphere we meet,  
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i' th' skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits unconfined  
In heaven—their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

## SUPERSTITION.

I CARE not, though it be  
By the preciser sort thought popery ;  
We poets can a license show  
For every thing we do.  
Hear, then, my little saint ! I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,  
Amidst its various joys, can leisure find  
To attend to any thing so low  
As what I say or do,  
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blest above  
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither  
rove ;  
Fain would I thy sweet image see,  
And sit and talk with thee ;  
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah ! what delight 't would be,  
Wouldst thou sometimes, by stealth, converse  
with me !  
How should I thy sweet commune prize,  
And other joys despise ;  
Come, then, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain  
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in  
pain ;  
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know  
Of thy escape below ;  
Before thou 'rt missed, thou shouldst return  
again.

Sure heaven must needs thy love,  
As well as other qualities, improve ;  
Come, then, and recreate my sight  
With rays of thy pure light ;  
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps  
above.

But if fate's so severe  
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,  
(And by thy absence I shall know  
Whether thy state be so,)  
Live happy, and be mindful of me there.

JOHN NORRIS.

## A SONG.

To thy lover,  
Dear, discover  
That sweet blush of thine, that shameth  
(When those roses  
It discloses)  
All the flowers that nature nameth.

In free air  
Flow thy hair,  
That no more summer's best dresses  
Be beholden  
For their golden  
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver  
Love his quiver !  
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,  
Where Apollo  
Cannot follow,  
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not  
(That we die not)  
Those dear lips, whose door encloses  
All the Graces  
In their places,  
Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures  
Of ripe pleasures  
One bright smile to clear the weather ;  
Earth and heaven  
Thus made even,  
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee ;  
Winds cling to thee ;  
Might a word once fly from out thee,  
Storm and thunder  
Would sit under,  
And keep silence round about thee.

But if nature's  
Common creatures  
So dear glories dare not borrow ;  
Yet thy beauty  
Owes a duty  
To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When, to end me,  
 Death shall send me  
 All his terrors to affright me;  
 Thine eyes' graces  
 Gild their faces,  
 And those terrors shall delight me.

When my dying  
 Life is flying,  
 Those sweet airs that often slew me,  
 Shall revive me,  
 Or reprieve me,  
 And to many deaths renew me.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

#### AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!  
 Ah, how gay is young desire!  
 And what pleasing pains we prove  
 When we first approach love's fire!  
 Pains of love be sweeter far  
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,  
 Do but gently heave the heart;  
 E'en the tears they shed alone,  
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.  
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use;  
 Treat them like a parting friend,  
 Nor the golden gifts refuse  
 Which in youth sincere they send;  
 For each year their price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and high,  
 Swells in every youthful vein;  
 But each tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again;  
 If a flow in age appear,  
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

#### SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
 When June is past, the fading rose;  
 For, in your beauty's orient deep,  
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
 The golden atoms of the day;  
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
 The nightingale when May is past;  
 For in your sweet, dividing throat  
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light  
 That downwards fall in dead of night;  
 For in your eyes they sit, and there  
 Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest;  
 For unto you at last she flies,  
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW.

#### PHILOMELA'S ODE

THAT SHE SANG IN HER ARBOR.

SITTING by a river's side  
 Where a silent stream did glide,  
 Muse I did of many things  
 That the mind in quiet brings.  
 I 'gan think how some men deem  
 Gold their god; and some esteem  
 Honor is the chief content  
 That to man in life is lent;  
 And some others do contend  
 Quiet none like to a friend.  
 Others hold there is no wealth  
 Compared to a perfect health;  
 Some man's mind in quiet stands  
 When he's lord of many lands.  
 But I did sigh, and said all this  
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss:

And in my thoughts I did approve  
 Nought so sweet as is true love.  
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,  
 When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees—  
 With folded arms and lips meeting,  
 Each soul another sweetly greeting ;  
 For by the breath the soul fleeteth,  
 And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.  
 If love be so sweet a thing,  
 That such happy bliss doth bring,  
 Happy is love's sugared thrall ;  
 But unhappy maidens all  
 Who esteem your virgin blisses  
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.  
 No such quiet to the mind  
 As true love with kisses kind ;  
 But if a kiss prove unchaste,  
 Then is true love quite disgraced.  
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me,  
 No sweet love but honesty.

ROBERT GREENE.

## COME AWAY, DEATH.

Come away, come away, 'death,  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid !  
 Fly away, fly away, breath :  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
 Oh, prepare it ;  
 My part of death no one so true  
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
 On my black coffin let there be strown ;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
 thrown.  
 A thousand, thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, Oh ! where  
 Sad true-love never find my grave,  
 To weep there.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE TOMB.

WHEN, cruel fair one, I am slain  
 By thy disdain,  
 And, as a trophy of thy scorn,  
 To some old tomb am borne,  
 Thy fetters must their powers bequeath  
 To those of death ;  
 Nor can thy flame immortal burn,  
 Like monumental fires within an urn :  
 Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall  
 prove  
 There is more liberty in death than love.  
 And when forsaken lovers come  
 To see my tomb,  
 Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,  
 And, (as a victor) proud  
 To view the spoils thy beauty made,  
 Press near my shade ;  
 Lest thy too cruel breath or name  
 Should fan my ashes back into a flame,  
 And thou, devoured by this revengeful fire,  
 His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth or marble must  
 Conceal my dust,  
 Whilst, hid in some dark ruins, I  
 Dumb and forgotten lie,  
 The pride of all thy victory  
 Will sleep with me ;  
 And they who should attest thy glory,  
 Will or forget or not believe this story.  
 Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,  
 Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast

THOMAS STANLEY.

## LOVE NOT ME.

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
 For my pleasing eye or face,  
 Nor for any outward part,  
 No, nor for my constant heart ;  
 For those may fail or turn to ill,  
 So thou and I shall sever ;  
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
 And love me still, but know not why.  
 So hast thou the same reason still  
 To doat upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.



## THE EXEQUIES.

DRAW near  
 You lovers, that complain,  
 Of fortune or disdain,  
 And to my ashes lend a tear !  
 Melt the hard marble with your groans,  
 And soften the relentless stones,  
 Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide  
 Of all love's cruelties, and beauty's pride !

No verse,  
 No epicedium bring ;  
 Nor peaceful requiem sing,  
 To charm the terrors of my hearse !  
 No profane numbers must flow near  
 The sacred silence that dwells here.  
 Vast griefs are dumb ; softly, oh softly  
 mourn !  
 Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew  
 Upon my dismal grave  
 Such offerings as you have—  
 Forsaken cypress, and sad yew ;  
 For kinder flowers can take no birth  
 Or growth from such unhappy earth.  
 Weep now o'er my dust, and say, "Here lies  
 To love and fate an equal sacrifice."

THOMAS STANLEY.

## THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

## THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
 Woods or steepy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
 By shallow rivers to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
 For thy delight each May morning :  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

## THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;  
 And Philomel becometh dumb,  
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reckoning yields ;  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten—  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs—  
 All these in me no means can move  
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
 Then those delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

## PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray,  
 This noble world of thee  
 Be governed by no other sway  
 But purest monarchie.  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 And hold a synod in thy heart,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone,  
 My thoughts shall evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 That puts it not unto the touch,  
 To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still  
 And always give the law,  
 And have each subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in awe.  
 But 'gainst my battery if I find  
 Thou shun'st the prize so sore  
 As that thou set'st me up a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 Another do pretend a part,  
 And dares to vie with me;  
 Or if committees thou erect,  
 And go on such a score,  
 I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,  
 And faithful of thy word,  
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
 And famous by my sword.  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
 Was never heard before;  
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
 And love thee evermore.

## PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed,  
 Lest thou thyself expose,

And let all longing lovers feed  
 Upon such looks as those.  
 A marble wall then build about,  
 Beset without a door;  
 But if thou let thy heart fly out,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,  
 Make any breach at all;  
 Nor smoothness of their language plot  
 Which way to scale the wall;  
 Nor balls of wild-fire love consume  
 The shrine which I adore;  
 For if such smoke about thee fume,  
 I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong  
 To suffer by surprise;  
 Those victualled by my love so long,  
 The siege at length must rise,  
 And leave thee ruled in that health  
 And state thou wast before;  
 But if thou turn a commonwealth,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,  
 Thy heart to ruine come,  
 I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,  
 Nor march by tuck of drum;  
 But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,  
 Thy falsehood to deplore,  
 And bitterly will sigh and weep,  
 And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did  
 When Rome was set on fire,  
 Not only all relief forbid,  
 But to a hill retire,  
 And scorn to shed a tear to see  
 Thy spirit grown so poor;  
 But smiling sing, until I die,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bare thee once,  
 Lest that thy name should die,  
 A monument of marble-stone  
 The truth shall testify;  
 That every pilgrim passing by  
 May pity and deplore  
 My case, and read the reason why  
 I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be  
 Upon this pillar hung,—  
 A simple heart, a single eye,  
 A true and constant tongue;  
 Let no man for more love pretend  
 Than he has hearts in store;  
 True love begun shall never end;  
 Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,  
 But in far different case;  
 For mine was true, so was not thine,  
 But lookt like Janus' face.  
 For as the waves with every wind,  
 So sail'st thou every shore,  
 And leav'st my constant heart behind,—  
 How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed  
 For constancy most strange,  
 And thine shall with the moon be mixed,  
 Delighting ay in change.  
 Thy beauty shined at first more bright,  
 And woe is me therefore,  
 That ever I found thy love so light  
 I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,  
 The rocks' resounding echo,  
 The whistling wind that murmur makes,  
 Shall with me sing hey ho!  
 The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,  
 Tears dropping from each shore,  
 Shall tune with me their turtle notes—  
 I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,  
 Her fellow's death regrette,  
 And daily mourns for his adieu,  
 And ne'er renews her mate;  
 So, though thy faith was never fast,  
 Which grieves me wondrous sore,  
 Yet I shall live in love so chaste,  
 That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about  
 These monuments to view,  
 Whereon is written, in and out,  
 Thou traitorous and untrue;  
 Then in a passion they shall pause,  
 And thus say, sighing sore,

“Alas! he had too just a cause  
 Never to love thee more.”

And when that tracing goddess Fame  
 From east to west shall flee,  
 She shall record it, to thy shame,  
 How thou hast loved me;  
 And how in odds our love was such  
 As few have been before;  
 Thou loved too many, and I too much,  
 So I can love no more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

### WELCOME, WELCOME.

*Welcome, welcome, do I sing,  
 Far more welcome than the spring;  
 He that parteth from you never,  
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

Love that to the voice is near,  
 Breaking from your ivory pale,  
 Need not walk abroad to hear  
 The delightful nightingale.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
 Far more welcome than the spring;  
 He that parteth from you never,  
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

Love, that still looks on your eyes,  
 Though the winter have begun  
 To numb our arteries,  
 Shall not want the summer's sun.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
 Far more welcome than the spring;  
 He that parteth from you never,  
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

Love, that still may see your cheeks,  
 Where all rareness still reposes,  
 Is a fool if e'er he seeks  
 Other lilies, other roses.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
 Far more welcome than the spring;  
 He that parteth from you never,  
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,  
 And perceives your breath in kissing,  
 All the odors of the fields  
 Never, never shall be missing.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
 Far more welcome than the spring;  
 He that parteth from you never,  
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

Love, that question would anew  
 What fair Eden was of old,  
 Let him rightly study you,  
 And a brief of that behold.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing,  
 Far more welcome than the spring;  
 He that parteth from you never,  
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

WILLIAM BROWNE.

# BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,  
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 And hears and sees thee all the while  
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest,  
 And raised such tumults in my breast:  
 For while I gazed, in transport tost,  
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame  
 Ran quick through all my vital frame:  
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;  
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;  
 My blood with gentle horrors thrilled:  
 My feeble pulse forgot to play—  
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

SAPPHO. (Greek.)

Translation of AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

# KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER.

A LAPLAND SONG.

KULNASATZ, my reindeer,  
 We have a long journey to go;  
 The moors are vast,  
 And we must haste.

Our strength, I fear,  
 Will fail, if we are slow;  
 And so

Our songs will do.

Kaigè, the watery moor,  
 Is pleasant unto me,  
 Though long it be,  
 Since it doth to my mistress lead,  
 Whom I adore;  
 The Kilwa moor  
 I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,  
 Whilst I through Kaigè passed  
 Swift as the wind,  
 And my desire  
 Winged with impatient fire;  
 My reindeer, let us haste!

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain—  
 Behold my mistress there,  
 With decent motion walking o'er the plain.  
 Kulnasatz, my reindeer,  
 Look yonder, where  
 She washes in the lake!  
 See, while she swims,  
 The water from her purer limbs  
 New clearness take!

ANONYMOTS.

# LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright.  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has led me—who knows how?  
 To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint  
 On the dark and silent stream—  
 The champak odors fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must on thine,  
 Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!  
 I die, I faint, I fail!  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.



My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast;  
 Oh! press it close to thine again,  
 Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

*Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
 Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
 Or, since that has left my breast,  
 Keep it now, and take the rest!  
 Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
 Wooed by each Ægean wind;  
 By those lids whose jetty fringe  
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
 By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
 By that zone-encircled waist;  
 By all the token-flowers that tell  
 What words can never speak so well;  
 By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone—  
 Think of me, sweet, when alone.  
 Though I fly to Istambol,  
 Athens holds my heart and soul.  
 Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.*

LORD BYRON.

### SONNET.

THE might of one fair face sublimed my love,  
 For it hath weaned my heart from low de-  
     sires;  
 Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.  
 Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,  
 Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;  
 For oh! how good, how beautiful, must be  
 The God that made so good a thing as thee,  
 So fair an image of the heavenly Dove.

Forgive me if I cannot turn away  
 From those sweet eyes that are my earthly  
     heaven,  
 For they are guiding stars, benignly given  
 To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;  
 And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,  
 I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian)

Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

### LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
 And the rivers with the ocean;  
 The winds of heaven mix for ever,  
     With a sweet emotion;  
 Nothing in the world is single;  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one another's being mingle—  
     Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
 And the waves clasp one another;  
 No sister flower would be forgiven  
     If it disdained its brother;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
     If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### TO———.

ONE word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdained  
 For thee to disdain it.  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
     Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the heavens reject not:  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
     From the sphere of our sorrow?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

## I.

Oh, never talk again to me  
 Of northern climes and British ladies;  
 It has not been your lot to see  
 Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.  
 Although her eyes be not of blue,  
 Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',  
 How far its own expressive hue  
 The languid azure eye surpasses!

## II.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
 The fire that through those silken lashes  
 In darkest glances seems to roll,  
 From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;  
 And as along her bosom steal  
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,  
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
 And curled to give her neck caresses.

## III.

Our English maids are long to woo,  
 And frigid even in possession;  
 And if their charms be fair to view,  
 Their lips are slow at love's confession;  
 But, born beneath a brighter sun,  
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is,  
 And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—  
 Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

## IV.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble;  
 And if she love, or if she hate,  
 Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—  
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;  
 And, though it will not bend to gold,  
 'T will love you long, and love you dearly.

## V.

The Spanish girl that meets your love  
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;  
 For every thought is bent to prove  
 Her passion in the hour of trial.  
 When thronging foemen menace Spain  
 She dares the deed and shares the danger;  
 And should her lover press the plain,  
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

## VI.

And when, beneath the evening star,  
 She mingles in the gay bolero;  
 Or sings to her attuned guitar  
 Of Christian knight or Moorish hero;  
 Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;  
 Or joins devotion's choral band  
 To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper:

## VII.

In each her charms the heart must move  
 Of all who venture to behold her.  
 Then let not maids less fair reprove.  
 Because her bosom is not colder;  
 Through many a clime 't is mine to roam  
 Where many a soft and melting maid is,  
 But none abroad, and few at home,  
 May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

LORD BYRON.

## SONG.

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtain for my head,  
 My lullaby the warder's tread,  
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary;  
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
 My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!  
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,  
 And all it promised me, Mary.  
 No fond regret must Norman know;  
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
 His heart must be like bended bow,  
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!  
 And if returned from conquered foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close,  
 How sweet the linnet sing repose  
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee;  
 And like music on the waters  
 Is thy sweet voice to me:  
 When, as if its sound were causing  
 The charmed ocean's pausing,  
 The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lulled winds seem dreaming,

And the midnight moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,  
 Whose breast is gently heaving,  
 As an infant's asleep;  
 So the spirit bows before thee,  
 To listen and adore thee  
 With a full but soft emotion,  
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

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 HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E  
 DEAR.

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers  
 meet,  
 And soft as the parting tear—Jessy!*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,  
 Altho' even hope is denied,  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,  
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am locked in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling ee;  
 But why urge the tender confession  
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers  
 meet,  
 And soft as the parting tear—Jessy!*

ROBERT BURNS.

## CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
 My bonnie dearie.*

HARK the mavis' evening sang  
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang;  
 Then a faulding let us gang,  
 My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
 Where at moonshine, midnight hours,  
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
 Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
 My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stown my very heart;  
 I can die—but canna part,  
 My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie,  
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,  
 Ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
 My bonnie dearie.*

ROBERT BURNS.

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 FAREWELL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss and then we sever!  
 Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves him?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—  
 Naething could resist my Nancy :  
 But to see her was to love her,  
 Love but her, and love for ever.  
 Had we never loved sae kindly,  
 Had we never loved sae blindly,  
 Never met—or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !  
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
 Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee ;  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west ;  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best.  
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And monie a hill 's between ;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair ;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air ;  
 There 's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green—  
 There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### A RED, RED ROSE.

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June ;  
 Oh, my luve's like the melodie  
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in luve am I ;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry—

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;  
 I will luve thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve !  
 And fare thee weel a while !  
 And I will come again, my luve,  
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'T was even—the dewy fields were green,  
 On every blade the pearls did hang ;  
 The zephyr wantoned round the bean  
 And bore its fragrant sweets along ;  
 In every glen the mavis sang,  
 All nature listening seemed the while,  
 Except where green-wood echoes rang  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed ;  
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy ;  
 When musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy.  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like nature's vernal smile ;  
 Perfection whispered, passing by,  
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,  
 When roving thro' the garden gay,  
 Or wandering in a lonely wild ;  
 But woman, nature's darling child !  
 There all her charms she does compile  
 Ev'n there her other works are foiled  
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed  
 That ever rose in Scotland's plan !  
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;  
 And nightly to my bosom strain  
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.



Then pride might climb the slippery steep  
 Where fame and honors lofty shine;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine.  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
 And every day have joys divine  
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

ROBERT BURNS.

## ADDRESS TO A LADY.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea;  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:  
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.  
 Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

## ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie  
 Where early fa's the dew,  
 And it's there that Annie Laurie  
 Gie'd me her promise true;  
 Gie'd me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift;  
 Her throat is like the swan;  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on—  
 That e'er the sun shone on—  
 And dark blue is her ee;

And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
 And like the winds in summer sighing,  
 Her voice is low and sweet—  
 Her voice is low and sweet—  
 And she's a' the world to me;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

ANONYMOUS.

THOU HAST VOWED BY THY FAITH,  
MY JEANIE.

THOU hast vowed by thy faith, my Jeanie,  
 By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
 And by all the lowing stars in heaven,  
 That thou wad aye be mine!  
 And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,  
 And by that kind heart o' thine,  
 By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,  
 That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,  
 And the heart wad part sic love;  
 But there's nae hand can loose the band,  
 But the finger of Him above.  
 Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,  
 An' my clothing e'er so mean,  
 I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,  
 Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,  
 Far softer than the down;  
 And Love wad winnow o'er us, his kind,  
 kind wings,  
 And sweetly we'd sleep, an' soun'.  
 Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,  
 Come here and kneel wi' me;  
 The morn is full of the presence of God,  
 And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet amang the new  
 flowers,  
 The wee birds sing saft on the tree;  
 Our gudeman sits in the bonnie sunshine,  
 And a blithe auld bodie is he.

The beuk maun be ta'en whan he comes  
hame,  
Wi' the holy psalmodie;  
And I will speak of thee whan I pray,  
And thou maun speak of me.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### OH, SAW YE THE LASS.

Oh saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een?  
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;  
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween;  
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the  
green.

The home of my love is below in the valley,  
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering  
bee;

But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that  
is seen

Is the maid that I love wi' the bonny blue een.

Wher night overshadows her cot in the glen,  
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald  
again;

And when the moon shines on the valley so  
green,

I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.  
As the dove that has wandered away from  
his nest,

Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the  
best,

I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing  
scene,

To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue  
een.

RICHARD RYAN.

### BONNIE LESLIE.

Oh saw ye bonnie Leslie  
As she gaed o'er the border?  
She's gane, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever;  
For nature made her what she is,  
And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie—  
Thy subjects we, before thee;  
Thou art divine, fair Leslie—  
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could'na scaith thee,  
Or aught that wad belang thee;  
He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;  
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;  
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie!

Return to Caledonie!

That we may brag we hae a lass

There's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

### FAIR INES.

#### I.

Oh saw ye not fair Ines?  
She's gone into the west,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest;  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

#### II.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright;  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write!

#### III.

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier  
Who rode so gayly by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near!—

Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear<sup>2</sup>

## IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore;—  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
—If it had been no more!

## V.

Alas! alas! fair Ines!  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell!  
To her you've loved so long.

## VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE!

Go where glory waits thee;  
But, while fame elates thee,  
Oh still remember me!  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh then remember me!  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee—  
All the joys that bless thee  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh then remember me!  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh thus remember me!  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them;  
Oh then remember me!

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh then remember me!  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh still remember me!  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee—  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee;  
Oh then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

## FLY TO THE DESERT.

FLY to the desert, fly with me—  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;  
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,  
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough; but smiling there  
The acacia waves her yellow hair—  
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare; but down their slope  
The silvery-footed antelope  
As gracefully and gayly springs  
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be  
The loved and lone acacia-tree—  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With their light sound thy loveliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart—  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes  
Predestined to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,  
When first on me they breathed and shone;  
New as if brought from other spheres,  
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known  
No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
Should ever in thy heart be worn;

Come, if the love thou hast for me  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—  
Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
When first 't is by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshipped image from its base,  
To give to me the ruined place—

Then, fare thee well; I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

### LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O, LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love  
the best!

If fifty girls were around you, I'd hardly see  
the rest;

Be what it may the time of day, the place be  
where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom  
before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing  
on a rock,

How clear they are, how dark they are! and  
they give me many a shock;

Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted  
with a shower,  
Could ne'er express the charming lip that  
has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-  
brows lifted up,

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth  
like a china cup;

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty  
and so fine—

It's rolling down upon her neck, and gath-  
ered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceed-  
ed all before—

No pretty girl for miles around was missing  
from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but  
she was gay;

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took  
my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps  
were so complete,

The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her  
feet;

The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard  
her so much praised;

But blessed himself he was n't deaf when  
once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what  
you sung;

Your smile is always in my heart, your name  
beside my tongue.

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd  
count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little  
finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in coun-  
try or in town;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast  
down.

If some great lord should come this way and  
see your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but  
right.



Oh, might we live together in lofty palace  
hall

Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet  
curtains fall;

Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean  
and small,

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud  
the only wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my  
distress—

It's far too beautiful to be mine, but I'll  
never wish it less;

The proudest place would fit your face, and  
I am poor and low,

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever  
you may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

#### AN IRISH MELODY.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your  
wheel—

Your neat little foot will be weary from  
spinning;

Come, trip down with me to the sycamore  
tree;

Half the parish is there, and the dance is  
beginning.

The sun is gone down; but the full harvest  
moon

Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whit-  
ened valley;

While all the air rings with the soft, loving  
things

Each little bird sings in the green shaded  
alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the  
while,

Her eye in the glass, as she bound her  
hair, glancing;

'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover  
sues,

So she could n't but choose to—go off to  
the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are  
seen—

Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his  
choosing;

And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty  
Neil—

Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought  
of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his  
knee,

And, with flourish so free, sets each couple  
in motion;

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter  
the ground—

The maids move around just like swans on  
the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the  
doe's—

Now cozily retiring, now boldly advanc-  
ing;

Search the world all around from the sky to  
the ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass  
dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright  
eyes of deep blue,

Beaming humbly through their dark lashes  
so mildly—

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, round-  
ed form—

Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses  
throb wildly?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, de-  
part,

Subdued by the smart of such painful yet  
sweet love;

The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a  
sigh,

"Dance light, for my heart it lies under  
your feet, love!"

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY

#### SONG.

Love me if I live!

Love me if I die!

What to me is life or death,

So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,

Now I love thee poor;

Ah! what is there I could not

For thy sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!  
 Pay me for my pain!  
 Come! and murmur in my ear  
 How thou lov'st again!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### WERE I BUT HIS OWN WIFE.

WERE I but his own wife, to guard and to  
 guide him,  
 'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my  
 dear;

I'd chant my low love verses, stealing beside  
 him,

So faint and so tender his heart would but  
 hear;

I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and  
 highland;

And there at his feet I would lay them all  
 down;

I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken  
 island,

Till his heart was on fire with a love like  
 my own.

There's a rose by his dwelling—I'd tend the  
 lone treasure,

That he might have flowers when the  
 summer would come;

There's a harp in his hall—I would wake its  
 sweet measure,

For he must have music to brighten his  
 home.

Were I but his own wife, to guard and to  
 guide him,

'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my  
 dear;

For every kind glance my whole life would  
 award him—

In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd  
 cheer.

My Leart is a fount welling upward for  
 ever—

When I think of my true-love, by night  
 or by day;

That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing  
 river

Which gushes for ever and sings on its  
 way.

I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to  
 repose in,

Were I but his own wife, to win and to  
 woo—

Oh, sweet, if the night of misfortune were  
 closing,

To rise like the morning star, darling, for  
 you!

MARY DOWNING.

### THE WELCOME.

#### I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning—  
 Come when you're looked for, or come with-  
 out warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll  
 adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were  
 plighted;

Red is my cheek that they told me was  
 blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener  
 than ever,

And the linnets are singing, "True lovers  
 don't sever!"

#### II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you  
 choose them!

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on  
 my bosom;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to in-  
 spire you;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't  
 tire you.

Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-  
 vexed farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without  
 armor;

I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise  
 above me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence  
 to love me.

#### III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and  
 the eyrie;

We'll tread round the ~~rath~~ on the track of  
 the fairy;

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,  
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her—  
 Oh! she'll whisper you—"Love, as unchangeably beaming,  
 And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;  
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

## IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning:  
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!  
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

## COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud—  
 For the black bat, night, has flown!  
 Come into the garden, Maud,  
 I am here at the gate alone;  
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
 And the musk of the roses blown.  
 For a breeze of morning moves,  
 And the planet of love is on high,  
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,  
 On a bed of daffodil sky,  
 To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,  
 To faint in its light, and to die.  
 All night have the roses heard  
 The flute, violin, bassoon;  
 All night has the casement jessamine stirred  
 To the dancers dancing in tune—

Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
 With whom she has heart to be gay.  
 When will the dancers leave her alone?  
 She is weary of dance and play."  
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
 And half to the rising day;  
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
 In babble and revel and wine.  
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
 For one that will never be thine!  
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,  
 "For ever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood.  
 As the music clashed in the hall;  
 And long by the garden lake I stood,  
 For I heard your rivulet fall  
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood—

Our wood, that is dearer than all—

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet

That whenever a March-wind sighs,  
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
 In violets blue as your eyes—  
 To the woody hollows in which we meet,  
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,

Knowing your promise to me;  
 The lilies and roses were all awake—  
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
 Come hither! the dances are done;  
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
 Queen lily and rose in one;  
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
 From the passion-flower at the gate.  
 She is coming, my dove, my dear,  
 She is coming, my life, my fate!  
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"  
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"  
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"  
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!  
 Were it ever so airy a tread,  
 My heart would hear her and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthly bed;  
 My dust would hear her and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead—  
 Would start and tremble under her feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 We walked together in the wood:  
 Our heart was light, our step was strong;  
 Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;  
 We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;  
 We walked mid poppies red as flame,  
 Or sat upon the yellow downs;  
 And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;  
 And still her voice flowed forth in song,  
 Or else she read some graceful book,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,  
 With shadows lessening in the noon;  
 And, in the sunlight and the breeze,  
 We feasted, many a gorgeous June,  
 While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 Or dainty chicken, snow-white bread,  
 We feasted, with no grace but song;  
 We plucked wild strawb'ries, ripe and red,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—  
 For loving seemed like breathing then;  
 We found a heaven in every spot;  
 Saw angels, too, in all good men;  
 And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,  
 Alone I wander, muse alone;  
 I see her not; but that old song  
 Under the fragrant wind is blown,  
 In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood;  
 But one fair spirit hears my sighs;  
 And half I see, so glad and good,  
 The honest daylight of her eyes,  
 That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,  
 I love her as we loved of old;  
 My heart is light, my step is strong;  
 For love brings back those hours of gold,  
 In summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS

## RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
 Deeply ripened;—such a blush  
 In the midst of brown was born,  
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—  
 Which were blackest none could tell:  
 But long lashes veiled a light  
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
 Made her tressy forehead dim;—  
 Thus she stood amid the stocks,  
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;  
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
 Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD



## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
Yet round about the spot  
Ofttimes I hover;  
And near the sacred gate,  
With longing eyes I wait,  
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
Above the city's rout,  
And noise and humming;  
They've hushed the minster bell:  
The organ 'gins to swell;  
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast,  
And hastening hither,  
With modest eyes downcast;  
She comes—she's here, she's past!  
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
Meekly and duly;  
I will not enter there,  
To sully your pure prayer  
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits, who wait,  
And see, through heaven's gate,  
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

SHE is a maid of artless grace,  
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,  
That sailest on the sea,  
If ship, or sail, or evening star,  
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,  
Whose shining arms I see,  
If steed, or sword, or battle-field,  
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain that guard'st thy  
flock

Beneath the shadowy tree,  
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,  
Be half so fair as she!

GIL VICENTE. (Portuguese.)

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## SERENADE.

I.

AH, sweet, thou little knowest how  
I wake and passionate watches keep;  
And yet, while I address thee now,  
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.  
'T is sweet enough to make me weep,  
That tender thought of love and thee,  
That while the world is hushed so deep,  
Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

II.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!  
With golden visions for thy dower,  
While I this midnight vigil keep,  
And bless thee in thy silent bower;  
To me 't is sweeter than the power  
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,  
That I alone, at this still hour,  
In patient love outwatch the world.

THOMAS HOOD

## SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes,  
On which, than on the lights above,  
There hang more destinies.  
Night's beauty is the harmony  
Of blending shades and light:  
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be  
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye  
Within my watching breast;  
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,  
Who robs all hearts of rest.  
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,  
And make this darkness gay,  
With looks whose brightness well might make  
Of darker nights a day.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

## MY LOVE.

## I.

Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening-star;  
And yet her heart is ever near.

## II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

## III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair;  
No simplest duty is forgot;  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

## IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone, or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

## V.

She hath no scorn of common things;  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

## VI.

Blessing she is; God made her so;  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

## VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

## VIII.

She is a woman—one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

## IX.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

## X.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green—  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles at her ear;  
For, hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
About her dainty, dainty waist,  
And her heart would beat against me  
In sorrow and in rest;  
And I should know if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
And all day long to fall and rise  
Upon her balmy bosom  
With her laughter or her sighs;  
And I would lie so light, so light,  
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,  
 I wandered by the mill;  
 I could not hear the brook flow—  
 The noisy wheel was still;  
 There was no burr of grasshopper,  
 No chirp of any bird,  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;  
 I watched the long, long shade,  
 And, as it grew still longer,  
 I did not feel afraid;  
 For I listened for a footfall,  
 I listened for a word—  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not—  
 The night came on alone—  
 The little stars sat one by one,  
 Each on his golden throne;  
 The evening wind passed by my cheek,  
 The leaves above were stirred—  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
 When something stood behind;  
 A hand was on my shoulder—  
 I knew its touch was kind:  
 It drew me nearer—nearer,—  
 We did not speak one word,  
 For the beating of our own hearts  
 Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

OH! TELL ME, LOVE, THE DEAREST  
HOUR.

Oh! tell me, love, the dearest hour  
 The parted, anxious lover knows,—  
 When passion, with enchanter's power,  
 Across his faithful memory throws  
 Its softest, brightest flame.

'Tis when he sings on some lone shore  
 Where Echo's vocal spirits throng,  
 Whose airy voices, o'er and o'er,  
 On still and moonlight lake prolong  
 One dear, loved, thrilling name.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO ———.

LET other bards of angels sing,  
 Bright suns without a spot;  
 But thou art no such perfect thing:  
 Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not though none should call thee fair;  
 So, Mary, let it be,  
 If naught in loveliness compare  
 With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
 Whose veil is unremoved  
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
 And the lover is beloved.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## BALLAD.

## I.

It was not in the winter  
 Our loving lot was cast;  
 It was the time of roses,—  
 We plucked them as we passed!

## II.

That churlish season never frowned  
 On early lovers yet!  
 Oh no—the world was newly crowned  
 With flowers when first we met.

## III.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go—  
 But still you held me fast;  
 It was the time of roses,—  
 We plucked them as we passed!

THOMAS HOOD

## THE PORTRAIT.

COME, thou best of painters,  
 Prince of the Rhodian art;  
 Paint, thou best of painters,  
 The mistress of my heart—  
 Though absent—from the picture  
 Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets  
 Of dark and glossy hue,  
 And fragrant odors breathing—  
 If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead  
 That crowns a perfect cheek,  
 And rises under ringlets  
 Dark-colored, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows  
 Nor mingle nor dispart,  
 But blend them imperceptibly  
 And true will be thy art.

From under black-eye fringes  
 Let sunny flashes play—  
 Cythera's swimming glances,  
 Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses  
 To paint a nose and cheeks—  
 A lip like bland persuasion's—  
 A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious  
 Let all the graces fair,  
 Round neck of alabaster,  
 Be ever fitting there.

And now in robes invest her  
 Of palest purple dyes,  
 Betraying fair proportions  
 To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me  
 The picture of my choice!  
 And quickly wilt thou give me—  
 The music of thy voice.

ANACREON. (Greek.)

translation of WILLIAM HAY.

## A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon;  
 To whom the better elements  
 And kindly stars have given  
 A form so fair, that, like the air,  
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
 Like those of morning birds,  
 And something more than melody  
 Dwells ever in her words;  
 The coinage of her heart are they,  
 And from her lips each flows  
 As one may see the burdened bee  
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
 The measures of her hours;  
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
 The freshness of young flowers;  
 And lovely passions, changing oft,  
 So fill her, she appears  
 The image of themselves by turns. —  
 The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
 A picture on the brain,  
 And of her voice in echoing hearts  
 A sound must long remain;  
 But memory, such as mine of her,  
 So very much endears,  
 When death is nigh my latest sigh—  
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon—  
 Her health! and would on earth there  
 stood  
 Some more of such a frame,  
 That life might be all poetry,  
 And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY



## LOVE SONG.

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty  
 slumbers,  
 Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through  
 'her hair!

Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy  
 numbers  
 Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air!

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is  
 teeming

To wind round the willow banks that lure  
 him from above;

Oh that, in tears, from my rocky prison  
 streaming,

I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah, where the woodbines, with sleepy arms,  
 have wound her,

Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,  
 Listening, like the dove, while the fountains  
 echo round her,

To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!

Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou  
 ever bearest,

Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me—

Come! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my  
 fairest,

Bleeds with its death-wound—but deeper  
 yet for thee!

GEORGE DARLEY.

## SYLVIA.

I've taught thee love's sweet lesson o'er—  
 A task that is not learned with tears:

Was Sylvia e'er so blest before

In her wild, solitary years?

Then what does he deserve, the youth  
 Who made her con so dear a truth?

Till now in silent vales to roam,  
 Singing vain songs to heedless flowers,

Or watch the dashing billows foam,

Amid thy lonely myrtle bowers—

To weave light crowns of various hue—

Were all the joys thy bosom knew.

The wild bird, though most musical,  
 Could not to thy sweet plaint reply;  
 The streamlet, and the waterfall,  
 Could only weep when thou didst sigh!  
 Thou couldst not change one dulcet word  
 Either with billow, or with bird.

For leaves and flowers, but these alone,  
 Winds have a soft, discoursing way;

Heaven's starry talk is all its own,—

It dies in thunder far away.

E'en when thou wouldst the moon be  
 guile

To speak,—she only deigns to smile!

Now, birds and winds, be churlish still!

Ye waters, keep your sullen roar!

Stars, be as distant as ye will,—

Sylvia need court ye now no more:

In love there is society

She never yet could find with ye!

GEORGE DARLEY.

## ROSALIE.

OH, pour upon my soul again

That sad, unearthly strain,

That seems from other worlds to plain;

Thus falling, falling from afar,

As if some melancholy star

Had mingled with her light her sighs,

And dropped them from the skies.

No—never came from aught below

This melody of woe,

That makes my heart to overflow,

As from a thousand gushing springs

Unknown before; that with it brings

This nameless light—if light it be—

That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears

The hue of other spheres;

And something blent of smiles and tears

Comes from the very air—I breathe.

Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,

Can mould a sadness like to this—

So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,  
 When the last lingering ray  
 Stops on the highest cloud to play—  
 So thought the gentle Rosalie  
 As on her maiden revery  
 First fell the strain of him who stole  
 In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SONG.

I.

SING the old song, amid the sounds dispers-  
 ing  
 That burden treasured in your hearts too  
 long;  
 Sing it with voice low-breathed, but  
 never name her:  
 She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing  
 High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal  
 song—  
 Bend o'er her, gentle heaven, but do  
 not claim her!

II.

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses,  
 She shades the bloom of her unearthly  
 days;—  
 The forest winds alone approach to woo  
 her.  
 Far off we catch the dark gleam of her  
 tresses;  
 And wild birds haunt the wood-walks  
 where she strays,  
 Intelligible music warbling to her.

III.

That spirit charged to follow and defend her,  
 He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain;  
 And she perhaps is sad, hearing his  
 sighing.  
 And yet that face is not so sad as tender;  
 Like some sweet singer's, when her sweet-  
 est strain  
 From the heaved heart is gradually  
 dying!

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

LONE upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing  
 round him,  
 Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth  
 is laid;  
 Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has  
 bound him,  
 Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and  
 fair, is undecayed.  
 When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath  
 been crying,  
 Night after night, and the cry has been in  
 vain;  
 Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for  
 replying,  
 But the tones of the beloved one were  
 never heard again.  
 When will he awaken?  
 Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;  
 Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned  
 for him as dead;  
 By day the gathered clouds have had him in  
 their keeping,  
 And at night the solemn shadows round  
 his rest are shed.  
 When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful love's im-  
 ploring;  
 Long has hope been watching with soft  
 eyes fixed above;  
 When will the fates, the life of life restoring,  
 Own themselves vanquished by much-  
 enduring love?  
 When will he awaken?  
 Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched un-  
 tiring,  
 Lighted up with visions from yonder ra-  
 dian sky,  
 Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,  
 Softened by the woman's meek and loving  
 sigh.  
 When will he awaken.

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,  
And the poet's passionate world has entered  
in his soul;

He has grown conscious of life's ancestral  
glories,

When sages and when kings first upheld the  
mind's control.

When will he awaken?

Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour  
is fated!

It is Endymion's planet that rises on the  
air;

How long, how tenderly his goddess-love has  
waited,

Waited with a love too mighty for despair!  
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of sing-  
ing,

Tones that seem the lute's from the breath-  
ing flowers depart;

Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos  
but is bringing

Music that is murmured from nature's in-  
most heart.

Soon he will awaken

To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the  
hour is holy;

Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal  
joy;

Light like their own is dawning sweet and  
slowly

O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of  
that yet dreaming boy.

Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose towards the morning  
turning,

Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's  
near his own;

While the dark eyes open, bright, intense,  
and burning.

With a life more glorious than, ere they  
closed, was known.

Yes, he has awakened

For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history, but a lesson given,  
How true love still conquers by the deep  
strength of truth—

How all the impulses, whose native home is  
heaven,

Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and  
youth?

'Tis for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly for-  
saken,

Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's  
gifted few;

Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep  
awaken

To a being more intense, more spiritual,  
and true.

So doth the soul awaken,

Like that youth to night's fair queen!

LEITHA ELIZABETH LONDON.

#### SONG.

DAY, in melting purple dying;  
Blossoms, all around me sighing;  
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;  
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;  
Ye but waken my distress;  
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,  
Come, ere night around me darken;  
Though thy softness but deceive me,  
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;  
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;  
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;  
Let the shining ore lie darkling—  
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;  
Gifts and gold are naught to me  
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
Ecstasy but in revealing;  
Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
Rapture in participation;  
Yet but torture, if compest  
In a lone, unfriended breast

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!  
 Let these eyes again caress thee.  
 Once in caution, I could fly thee;  
 Now, I nothing could deny thee.  
 In a look if death there be,  
 Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA BROOKS.

### ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours  
 That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
 How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
 Between this time and that sweet time of  
 grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense—  
 Weary with longing? Shall I flee away  
 Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
 Cheat myself to forget the present day? \*

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
 Of casting from me God's great gift of  
 time?

Shall I, these mists of memory locked with-  
 in,  
 Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive  
 To bring the hour that brings thee back  
 more near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
 Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold  
 Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
 In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
 While thou, beloved one! art far from  
 me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy  
 strains;  
 For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
 Through these long hours, nor call their  
 minutes pains .

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
 A noble task-time; and will therein strive  
 To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
 More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me  
 A thousand graces, which shall thus be  
 thine;

So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
 And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

### THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS

#### I.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,  
 Makes another, soon or late;  
 Never yet was any marriage  
 Entered in the book of fate,  
 But the names were also written  
 Of the patient pair that wait.

#### II.

Blessings then upon the morning  
 When my friend, with fondest look,  
 By the solemn rites' permission,  
 To himself his mistress took,  
 And the destinies recorded  
 Other two within their book.

#### III.

While the priest fulfilled his office,  
 Still the ground the lovers eyed,  
 And the parents and the kinsmen  
 Aimed their glances at the bride;  
 But the groomsman eyed the virgins  
 Who were waiting at her side.

#### IV.

Three there were that stood beside her;  
 One was dark, and one was fair;  
 But nor fair nor dark the other,  
 Save her Arab eyes and hair;  
 Neither dark nor fair I call her,  
 Yet she was the fairest there.



## V.

While her groomsman—shall I own it?  
 Yes to thee, and only thee—  
 Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden  
 Who was fairest of the three,  
 Thus he thought: "How blest the bridal  
 Where the bride were such as she!"

## VI.

Then I mused upon the adage,  
 Till my wisdom was perplexed,  
 And I wondered, as the churchman  
 Dwelt upon his holy text,  
 Which of all who heard his lesson  
 Should require the service next.

## VII.

Whose will be the next occasion  
 For the flowers, the feast, the wine?  
 Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;  
 Or, who knows?—it may be mine,  
 What if't were—forgive the fancy—  
 What if't were—both mine and thine?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

## SONG.

How delicious is the winning  
 Of a kiss at love's beginning,  
 When two mutual hearts are sighing  
 For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,  
 Love has bliss, but love has rueing;  
 Other smiles may make you fickle,  
 Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
 Just as fate our fancy carries;  
 Longest stays when sorest chidden;  
 Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
 Bind its odor to the lily,  
 Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,  
 Then bind love to last forever!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE CHRONICLE.

## A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possessed,  
 If I remember well, my breast,  
 Margarita first of all;  
 But when awhile the wanton maid  
 With my restless heart had played,  
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
 To the beauteous Catharine.  
 Beauteous Catharine gave place  
 (Though loth and angry she to part  
 With the possession of my heart)  
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,  
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en;  
 Fundamental laws she broke,  
 And still new favorites she chose,  
 Till up in arms my passions rose,  
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
 Both to reign at once began;  
 Alternately they swayed;  
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear  
 And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,  
 And did rigorous laws impose;  
 A mighty tyrant she!  
 Long, alas! should I have been  
 Under that iron-sceptred queen,  
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
 'T was then a golden time with me:  
 But soon those pleasures fled;  
 For the gracious princess died  
 In her youth and beauty's pride,  
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour  
 Judith held the sovereign power:  
 Wondrous beautiful her face!  
 But so weak and small her wit,  
 That she to govern was unfit,  
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
 Armed with a resistless flame,  
 And the artillery of her eye,  
 Whilst she proudly marched about,  
 Greater conquests to find out,  
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed  
 Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,  
 To whom ensued a vacancy:  
 Thousand worse passions then possessed  
 The interregnum of my breast;  
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,  
 And a third Mary next began;  
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;  
 And then a pretty Thomasine,  
 And then another Catharine,  
 And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate  
 The strength and riches of their state;  
 The powder, patches, and the pins,  
 The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,  
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things,  
 That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts  
 To take and keep men's hearts;  
 The letters, embassies, and spies,  
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,  
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries  
 (Numberless, nameless mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid  
 By Machiavel the waiting-maid—  
 I more voluminous should grow  
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell  
 All change of weathers that befell)  
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with me.  
 An higher and a nobler strain  
 My present emperess does claim  
 Heleonora, first of the name;  
 Whom God grant long to reign!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## THE NUN.

I.

If you become a nun, dear,  
 A friar I will be;  
 In any cell you run, dear,  
 Pray look behind for me.  
 The roses all turn pale, too;  
 The doves all take the veil, too;  
 The blind will see the show:  
 What! you become a nun, my dear?  
 I'll not believe it, no!

II.

If you become a nun, dear,  
 The bishop Love will be;  
 The Cupids every one, dear,  
 Will chant, "We trust in thee!"  
 The incense will go sighing,  
 The candles fall a dying,  
 The water turn to wine:  
 What! you go take the vows, my dear!  
 You may—but they'll be mine.

LEIGH HUNT.

## CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED age and youth  
 Cannot live together:  
 Youth is full of pleasure,  
 Age is full of care;  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short;  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee;  
 O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,  
Conduct and equipage;  
Noble by heritage;  
Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic;  
Learned, not pedantic;  
Frolic, not frantie—  
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,  
Meanness disdaining,  
Still entertaining,  
Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical;  
Sage, but not cynical;  
Never tyrannical,  
But ever true.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May—  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
Or a well-disposed nature  
Joined with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder, than  
The turtle dove or pelican—  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or, her well-deservings known,  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest,  
Which may merit name of best,  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
That without them dare to woo;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair:  
If she love me, this believe—  
I will die ere she shall grieve.  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

## SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Pr'y thee, why so pale?—  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Pr'y thee, why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,  
This cannot take her—  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her:  
The devil take her!

SIR JOHN BUCKLING.

## FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet—'t is just the hour  
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,  
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
And maids who love the moon!  
'T was but to bless these hours of shade  
That beauty and the moon were made;

'T is then their soft attractions glowing  
Set the tides and goblets flowing!

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to-night, that oh! 't is pain  
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet! the fount that played,  
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like sounds of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near;  
And thus should woman's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter-brooks,  
Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—  
When did morning ever break  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here!

THOMAS MOORE.

#### DECEITFULNESS OF LOVE.

Go, sit by the summer sea,  
Thou whom scorn wasteth,  
And let thy musing be  
Where the flood hasteth.  
Mark how o'er ocean's breast  
Rolls the hoar billow's crest;  
Such is his heart's unrest,  
Who of love tasteth.

Griev'st thou that hearts should change?  
Lo! where life reigneth,  
Or the free sight doth range,  
What long remaineth?  
Spring with her flowers doth die;  
Fast fades the gilded sky;  
And the full moon on high  
Ceaselessly waneth.

Smile, then, ye sage and wise:  
And if love sever  
Bonds which thy soul doth prize,  
Such does it ever!  
Deep as the rolling seas,  
Soft as the twilight breeze,  
But of more than these  
Boast could it never!

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE CHEAT OF CUPID;

OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

ONE silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And, knocking, me molested.

Who's there, said I, beats there,  
And troubles thus the sleepy?  
Cast off, said he, all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep thee.

For I a boy am, who  
By moonless nights have swerved;  
And all with showers wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starved.

I, pitiful, arose,  
And soon a taper lighted;  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
And wings, too, which did shiver;  
And, looking down below,  
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shrine  
Brought him, as Love professes,  
And chafed his hands with mine,  
And dried his dripping tresses.

But when that he felt warmed:  
Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string, if they be harmed,  
Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow

Then, laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying:  
Adieu, mine host, adieu!  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of ROBERT HERRICK.



## IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS.

If I desire with pleasant songs  
 To throw a merry hour away,  
 Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs  
 In careful tale he doth display,  
 And asks me how I stand for singing,  
 While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I  
 A noon in shady bower would pass,  
 Comes he with stealthy gestures sly,  
 And flinging down upon the grass,  
 Quoth he to me: My master dear,  
 Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhere I lay my head  
 On pillow, with intent to sleep,  
 Lies Love beside me on the bed,  
 And gives me ancient words to keep;  
 Says he: These looks, these tokens num-  
 ber—  
 May be, they 'll help you to a slumber.

So every time when I would yield  
 An hour to quiet, comes he still;  
 And hunts up every sign concealed,  
 And every outward sign of ill;  
 And gives me his sad face's pleasures  
 For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURRIDGE.

## THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth every form of air,  
 And every shape of earth,  
 And comes unbidden everywhere,  
 Like thought's mysterious birth.  
 The moonlit sea and the sunset sky  
 Are written with Love's words,  
 And you hear his voice unceasingly,  
 Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart  
 From the tip of a stooping plume,  
 And the serried spears, and the many men  
 May not deny him room.  
 He'll come to his tent in the weary night,  
 And be busy in his dream,  
 And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,  
 Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,  
 And rides on the echo back,  
 And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,  
 And flits in his woodland track.  
 The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the  
 river,  
 The cloud and the open sky,—  
 He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,  
 Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,  
 And ponders the silver sea,  
 For Love is under the surface hid,  
 And a spell of thought has he.  
 He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,  
 And speaks in the ripple low,  
 Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,  
 And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,  
 And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,  
 And profanes the cell of the holy man  
 In the shape of a lady fair.  
 In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,  
 In earth, and sea, and sky,  
 In every home of human thought  
 Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

## THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE

The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine:  
 My ribbins 'll never be reet;  
 Here, Mally, aw 'm like to be fine,  
 For Jamie 'll be comin' to-næet;  
 He met me i' th' lone t'other day  
 (Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),  
 An' he begged that aw' d wed him i' May,  
 Bi th' mass, if he 'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,  
 Good Lord, heaw they trembled between!  
 An' aw durstn't look up in his face,  
 Becose on him seein' my e'en.  
 My cheek went as red as a rose;  
 There's never a mortal con tell  
 Heaw happy aw felt—for, thae knows,  
 One couldn't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:  
 To let it cawt wouldn't be reet,

For aw thought to seem forrüd wur wrung;  
 So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet.  
 But, Mally, thae knows very weel,  
 Though it isn't a thing one should own,  
 Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',  
 Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.  
 Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd thae my mind;  
 What would to do iv it wur thee?  
 "Aw'd tak him just while he'se inclined,  
 An' a farrantly bargain he'll be;  
 For Jamie's as greedly a lad  
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun.  
 Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;  
 An' mak th' best o' th' job when it's done!"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon:  
 Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;  
 Aw cunnot for shame be too soon,  
 An' aw wouldn't for th' wuld be too late.  
 Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel:  
 Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do?  
 "Be off, lass—thae looks very weel;  
 He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

## RORY O'MORE;

OR, GOOD CMENS.

## I.

YOUNG RORY O'More courted Kathleen bawn;  
 He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the  
 dawn;  
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to  
 please,  
 And he thought the best way to do that was  
 to tease.  
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would  
 cry,  
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—  
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in throth,  
 what I'm about;  
 Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak  
 inside out."  
 "Och jewel," says Rory, "that same is the  
 way  
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day;  
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to  
 be sure?  
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory  
 O'More.

## II.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "do n't think  
 of the like,  
 For I half gave a promise to soothing  
 Mike;  
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be  
 bound"—  
 "Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you  
 than the ground."  
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;  
 Sure I dream-ev'ry night that I'm hating you  
 so!"  
 "Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted  
 to hear,  
 For dhramas always go by conthrarries, my  
 dear.  
 Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till  
 you die,  
 And bright morning will give dirty night the  
 black lie!  
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to  
 be sure?  
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory  
 O'More.

## III.

"Arrra!, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased  
 me enough;  
 Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny  
 Grimes and Jim Daff;  
 And I've made myself, drinking your health,  
 quite a baste,  
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the  
 priest."  
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round  
 her neck,  
 So soft and so white, without freckle or  
 speck;  
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beam-  
 ing with light,  
 And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think  
 he was right?  
 "Now Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me  
 no more—  
 That's eight times to-day you have kissed me  
 before."  
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make  
 sure,  
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory  
 O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

## COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin' through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry?  
 Every lassie has her laddie—  
 Ne'er a ane hae I;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
*Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.*

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a body greet a body,  
 Need a body frown?  
 Every lassie has her laddie—  
 Ne'er a ane hae I;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
*Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.*

ANONYMOUS.

## MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?  
 Sure my love is all crost,  
 Like a bud in the frost;  
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,  
 For 't is dhrames and not sleep that comes  
 into my head;  
 And 't is all about you,  
 My sweet Molly Carew—  
 And indeed 't is a sin and a shame!  
 You're complater than nature  
 In every feature;  
 The snow can't compare  
 With your forehead so fair;  
 And I rather would see just one blink of your  
 eye  
 Than the prettiest star that shines out of the  
 sky;  
 And by this and by that,  
 For the matter o' that,

You're more distant by far than that same!  
 Och hone! weirasthru!  
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake  
 Of your forehead and eyes,  
 When your nose it defies  
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in  
 rhyme;  
 Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would  
 call it snubline.  
 And then for your cheek,  
 Troth 't would take him a week  
 Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather;  
 Then your lips! oh, machree!  
 In their beautiful glow  
 They a pattern might be  
 For the cherries to grow.  
 'T was an apple that tempted our mother, we  
 know,  
 For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;  
 But at this time o' day,  
 'Pon my conscience I'll say,  
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!  
 Och hone! weirasthru!  
 I'm alone in this world without you:

Och hone! by the man in the moon,  
 You taze me all ways  
 That a woman can plaze,  
 For you dance twice as high with that thief,  
 Pat Magee,  
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with  
 me.  
 Tho' the piper I bate,  
 For fear the old cheat  
 Would n't play you your favorite tune.  
 And when you're at mass  
 My devotion you crass,  
 For 't is thinking of you  
 I am, Molly Carew.  
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep  
 That I can't at your sweet pretty face get a  
 peep.  
 Oh, lave off that bonnet,  
 Or else I'll lave on it  
 The loss of my wandering sowl!  
 Och hone! weirasthru!  
 Och hone! like an owl,  
 Day is night, dear, to me without  
 you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;  
 For there's girls by the score  
 That loves me—and more;  
 And you'd look very quare if some morning  
 you'd meet  
 My wedding all marching in pride down the  
 street;  
 Troth, you'd open your eyes,  
 And you'd die with surprise  
 To think 't was n't you was come to it!  
 And faith, Katty Naile,  
 And her cow, I go bail,  
 Would jump if I'd say,  
 "Katty Naile, name the day;"  
 And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning  
 in May,  
 While she's short and dark like a cold win-  
 ter's day,  
 Yet if you do n't repent  
 Before Easter, when Lent  
 Is over, I'll marry for spite,  
 Och hone! weirasthru!  
 And when I die for you,  
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

SAMUEL LOVER.

## WIDOW MACHREE.

## I.

Widow machree, it's no wonder you frown—  
 Och hone! widow machree;  
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty  
 black gown—  
 Och hone! widow machree.  
 How altered your air,  
 With that close cap you wear—  
 'T is destroying your hair,  
 Which should be flowing free:  
 Be no longer a churl  
 Of its black silken curl—  
 Och hone! widow machree!

## II.

Widow machree, now the summer is come—  
 Och hone! widow machree  
 When every thing smiles, should a beauty  
 look glum?  
 Och hone! widow machree!

See the birds go in pairs,  
 And the rabbits and hares—  
 Why, even the bears  
 Now in couples agree;  
 And the mute little fish,  
 Though they can't spake, they wish—  
 Och hone! widow machree.

## III.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in—  
 Och hone! widow machree—  
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
 Och hone! widow machree.  
 Sure the shovel and tongs  
 To each other belongs,  
 And the kettle sings songs  
 Full of family glee;  
 While alone with your cup,  
 Like a hermit you sup,  
 Och hone! widow machree.

## IV.

And how do you know, with the comforts  
 I've towld—  
 Och hone! widow machree—  
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in  
 the cowl,  
 Och hone! widow machree!  
 With such sins on your head,  
 Sure your peace would be fled;  
 Could you sleep in your bed  
 Without thinking to see  
 Some ghost or some sprite,  
 That would wake you each night,  
 Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

## V.

Then take my advice, darling widow ma-  
 chree—  
 Och hone! widow machree—  
 And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take  
 me,  
 Och hone! widow machree!  
 You'd have me to desire  
 Then to stir up the fire;  
 And sure hope is no liar  
 In whispering to me,  
 That the ghosts would depart  
 When you'd me near your heart—  
 Och hone! widow machree!

SAMUEL LOVER.



## STANZAS.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;  
The days of our youth are the days of our  
glory,  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-  
twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so  
plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow  
that is wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew be-  
sprinkled.  
Then away with all such from the head that  
is hoary!  
What care I for the wreaths that can only  
give glory?

O fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding  
phrases  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one  
discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love  
her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found  
thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that sur-  
round thee;  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright  
in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

## LOVE UNREQUITED.

Though thou say'st thou lov'st me not,  
And although thou bidd'st me blot  
From my heart, and from my brain,  
All this consciousness of thee,  
With its longing, its blest pain,  
And its deathless memory  
Of the hope—ah, why in vain?—  
That thy great heart might beat for me;—  
Ask it not,—love fixed so high,  
Though unrequited, cannot die;  
In my soul such love hath root,  
And the world shall have the fruit.

ANONYMOUS.

## SONNET.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and  
part!  
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so clearly I myself can free.  
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,  
And when we meet at any time again  
Be it not seen, on either of our brows,  
That we one jot of former love retain  
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,  
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless  
lies,  
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And innocence is closing up his eyes;  
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given  
him over,  
From death to life thou might'st him yet re-  
cover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

## JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in,  
Time, you thief! who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;  
Say that health and wealth have missed me;  
Say I'm growing old, but add—  
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

## THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I-checked him while he spoke; yet, could he  
speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him; I now would give  
My love, could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found  
'T was vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death!  
I waste for him my breath

Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,  
 And this lone bosom burns  
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
 And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years  
 Wept he as bitter tears!  
 "Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,  
 "These may she never share!"  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
 Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard  
 gate,  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,  
 And oh! pray, too, for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### MISCONCEPTIONS.

I.  
 This is a spray the bird clung to,  
 Making it blossom with pleasure,  
 Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,  
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
 Oh, what a hope beyond measure  
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet  
 hung to,—  
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

II.  
 This is a heart the queen leant on,  
 Thrilled in a minute erratic,  
 Ere the true bosom she bent on,  
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.  
 Oh, what a fancy ecstatic  
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer  
 went on—  
 Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent  
 on!

ROBERT BROWNING.

### ONE WAY OF LOVE.

I.  
 ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves;  
 Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves,  
 And strew them where Pauline may pass.  
 She will not turn aside? Alas!  
 Let them lie. Suppose they die?  
 The chance was they might take her eye.

### II.

How many a month I strove to suit  
 These stubborn fingers to the lute!  
 To-day I venture all I know.  
 She will not hear my music? So!  
 Break the string—fold music's wing.  
 Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

### III.

My whole life long I learned to love;  
 This hour my utmost art I prove  
 And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell?  
 She will not give me heaven? 'T is well  
 Lose who may—I still can say,  
 Those who win heaven, blest are they.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### BALLAD.

Stirr on, sad heart, for love's eclipse  
 And beauty's fairest queen,  
 Though 't is not for my peasant lips  
 To soil her name between.  
 A king might lay his sceptre down,  
 But I am poor and naught;  
 The brow should wear a golden crown  
 That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,  
 Whose sudden beams surprise,  
 Might bid such humble hopes beware  
 The glancing of her eyes;  
 Yet, looking once, I looked too long;  
 And if my love is sin,  
 Death follows on the heels of wrong,  
 And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,  
 It was so pure and fine—  
 Oh lofty weaves, and lowly weaves,  
 But hoddin gray is mine;  
 And homely hose must step apart,  
 Where gartered princes stand;  
 But may he wear my love at heart  
 That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there 's far from russet frieze  
 To silks and satin gowns;  
 But I doubt if God made like degrees  
 In courtly hearts and clowns.

My father wronged a maiden's mirth,  
And brought her cheeks to blame;  
And all that 's lordly of my birth  
Is my reproach and shame!

'T is vain to weep, 't is vain to sigh,  
'T is vain this idle speech—  
For where her happy pearls do lie  
My tears may never reach;  
Yet when I 'm gone, e'en lofty pride  
May say, of what has been,  
His love was nobly born and died,  
Tho' all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak  
Such love as mine to tell;  
Yet had I words, I dare not speak:  
So, lady, fare thee well!  
I will not wish thy better state  
Was one of low degree,  
But I must weep that partial fate  
Made such a churl of me.

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE DREAM.

#### I.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world—  
A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality;  
And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of  
joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking  
thoughts;  
They take a weight from off our waking toils;  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
They make us what we were not—what they  
will;  
They shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
The dread of vanished shadows—are they so?  
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?  
Creations of the mind?—the mind can make  
Substance, and people planets of its own

With beings brighter than have been, and  
give

A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
I would recall a vision, which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.

#### II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green and of mild declivity; the last,  
As 't were the cape, of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of  
men  
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill  
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array—so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.  
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath;  
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;  
And both were young, and one was beauti-  
ful;  
And both were young—yet not alike in  
youth.  
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers; but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him; he had looked  
Upon it till it could not pass away;  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;  
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words; she was his  
sight,  
For his eye followed hers, and saw with  
hers,  
Which colored all his objects;—he had ceased  
To live within himself; she was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all; upon a tone,  
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and  
flow,  
And his cheek change tempestuously—his  
heart  
Unknowing of its cause of agony.

But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
Even as a brother—but no more; 't was  
much;

For brotherless she was, save in the name  
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him—  
Herself the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honored race.—It was a name  
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not  
—and why?

Time taught him a deep answer—when she  
loved.

Another. Even now she loved another;  
And on the summit of that hill she stood  
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed  
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

## III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
There was an ancient mansion; and before  
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.  
Within an antique oratory stood  
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,  
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon  
He sat him down, and seized a pen and  
traced

Words which I could not guess of; then he  
leaned

His bowed head on his hands, and shook, as  
't were

With a convulsion—then arose again:  
And with his teeth and quivering hands did  
tear

What he had written; but he shed no tears.  
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
Into a kind of quiet. As he paused,  
The lady of his love reëntered there;  
She was serene and smiling then; and yet  
She knew she was by him beloved; she  
knew—

How quickly comes such knowledge! that  
his heart

Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.  
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face  
A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced; and then it faded as it came.  
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow  
steps

Retired; but not as bidding her adieu,

For they did part with mutual smiles. He  
passed

From out the massy gate of that old hall;  
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold  
more.

## IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The boy was sprung to manhood. In the  
wilds

Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was  
girt

With strange and dusky aspects; he was not  
Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer;

There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay,  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping  
side

Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man  
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumbered around;  
And they were canopied by the blue sky—  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

## V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The lady of his love was wed with one  
Who did not love her better. In her home,  
A thousand leagues from his,—her native  
home—

She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,  
Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold!  
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.  
What could her grief be?—She had all she  
loved;

And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,  
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.  
What could her grief be?—she had loved him  
not.



Nor given him cause to deem himself be-  
loved;  
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed  
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

## VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand  
Before an altar, with a gentle bride;  
Her face was fair; but was not that which  
made

The starlight of his boyhood. As he stood,  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock  
That in the antique oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude; and then—  
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced—and then it faded as it came;  
And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own  
words;

And all things reeled around him; he could  
see

Not that which was, nor that which should  
have been—

But the old mansion, and the accustomed  
hall,

And the remembered chambers, and the  
place,

The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the  
shade—

All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her who was his destiny—came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the  
light;

What business had they there at such a time?

## VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The lady of his love—oh! she was changed,  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling; and her  
eyes,

They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things,  
And forms impalpable, and unperceived  
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.

And this the world calls frenzy; but the  
wise

Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;  
What is it but the telescope of truth?  
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
And brings life near to utter nakedness,  
Making the cold reality too real!

## VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:  
The wanderer was alone, as heretofore;  
The beings which surrounded him were gone  
Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation—compassed round  
With hatred and contention; pain was mixed  
In all which was served up to him; until,  
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
He fed on poisons; and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment. He lived  
Through that which had been death to many  
men;

And made him friends of mountains. With  
the stars,

And the quick spirit of the universe,  
He held his dialogues, and they did teach  
To him the magic of their mysteries;  
To him the book of night was opened wide,  
And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

## IX.

My dream was past; it had no further  
change.

It was of a strange order, that the doom  
Of these two creatures should be thus traced  
out

Almost like a reality—the one  
To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

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ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the  
sea;

The cloud may stoop from heaven and take  
the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape.  
But, oh too fond, when have I answered thee?  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?  
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;  
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;  
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are  
 sealed.

I strove against the stream and all in vain.  
 Let the great river take me to the main.  
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;  
 Ask me no more!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted  
 In silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted,  
 To sever for years,  
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
 Colder thy kiss;  
 Truly that hour foretold  
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
 Sunk chill on my brow—  
 It felt like the warning  
 Of what I feel now.  
 Thy vows are all broken,  
 And light is thy fame;  
 I hear thy name spoken,  
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
 A knell to mine ear;  
 A shudder comes o'er me—  
 Why wert thou so dear?  
 They know not I knew thee,  
 Who knew thee too well.  
 Long, long, shall I rue thee  
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
 In silence I grieve,  
 That thy heart could forget,  
 Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee  
 After long years,  
 How should I greet thee?—  
 In silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

### IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

AN August evening, on a balcony  
 That overlooked a woodland and a lake,  
 I sat in the still air, and talked with one  
 Whose face shone fairer than the crescent  
 moon.

Just over-head, a violin and flute  
 Played prelude to a dance. Their long-  
 drawn chords  
 Poured through the windows, gaping sum-  
 mer-wide,  
 A flood of notes that, flowing outward, swept  
 To the last ripple of the orchard trees.

I had not known her long, but loved her  
 more  
 Than I could dream of then—oh, even now  
 I dare not dwell upon my passion,—more  
 Than life itself I loved her, and still love.

The white enchantment of her dimpled hand  
 Lay soft in mine! I looked into her eyes;  
 I knew I was unworthy, but I felt  
 That I was noble if she did but smile.

A light of stars shone round her head; I saw  
 The sombre shores that gloomed the lake  
 below;  
 The shadows settling on the distant hills;  
 I heard the pleasant music of the night,  
 Brought by the wind, a vagrant messenger,  
 From the deep forest and the broad, sweet  
 fields.

But when she spoke, and her pervasive voice  
 Stole on me till I trembled to my knees,  
 I pressed my lips to hers—then round me  
 glowed

A sudden light, that seemed to flash me on,  
 Beyond myself, beyond the fainting stars.  
 Then all the bleak disheartenings of a life  
 That had not been of pleasure faded off,

And left me with a purpose, and a hope  
That I was born for something braver than  
To hang my head and wear a nameless name.

That hour has passed, nor ever came again.  
We all do live such—so I would believe.  
Life's mere arithmetic and prose are mine,  
And I have missed the beauty of the world.

Let this remembrance comfort me,—that  
when  
My heart seemed bursting—like a restless  
wave,  
That, swollen with fearful longing for the  
shore,  
Throws its strong life on the imagined bliss  
Of finding peace and undisturbed calm—  
It fell on rock and broke in many tears.

Else could I bear, on all days of the year,  
Not now alone—this gentle summer night,  
When scythes are busy in the headed grass,  
And the full moon warms me to thought-  
fulness,—  
This voice, that haunts the desert of my soul;  
“It might have been,” alas! “It might have  
been!”

WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON.

#### WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,  
On the banks of that lonely river;  
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,  
We met—and we parted for ever!  
The night-bird sung, and the stars above  
Told many a touching story,  
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of  
love,  
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet  
With the tears that were past controlling;  
We vowed we would never—no, never for-  
get,  
And those vows at the time were con-  
soling;

But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine  
Are as cold as that lonely river;  
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,  
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,  
And my heart grows full of weeping;  
Each star is to me a sealed book,  
Some tale of that loved one keeping.  
We parted in silence—we parted in tears,  
On the banks of that lonely river:  
But the odor and bloom of those by-gone  
years  
Shall hang o'er its waters for ever.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

#### IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more  
While I live,  
Need I hope to see his face  
As before.  
Once his love grown chill,  
Mine may strive—  
Bitterly we reëmbrace,  
Single still.

Was it something said,  
Something done,  
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
Turn of head?  
Strange! that very way  
Love begun.  
I as little understand  
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,  
I recall  
How he looked as if I sang  
—Sweetly too.  
If I spoke a word,  
First of all  
Up his cheek the color sprang,  
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,  
At my feet,  
So he breathed the air I breathed,  
Satisfied!

I, too, at love's brim  
Touched the sweet.  
I would die if death bequeathed  
Sweet to him.

"Speak—I love thee best!"  
He exclaimed—  
"Let thy love my own foretell."  
I confessed:  
"Clasp my heart on thine  
Now unblamed,  
Since upon thy soul as well  
Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,  
Being truth?  
Why should all the giving prove  
His alone?  
I had wealth and ease,  
Beauty, youth—  
Since my lover gave me love,  
I gave these.

That was all I meant,  
—To be just,  
And the passion I had raised  
To content.  
Since he chose to change  
Gold for dust,  
If I gave him what he praised  
Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,  
On and on,  
While I found some way undreamed  
—Paid my debt!  
Gave more life and more,  
Till, all gone,  
He should smile "She never seemed  
Mine before.

"What—she felt the while,  
Must I think?  
Love's so different with us men,"  
He should smile.  
"Dying for my sake—  
White and pink!  
Can't we touch these bubbles then  
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.  
Do thy part,  
Have thy pleasure. How perplex  
Grows belief!  
Well, this cold clay clod,  
Was man's heart.  
Crumble it—and what comes next?  
Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

I.

With one black shadow at its feet,  
The house through all the level shines,  
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,  
And silent in its dusty vines;  
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,  
An empty river-bed before,  
And shallows on a distant shore,  
In glaring sand and inlets bright.  
But "Ave Mary," made she moan,  
And "Ave Mary," night and morn;  
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

II.

She, as her carol sadder grew,  
From brow and bosom slowly down  
Through rosy taper fingers drew  
Her streaming curls of deepest brown  
To left and right, and made appear,  
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,  
Her melancholy eyes divine,  
The home of woe without a tear.  
And "Ave Mary," was her moan,  
"Madonna, sad is night and morn;"  
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

III.

Till all the crimson changed, and passed  
Into deep orange o'er the sea,  
Low on her knees herself she cast,  
Before Our Lady murmured she;  
Complaining, "Mother, give me grace  
To help me of my weary load!"  
And on the liquid mirror glowed  
The clear perfection of her face.



"Is this the form," she made her moan,  
 "That won his praises night and morn?"  
 And "Ah," she said, "but I wake alone,  
 I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn."

## IV.

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,  
 Nor any cloud would cross the vault;  
 But day increased from heat to heat,  
 On stony drought and steaming salt;  
 Till now at noon she slept again,  
 And seemed knee-deep in mountain grass,  
 And heard her native breezes pass,  
 And runlets babbling down the glen.  
 She breathed in sleep a lower moan;  
 And murmuring, as at night and morn,  
 She thought, "My spirit is here alone,  
 Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

## V.

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream;  
 She felt he was and was not there.  
 She woke: the babble of the stream  
 Fell, and without the steady glare  
 Shrank the sick olive sere and small.  
 The river-bed was dusty white;  
 And all the furnace of the light  
 Struck up against the blinding wall.  
 She whispered, with a stifled moan  
 More inward than at night or morn,  
 "Sweet mother, let me not here alone  
 Live forgotten, and die forlorn."

## VI.

And, rising, from her bosom drew  
 Old letters, breathing of her worth;  
 For "Love," they said, "must needs be true,  
 To what is loveliest upon earth."  
 An image seemed to pass the door.  
 To look at her with slight, and say,  
 "But now thy beauty flows away,  
 So be alone for evermore."  
 "O cruel heart," she changed her tone,  
 "And cruel love, whose end is scorn,  
 Is this the end—to be left alone,  
 To live forgotten, and die forlorn!"

## VII.

But sometimes in the falling day  
 An image seemed to pass the door,  
 To look into her eyes and say,  
 "But thou shalt be alone no more."

And flaming downward over all,  
 From heat to heat the day decreased,  
 And slowly rounded to the east  
 The one black shadow from the wall.  
 "The day to night," she made her moan,  
 "The day to night, the night to morn  
 And day and night I am left alone,  
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

## VIII.

At eve a dry cicala sung;  
 There came a sound as of the sea;  
 Backward the lattice-blind she flung,  
 And leaned upon the balcony.  
 There, all in spaces rosy-bright,  
 Large Hesper glittered on her tears,  
 And deepening through the silent spheres,  
 Heaven over heaven, rose the night,  
 And weeping then she made her moan,  
 "The night comes on that knows not  
 morn;  
 When I shall cease to be all alone,  
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

ALFRED TENNYSON

## SONG.

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine!  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine!  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
 No more of me you knew,  
 My love!  
 No more of me you knew."

"This morn is merry June, I trow—  
 The rose is budding fain;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow  
 Ere we two meet again."  
 He turned his charger as he spake,  
 Upon the river shore;  
 He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
 Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
 My love!  
 And adieu for evermore."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as  
yet 't is early morn—

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound  
upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the  
curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over  
Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks  
the sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into  
cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement,  
ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to  
the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through  
the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a  
silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing  
a youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long  
result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful  
land reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the prom-  
ise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye  
could see—

Saw the vision of the world, and all the won-  
der that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the  
robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets him-  
self another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the  
burnished dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly  
turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than  
should be for one so young,  
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute  
observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and  
speak the truth to me;

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being  
sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a  
color and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the  
northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a  
sudden storm of sighs—

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of  
hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they  
should do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weep-  
ing, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned  
it in his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in  
golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on  
all the chords with might;

Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,  
passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear  
the copses ring,

And her whisper thronged my pulses with  
the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch  
the stately ships,

And our spirits rushed together at the touch  
ing of the lips.

Oh my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh my  
Amy, mine no more!

Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the  
barren, barren shore!

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all  
songs have sung—

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a  
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known  
me; to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower  
heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level  
day by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to  
sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art  
mated with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have  
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall  
have spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer  
than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy—think not  
they are glazed with wine.

Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him; take  
his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is  
overwrought—

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him  
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to  
understand—

Better thou wert dead before me, though I  
slew thee with my hands.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from  
the heart's disgrace,

Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a  
lust embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against  
the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from  
the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from  
honest nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened  
forehead of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—Hadst  
thou less unworthy proved,

Would to God—for I had loved thee more  
than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which  
bears but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my  
heart be at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such  
length of years should come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the  
clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records  
of the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as  
I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did  
she speak and move;

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at  
was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for  
the love she bore?

No—she never loved me truly; love is love  
for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is  
truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-  
bering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest  
thy heart be put to proof,

In the dead, unhappy night, and when the  
rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art  
staring at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the  
shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep, To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.	Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the markets overflow. I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?
Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whis- pered by the phantom years, And a song from out the distance in the ring- ing of thine ears;	I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground, When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.
And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain. Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.	But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels, And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.
Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry; 'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.	Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page. Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won- drous mother-age!
Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest— Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.	Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife, When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;
Oh, the child, too, clothes the father with a deariness not his due; Half is thine, and half is his—it will be worthy of the two.	Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield— Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
Oh, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part, With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart:	And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn, Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
"They were dangerous guides the feelings— she herself was not exempt— Truly, she herself had suffered."—Perish in thy self-contempt!	And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then, Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men—
Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care? I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.	Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new: That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do;
What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these? Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.	For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see— Saw the vision of the world, and all the won- der that would be—



Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales—	Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the shore, And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;	Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast, Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm, With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;	Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn— They to whom my foolish passion were a tar- get for their scorn;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.	Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string? I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.	Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain— Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain;
So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through me, left me dry, Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye—	Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas- sions, matched with mine, Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—
Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint. Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point;	Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat Deep in yonder shining orient, where my life began to beat!
Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher, Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.	Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred; I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.
Yet I doubt not through the ages one increas- ing purpose runs, And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.	Or to burst all links of habit—there to wan- der far away, On from island unto island at the gateways of the day—
What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys, Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?	Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies, Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag—

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag—

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind—

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,

But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,

Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,

Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as when life begun—

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun—

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;

Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath andholt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## ORPHEUS TO BEASTS.

HERE, here, oh here, Eurydice—  
Here was she slain—

Her soul 'stilled through a vein;  
The gods knew less  
That time divinity,  
Than ev'n, ev'n these  
Of brutishness.

Oh could you view the melody  
Of every grace,  
And music of her face,  
You'd drop a tear;  
Seeing more harmony  
In her bright eye,  
Than now you hear.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

## OH THAT 'T WERE POSSIBLE.

## I.

OH that 't were possible,  
After long grief and pain,  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again!

## II.

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
Of the land that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

## III.

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee;  
Ah Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be!

## IV.

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

## V.

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

## VI.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendor falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls;  
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet;  
She is walking in the meadow,

And the woodland echo rings  
In a moment we shall meet;  
She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.

## VII.

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate

cry—

There is some one dying or dead;  
And a sullen thunder is rolled;  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake—my dream is fled;  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold!

## VIII.

Get thee hence, nor come again!  
Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about!  
'Tis the blot upon the brain  
That will show itself without.

## IX.

Then I rise; the eave-drops fall,  
And the yellow vapors choke  
The great city sounding wide;  
The day comes—a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke  
On the misty river-tide.

## X.

Through the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame;  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Through all that crowd confused and loud  
The shadow still the same;  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

## XI.

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering through the laurels

At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall!

## XII.

Would the happy spirit descend  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend  
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"  
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest?"

## XIII.

But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me;  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## SONNET.

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant  
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly  
care,  
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
For nought but what thy happiness could  
spare.

Speak! though this soft warm heart, once free  
to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
Than a forsaken bird's-nest, filled with snow  
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end  
may know!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK  
MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,  
As spring's rath blossoms die;  
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now  
Thy once bright eye;  
But look! on me the prints of grief  
Still deeper lie.  
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary;  
Thy step is sad and slow;  
The morn of gladness hath gone by  
Thou erst did know;  
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep  
For very woe.  
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday  
We were the happiest twain,  
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,  
Dropping like rain,  
Discoursed my love, and told how loved  
I was again.  
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase  
We gave our passion name;  
Scorning such tedious eloquence,  
Our hearts' fond flame  
And long-imprisoned feelings fast  
In deep sobs came.  
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love  
That merest worldlings know,  
When passion's draught to our doomed lips  
Turns utter woe,  
And our poor dream of happiness  
Vanishes so!  
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes  
There's yet some touch of bliss,  
Since fate robs not our wretchedness  
Of this last kiss:  
Despair, and love, and madness meet  
In this, in this.  
Farewell!

WILLIAM MOTHEWELL.



## WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

Oh waly, waly up the bank,  
And waly, waly down the brae,  
And waly, waly yon burn side,  
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree;  
But first it bowed, and syne it brak—  
Sae my true love did lightly me!

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny,  
A little time while it is new;  
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
And fades away like the morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head?  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed;  
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;  
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,  
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I my sell were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growin' over me!

ANONYMOUS.

## JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way;  
But never, never can forget  
The luve o' life's young day!  
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en  
May weel be black gin Yule;  
But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o' bygone years  
Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
And blind my een wi' tears:  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
'T was then we twa did part;  
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule.  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!  
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ither lear;  
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,  
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,  
What our wee heads could think.  
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,  
Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said  
We cleeked thegither hame?  
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,  
(The scule then skail't at noon,)  
When we ran off to speel the braes,—  
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about—  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As ane by ane the thochts rush back  
O' scule-time and o' thee.

Oh mornin' life! oh mornin' luve!  
 Oh lightsome days and lang,  
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts  
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left  
 The deavin' dinsome toun,  
 To wander by the green burnside,  
 And hear its waters croon?  
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
 The flowers burst round our feet,  
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
 The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,  
 The burn sang to the trees—  
 And we, with nature's heart in tune,  
 Concerted harmonies;  
 And on the knowe abune the burn  
 For hours thegither sat  
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Tears trinkled down your cheek  
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
 Had ony power to speak!  
 That was a time, a blessed time,  
 When hearts were fresh and young,  
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
 Gin I hae been to thee  
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
 As ye hae been to me?  
 Oh, tell me gin their music fills  
 Thine ear as it does mine!  
 Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 I've borne a weary lot;  
 But in my wanderings, far or near,  
 Ye never were forgot.  
 The fount that first burst frae this heart  
 Still travels on its way;  
 And channels deeper, as it rins,  
 The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Since we were sindered young  
 I've never seen your face nor heard  
 The music o' your tongue;  
 But I could hug all wretchedness,  
 And happy could I die,  
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
 O' bygone days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

# MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie—  
 My heart is like to break;  
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—  
 I'm dyin' for your sake!  
 Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,  
 Your hand on my briest-bane,—  
 Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,  
 When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie—  
 Sair grief maun ha'e its will;  
 But let me rest upon your briest  
 To sab and greet my fill.  
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie—  
 Let me shed by your hair,  
 And look into the face, Willie,  
 I never sall-see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
 For the last time in my life,—  
 A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,  
 A mither, yet nae wife.  
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,  
 And press it mair and mair,—  
 Or it will burst the silken twine,  
 Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae's me for the hour, Willie,  
 When we thegither met—  
 Oh, wae's me for the time, Willie,  
 That our first tryst was set!  
 Oh, wae's me for the loanin' green  
 Where we were wont to gae,—  
 And wae's me for the destinie  
 That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie—  
 I downa seek to blame;  
 But oh, it's hard to live, Willie,  
 And dree a warld's shame!  
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,  
 And hailin' ower your chin:  
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
 For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,  
 And sick wi' a' I see,  
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,  
 Or be as I should be.  
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,  
 The heart that still is thine,—  
 And kiss ance mair the white, white  
 cheek  
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie—  
 A sair stoun' through my heart;  
 Oh, haud me up and let me kiss  
 Thy brow ere we twa part.  
 Anither, and anither yet!—  
 How fast my life-strings break!—  
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-  
 yard  
 Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,  
 That lits far ower our heid,  
 Will sing the morn as merrilie  
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;  
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,  
 Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,  
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee  
 As warld has seldom seen.

But oh, remember me, Willie,  
 On land where'er ye be—  
 And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,  
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!  
 And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools  
 That file my yellow hair,—  
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin  
 Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl,—  
 "I tell thee sooth, I am belted earl;  
 Fly with me from this garden small,  
 And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall;

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and  
 pleasure,  
 Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;  
 Here with my sword and horse I stand,  
 To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full-blown rose,  
 A token of love that as ripely blows."  
 With his glove of steel he plucked the token,  
 But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and  
 broken.

The maiden exclaimed,—"Thou seest, sir  
 knight,  
 Thy fingers of iron can only smite;  
 And, like the rose thou hast torn and scat-  
 tered,  
 I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shat-  
 tered."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances  
 fell;  
 But she turned from the knight, and said,  
 "Farewell!"  
 "Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize;  
 I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,  
 And he mounted and spurred with furious  
 heel;  
 But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,  
 Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,  
 Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;  
 And the weight that pressed on the fleet-  
 foot horse  
 Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue;  
 That morning the maiden was fair to view;  
 But the evening sun its beauty shed  
 On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead.

JOHN STERLING.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Soothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that  
flowed  
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled  
up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered  
whether

The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel-eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!  
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each  
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the  
poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,  
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love tune;



And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,  
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day  
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye  
at hame,

And a' the warld to sleep are gane;  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my  
ee,

When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for  
his bride;

But, saving a croun, he had naething else be-  
side.

To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed  
to sea;

And the croun and the pund were baith for  
me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,  
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow  
was stown awa;

My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at  
the sea—

And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother  
 cou'dna spin;  
 I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I  
 cou'dna win;  
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi'  
 tears in his ee,  
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie  
 back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it  
 was a wrack;  
 The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie  
 dee?  
 Or, why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair—my mother didna  
 speak,  
 But she lookit in my face till my heart was  
 like to break;  
 Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart  
 was in the sea;  
 And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,  
 When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think  
 it he,  
 Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry  
 thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did  
 we say;  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves  
 away:  
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
 And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a  
 sin;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

### BERTHA IN THE LANE.

Put the broidery-frame away,  
 For my sewing is all done!  
 The last thread is used to-day,  
 And I need not join it on.  
 Though the clock stands at the noon,  
 I am weary! I have sewn,  
 Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,  
 And stand near me, dearest-sweet!  
 Do not shrink nor be afraid,  
 Blushing with a sudden heat!  
 No one standeth in the street!—  
 By God's love I go to meet,  
 Love I thee, with love complete.

Lean thy face down! drop it in  
 These two hands, that I may hold  
 'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,  
 Stroking back the curls of gold.  
 'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—  
 Larger eyes and redder mouth  
 Than mine were in my first youth!

Thou art younger by seven years—  
 Ah!—so bashful at my gaze  
 That the lashes, hung with tears,  
 Grow too heavy to upraise?  
 I would wound thee by no touch  
 Which thy shyness feels as such—  
 Dost thou mind me, dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother  
 To thy sweetness—tell me, dear?  
 Have we not loved one another  
 Tenderly, from year to year?  
 Since our dying mother mild  
 Said, with accents undefiled,  
 "Child, be mother to this child!"

Mother, mother, up in heaven,  
 Stand up on the jasper sea,  
 And be witness I have given  
 All the gifts required of me;—  
 Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,  
 Love that left me with a wound,  
 Life itself, that turned around!

Mother, mother, thou art kind,  
 Thou art standing in the room,—  
 In a molten glory shrined,  
 That rays off into the gloom!  
 But thy smile is bright and bleak,  
 Like cold waves—I cannot speak;  
 I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof  
 One hour longer from my soul—  
 For I still am thinking of  
 Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!  
 On my finger is a ring  
 Which I still see glittering,  
 When the night hides every thing.

Little sister, thou art pale!  
 Ah, I have a wandering brain—  
 But I lose that fever-bale,  
 And my thoughts grow calm again.  
 Lean down closer—closer still!  
 I have words thine ear to fill,—  
 And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,  
 Thee and Robert—through the trees,—  
 When we all went gathering  
 Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.  
 Do not start so! think instead  
 How the sunshine overhead  
 Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!  
 Hills and vales did openly  
 Seem to heave and throb away,  
 At the sight of the great sky;  
 And the silence, as it stood  
 In the glory's golden flood,  
 Audibly did bud—and bud!

Through the winding hedgerows green,  
 How we wandered, I and you,—  
 With the bowery tops shut in,  
 And the gates that showed the view—  
 How we talked there! thrushes soft  
 Sang our pauses out,—or oft  
 Bleatings took them, from the croft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,  
 Left me muter evermore;  
 And, the winding road being long,  
 I walked out of sight, before;

And so, wrapt in musings fond,  
 Issued (past the wayside pond)  
 On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech  
 Which leans over to the lane,  
 And the far sound of your speech  
 Did not promise any pain;  
 And I blessed you, full and free,  
 With a smile stooped tenderly  
 O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word  
 As the speakers drew more near—  
 Sweet, forgive me that I heard  
 What you wished me not to hear.  
 Do not weep so—do not shake—  
 Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make  
 Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too! let him stand  
 In thy thoughts, untouched by blame  
 Could he help it, if my hand  
 He had claimed with hasty claim!  
 That was wrong perhaps—but then  
 Such things be—and will, again!  
 Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he swore  
 He would love but me alone?  
 Thou wert absent—sent before  
 To our kin in Sidmouth town.  
 When he saw thee, who art best  
 Past compare, and loveliest,  
 He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,  
 Thou and I, dear, if we might?  
 Thy brown eyes have looks like birds  
 Flying straightway to the light;  
 Mine are older.—Hush!—look out—  
 Up the street! Is none without?  
 How the poplar swings about!

And that hour—beneath the beech—  
 When I listened in a dream,  
 And he said, in his deep speech,  
 That he owed me all esteem—  
 Each word swam in on my brain  
 With a dim, dilating pain,  
 Till it burst with that last strain—

I fell flooded with a dark,  
 In the silence of a swoon—  
 When I rose, still, cold and stark,  
 There was night—I saw the moon :  
 And the stars, each in its place,  
 And the May-blooms on the grass,  
 Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart  
 From myself when I could stand—  
 And I pitied my own heart,  
 As if I held it in my hand—  
 Somewhat coldly—with a sense  
 Of fulfilled benevolence,  
 And a "Poor thing" negligence.

And I answered coldly too,  
 When you met me at the door ;  
 And I only heard the dew  
 Dripping from me to the floor ;  
 And the flowers I bade you see,  
 Were too withered for the bee—  
 As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so—dear—heart-warm !  
 It was best as it befell !  
 If I say he did me harm,  
 I speak wild—I am not well.  
 All his words were kind and good—  
 He esteemed me ! Only blood  
 Runs so faint in womanhood.

Then I always was too grave—  
 Liked the saddest ballads sung—  
 With that look, besides, we have  
 In our faces, who die young.  
 I had died, dear, all the same—  
 Life's long, joyous, jostling game  
 Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,  
 Thou and I ; that none could guess  
 We were children of one mother,  
 But for mutual tenderness.  
 Thou art rose-lined from the cold,  
 And meant, verily, to hold  
 Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows  
 Close beside a rose-tree's root !  
 Whoso'er would reach the rose,  
 Treads the crocus underfoot—

I, like May-bloom on thorn tree—  
 Thou, like merry summer-bee !  
 Fit, that I be plucked for thee.

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns—  
 I have lived my season out—  
 And now die of my own thorns,  
 Which I could not live without.  
 Sweet, be merry ! How the light  
 Comes and goes ! If it be night,  
 Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door ?  
 Look out quickly. Yea, or nay ?  
 Some one might be waiting for  
 Some last word that I might say.  
 Nay ? So best !—So angels would  
 Stand off clear from deathly road—  
 Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet—  
 When I wear the shroud I made,  
 Let the folds lie straight and neat,  
 And the rosemary be spread—  
 That if any friend should come,  
 (To see thee, sweet ! ) all the room  
 May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep  
 On my hand this little ring,  
 Which at nights, when others sleep,  
 I can still see glittering.  
 Let me wear it out of sight,  
 In the grave—where it will light  
 All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave, drop not a tear !  
 Else, though fathom-deep the place,  
 Through the woollen shroud I wear  
 I shall feel it on my face.  
 Rather smile there, blessed one,  
 Thinking of me in the sun—  
 Or forget me—smiling on !

Art thou near me ? nearer ? so !  
 Kiss me close upon the eyes,  
 That the earthly light may go  
 Sweetly as it used to rise—  
 When I watched the morning gray  
 Strike, betwixt the hills, the way  
 He was sure to come that day.



So—no more vain words be said!  
 The hosannas nearer roll—  
 Mother smile now on thy dead—  
 I am death-strong in my soul!  
 Mystic Dove alit on cross,  
 Guide the poor bird of the snows  
 Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, victim, comprehending  
 Love's divine self-abnegation—  
 Cleanse my love in its self-spending,  
 And absorb the poor libation!  
 Wind my thread of life up higher,  
 Up through angels' hands of fire!—  
 I aspire while I expire!—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

— — —  
 THEN.

▲ GIVE thee treasures hour by hour,  
 That old-time princes asked in vain,  
 And pined for in their useless power,  
 Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,  
 Aside from merit, or from prayer,  
 Rejoicing in its own delight,  
 And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung  
 On golden threads of hope and fear;  
 And tenderer thoughts than ever hung  
 In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea  
 Her thousand streams of wealth untold,  
 So flows my silent life to thee,  
 Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?  
 I give from depths that overflow,  
 Regardless that their power to bless  
 Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn  
 My triumph shines, more sweet than late;  
 When from these mortal mists withdrawn,  
 Thy heart shall know me—I can wait.

ROSE TERRY.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away!  
 Down and away below.  
 Now my brothers call from the bay;  
 Now the great winds shorewards blow;  
 Now the salt tides seaward flow;  
 Now the wild white horses play,  
 Champ and chaff and toss in the spray.  
 Children dear, let us away;  
 This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.  
 Call once yet,  
 In a voice that she will know:  
 "Margaret! Margaret!"  
 Children's voices should be-dear  
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;  
 Children's voices wild with pain.  
 Surely, she will come again.  
 Call her once, and come away;  
 This way, this way.  
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay,"  
 The wild white horses foam and fret,  
 Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.  
 Call no more.  
 One last look at the white-walled town,  
 And the little gray church on the windy shore  
 Then come down.  
 She will not come, though you call all day.  
 Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday  
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay?  
 In the caverns where we lay,  
 Through the surf and through the swell,  
 The far-off sound of a silver bell?  
 Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,  
 Where the winds are all asleep;  
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;  
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream;  
 Where the sea-beasts ranged all around  
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;  
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
 Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;  
 Where great whales come sailing by,  
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
 Round the world forever and aye?  
 When did music come this way?  
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away?  
Once she sat with you and me,

On a red gold throne in the heart of the  
sea,

And the youngest sat on her knee.

She combed its bright hair and she tended it  
well,

When down swung the sound of the far-off  
bell;

She sighed, she looked up through the clear  
green sea;

She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.  
'T will be Easter-time in the world—ah me!  
And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with  
thee."

I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind  
sea-caves."

She smiled, she went up through the surf in  
the bay;

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;  
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.  
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf  
in the bay.

We went up the beach in the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-  
walled town,

Through the narrow-paved streets, where all  
was still,

To the little gray church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at  
their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn  
with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small  
lead panes.

She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear;

"Margaret, hie! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, "we are here alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones  
moan."

But ah, she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the  
door."

Come away, children, call no more,  
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,

Down to the depths of the sea;

She sits at her wheel in the humming town

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: "Oh joy, oh joy,

For the humming street, and the child with  
its toy,

For the priest and the bell, and the holy  
well,

For the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun."

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window and looks at the  
sand;

And over the sand at the sea;

And her eyes are set in a stare;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,

From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,

A long, long sigh,

For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaid,

And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,

Come, children, come down.

The hoarse wind blows colder;

Lights shine in the town.

She will start from her slumber

When gusts shake the door;

She will hear the winds howling,

Will hear the waves roar;

We shall see, while above us

The waves roar and whirl,

A ceiling of amber,

A pavement of pearl.

Singing, "Here came a mortal,

But faithless was she,

And alone dwell forever

The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,

When soft the winds blow,

When clear falls the moonlight,

When spring-tides are low,

When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starred with broom,  
And high rocks throw mildly  
On the blanched sands a gloom;  
Up the still, glistening beaches,  
Up the creeks we will hie;  
Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb-tide leaves dry.

We will gaze from the sand-hills,  
At the white sleeping town;  
At the church on the hill-side—  
And then come back, down.  
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,  
But cruel is she;  
She left lonely forever  
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

#### EXCUSE.

I too have suffered. Yet I know  
She is not cold, though she seems so;  
She is not cold, she is not light;  
But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,  
While we for hopeless passion die;  
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,  
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken  
Was turned upon the sons of men;  
But light the serious visage grew—  
She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,  
Our labored puny passion-fits—  
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we  
Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh, that Fate would let her see  
One of some worthier race than we—  
One for whose sake she once might prove  
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—  
His voice like sounds of summer nights—  
In all his lovely mien let pierce  
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,  
And gazing in his eyes will stand,  
And know her friend, and weep for glee,  
And cry—Long, long I've looked for thee!

Then will she weep—with smiles, till then  
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.  
Till then her lovely eyes maintain  
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

#### INDIFFERENCE.

I must not say that thou wert true,  
Yet let me say that thou wert fair;  
And they that lovely face who view,  
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts  
Wounded by men, by fortune tried,  
Outwearied with their lonely parts,  
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;  
Their lot was but to weep and moan.  
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,  
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath  
Has charmed at birth from gloom and care,  
These ask no love—these plight no faith,  
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,  
And garlands for their forehead weave;  
And what the world can give, they take—  
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears  
To one demand alone are coy.  
They will not give us love and tears—  
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

It was not love that heaved thy breast,  
Fair child! it was the bliss within.  
Adieu! and say that one, at least,  
Was just to what he did not win.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

#### SONG.

My silks and fine array,  
My smiles and languished air,  
By love are driven away,  
And mournful lean despair  
Brings me yew to deck my grave;  
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven  
 When springing buds unfold;  
 Oh, why to him was't given,  
 Whose heart is wintry cold?  
 His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb  
 Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,  
 Bring me a winding-sheet;  
 When I my grave have made,  
 Let winds and tempests beat!  
 Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay,  
 True love doth pass away!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

### ALLAN PERCY.

It was a beauteous lady richly dressed;  
 Around her neck are chains of jewels rare;  
 A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,  
 And a young child is softly slumbering  
 there.

In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,  
 She bears him onward to the greenwood  
 tree;

Is the dun heath, thou fair and thoughtless  
 one,

The place where an earl's son should cradled be?

Lullaby!

Though a proud earl be father to my child,  
 Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie;  
 Let the winds lull him with their murmurs  
 wild,

And toss the green boughs upward to the  
 sky.

Well knows that earl how long my spirit  
 pined.

I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free;  
 And had I wedded as my heart inclined,  
 My child were cradled 'neath the green-  
 wood tree.

Lullaby.

Slumber thou still, my innocent—mine own,  
 While I call back the dreams of other days.  
 In the deep forest I feel less alone  
 Than when those palace splendors mock  
 my gaze.

Fear not! my arm shall bear thee safely back  
 I need no squire, no page with bended knee  
 To bear my baby through the wildwood track,  
 Where Allan Percy used to roam with me  
 Lullaby!

Here I can sit; and while the fresh wind blows,  
 Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,  
 Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,  
 I can dream dreams that comfort my de-  
 spair;

I can make visions of a different home,  
 Such as we hoped in other days might be;  
 There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps  
 come—

There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee!  
 Lullaby!

Thou art mine own—I'll bear thee where I  
 list,  
 Far from the dull, proud tower and donjon-  
 keep;

From my long hair the pearl chains I'll un-  
 twist,

And with a peasant's heart sit down and  
 weep.

Thy glittering brodered robe, my precious  
 one,

Changed for a simpler covering shall be;  
 And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,  
 And think poor Allan guards thy sleep  
 with me.

Lullaby!

CAROLINE NORTON.

### CHANGES.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom  
 wed.

Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not  
 The thing we planned it out ere hope was  
 dead.

And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;  
 Much given away which it were sweet to  
 keep.

God help us all! who need, indeed, His care.  
 And yet, I know the Shepherd loves His  
 sheep.



My little boy begins to babble now  
 Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.  
 He has his father's eager eyes, I know;  
 And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
 And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
 I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)  
 Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago;

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare  
 not think!

We are all changed. God judges for us best.  
 God help us do our duty, and not shrink,  
 And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear  
 Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.  
 Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard  
 to bear.

Who knows the past? and who can judge us  
 right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have  
 been,  
 And not by what we are—too apt to fall!  
 My little child—he sleeps and smiles between  
 These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall  
 know all!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

#### FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,  
 Florence Vane;  
 My life's bright dream and early  
 Hath come again;  
 I renew, in my fond vision,  
 My heart's dear pain—  
 My hopes, and thy derision,  
 Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,  
 The ruin old,  
 Where thou didst hark my story,  
 At even told—  
 That spot—the hues Elysian  
 Of sky and plain—  
 I treasure in my vision,  
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
 In their prime;  
 Thy voice excelled the closes  
 Of sweetest rhyme;  
 Thy heart was as a river  
 Without a main.  
 Would I had loved thee never,  
 Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!  
 Thy glorious clay  
 Lieth the green sod under—  
 Alas, the day!  
 And it boots not to remember  
 Thy disdain,  
 To quicken love's pale ember,  
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley  
 By young graves weep;  
 The daisies love to dally  
 Where maidens sleep.  
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,  
 Never wane  
 Where thine earthly part is lying,  
 Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

#### MINSTREL'S SONG.

On, sing unto my roundelay!  
 Oh, drop the briny tear with me!  
 Dance no more at holiday;  
 Like a running river be.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

Black his hair as the winter night,  
 White his neck as the summer snow,  
 Ruddy his face as the morning light;  
 Cold he lies in the grave below.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;  
 Quick in dance as thought can be;

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;  
 Oh, he lies by the willow-tree!  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

Hark! the raven flaps his wing  
 In the briered dell below;  
 Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
 To the nightmares as they go.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

See! the white moon shines on high;  
 Whiter is my true-love's shroud,  
 Whiter than the morning sky,  
 Whiter than the evening cloud.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

Here, upon my true-love's grave  
 Shall the barren flowers be laid,  
 Nor one holy saint to save  
 All the coldness of a maid.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

With my hands I'll bind the briers  
 Round his holy corse to gre;  
 Ouphant fairy, light your fires;  
 Here my body still shall be.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
 Drain my heart's blood away;  
 Life and all its good I scorn,  
 Dance by night, or feast by day.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death bed,*  
*All under the willow tree.*

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,  
 Bear me to your lethal tide.  
 I die! I come! my true love waits.  
 Thus the damsel spake, and died.

THOMAS CHATTEETON.

## ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
 In a kingdom by the sea,  
 That a maiden lived, whom you may know  
 By the name of Annabel Lee;  
 And this maiden she lived with no other  
 thought  
 Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
 In this kingdom by the sea;  
 But we loved with a love that was more than  
 love,  
 I and my Annabel Lee—  
 With a love that the winged seraphs of  
 heaven  
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
 In this kingdom by the sea,  
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 So that her high-born kinsmen came,  
 And bore her away from me,  
 To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,  
 Went envying her and me.  
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)  
 In this kingdom by the sea,  
 That the wind came out of the cloud by  
 night,  
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the  
 love  
 Of those who were older than we,  
 Of many far wiser than we;  
 And neither the angels in heaven above,  
 Nor the demons down under the sea,  
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing  
 me dreams  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright  
 eyes  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the  
side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my  
bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think;  
The shutters are shut—no light may pass,  
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.  
Sixteen years old when she died!  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—  
It was not her time to love; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares;  
And now was quiet, now astir—  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?  
What! your soul was pure and true;  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire and dew;  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so  
wide,  
Each was naught to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?  
No, indeed! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love;  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.  
But the time will come—at last it will—  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall  
say,  
In the lower earth—in the years long still—  
That body and soul so gay?

Why your hair was amber I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's  
red—

And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;  
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you Evelyn, all the while;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was place and to spare for the frank  
young smile  
And the red young mouth and the hair's  
young gold.  
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;  
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.  
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
You will wake, and remember, and under-  
stand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There simmer first unfold her robes  
And there she langest tarry!  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;

But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early !  
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
I aft hae kissed sae fondly !  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly !  
And mould'ring now in silent dust  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usherest in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary ! dear, departed shade !  
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love ?  
Eternity will not efface,  
Those records dear of transports past—  
Thy image at our last embrace !  
Ah ! little thought we 't was our last !  
Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening,  
green ;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.  
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care ;  
Time but th' impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary ! dear, departed shade !  
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast ?

ROBERT BURNS.

## AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the opera there ;  
And she looked like a queen in a book that  
night,  
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;  
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,  
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;  
And who was not thrilled in the stranges  
way,  
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned  
low,  
“ *Non ti scordar di me ?* ”

The emperor there, in his box of state,  
Looked grave ; 'as if he had just then seen  
The red flag wave from the city gate,  
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye :  
You 'd have said that her fancy had gone  
back again,  
For one moment, under the old blue sky,  
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front row box we sat,  
Together, my bride betrothed and I ;  
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,  
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad ;—  
Like a queen she leaned on her full white  
arm,  
With that regal, indolent air she had ;  
So confident of her charm !



I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,  
Who died the richest and roundest of men,  
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,  
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;  
I wish him well, for the jointure given  
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,  
As I had not been thinking of aught for  
years;  
Till over my eyes there began to move  
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,  
When we stood, 'neath the cypress trees  
together,  
In that lost land, in that soft clime,  
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);  
And her warm white neck in its golden  
chain;  
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young  
breast;  
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine  
flower!)

And the one bird singing alone to his nest;  
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my  
ring;  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over;  
And I thought, "Were she only living still,  
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that  
hour,  
And of how, after all, old things are best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower  
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me cold!  
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling  
sheet

Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked: she was sitting  
there,  
In a dim box over the stage; and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,  
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;  
And the glittering horse shoe curved be-  
tween:—  
From my bride betrothed, with her raven  
hair  
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,  
And over her primrose face the shade,  
(In short, from the future back to the past)  
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the  
door,  
I traversed the passage; and down at her  
side  
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be exprest,  
Had brought her back from the grave again,  
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!  
But she loves me now, and she loved me  
then!  
And the very first word that her sweet lips  
said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,  
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome  
still;  
And but for her... well, we'll let that pass;  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
With her primrose face, for old things are  
best;

And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above  
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,  
And love must cling where it can, I say:  
For beauty is easy enough to win;  
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and  
men,  
There's a moment when all would go  
smooth and even,

If only the dead could find out when  
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine flower!  
And oh that music! and oh the way  
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,  
*Non ti scordar di me,*  
*Non ti scordar di me!*

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

#### TOO LATE.

"Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and tren."

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
In the old likeness that I knew,  
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—  
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!  
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:  
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;  
Not half worthy the like of you:  
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—  
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;  
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Dou-  
glas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

#### LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice, before the rising morn,  
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired  
And from th' infernal gods, 'mid shades for  
lorn

Of night, my slaughtered lord have I re-  
quired;  
Celestial pity I again implore;—  
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts  
her hands;

While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
Her countenance brightens and her eye ex-  
pands;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature  
grows;

And she expects the issue in repose.

Oh terror! what hath she perceived?—oh joy!  
What doth she look on?—whom doth she be-  
hold?

Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?  
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?  
It is—if sense deceive her not—'t is he!  
And a god leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with  
his wand

That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crown-  
ed thy prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command  
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours'  
space;

Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord  
to clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;  
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp.  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The phantom parts—but parts to reunite,  
And reassume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:  
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;  
Speak! and the floor thou tread'st on will re-  
joice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect:—spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain;  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan  
strand

Should die; but me the threat could not  
withhold—

A generous cause a victim did demand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes! bravest, noblest, best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were  
deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;  
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou  
art—

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
And he whose power restores thee hath de-  
creed

Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave;  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow  
this;

Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial  
kiss

To me, this day a second time thy bride!"  
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcae  
threw

Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past;  
Nor should the change be mourned, even if  
the joys

Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains;  
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control  
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.  
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force  
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb  
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal  
bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful, and they  
Yet further may relent; for mightier far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the  
sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble wo-  
man's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!"  
he said;—

She looked upon him and was calmed and  
cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive, though a happy  
place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;  
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there  
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a divine air,  
And fields invested with purple gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest  
day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath  
earned

That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,

"The end of man's existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain de-  
light,  
While tears were thy best pastime, day and  
night;

"And while my youthful peers before my  
eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were de-  
tained,  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given;—I then  
revolved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea;  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan  
sand.

"Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter, was the pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal life—  
The paths which we had trod—these foun-  
tains, flowers—  
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,  
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,  
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'  
In soul I swept th' indignity away.  
Old frailties then recurred;—but lofty thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all  
too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest reunion in the shades below.  
The invisible world with thee hath sympa-  
thized;  
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,—  
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,

Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;  
For this the passion to excess was driven,—  
That self might be annulled—her bondage  
prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!  
Round the dear shade she would have clung,  
—'tis vain;  
The hours are past,—too brief had they been  
years;  
And him no mortal effort can detain.  
Swift, toward the realms that know not  
earthly day,  
He through the portal takes his silent way,  
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she  
lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,  
She perished; and, as for wilful crime,  
By the just gods, whom no weak pity moved,  
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,  
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she  
died;

And ever, when such stature they had gained  
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## LOVE'S LAST MESSAGES.

MERRY, merry little stream,  
Tell me, hast thou seen my dear?  
I left him with an azure dream,  
Calmly sleeping on his bier—  
But he has fled!

"I passed him in his church-yard bed—  
A yew is sighing o'er his head,  
And grass-roots mingle with his hair."  
What doth he there?



Oh cruel! can he lie alone?  
 Or in the arms of one more dear?  
 Or hides he in the bower of stone,  
 To cause and kiss away my fear?

"He doth not speak, he doth not moan—  
 Blind, motionless he lies alone;  
 But, ere the grave-snake fleshed his sting,  
 This one warm tear he bade me bring  
     And lay it at thy feet  
     Among the daisies sweet."

Moonlight whisp'rer, summer air,  
 Songster of the groves above,  
 Tell the maiden rose I wear  
     Whether thou hast seen my love.  
 "This night in heaven I saw him lie,  
     Discontented with his bliss;  
     And on my lips he left this kiss,  
 For thee to taste and then to die."

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

#### THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my lady's obsequies  
 My love a minster wrought,  
 And, in the chantry, service there  
     Was sung by doleful thought;  
 The tapers were of burning sighs,  
     That light and odor gave;  
 And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,  
     Enlumin'd her grave;  
 And round about, in quaintest guise,  
 Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies  
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb  
 Of gold and sapphires blue:  
 The gold doth show her blessedness,  
     The sapphires mark her true;  
 For blessedness and truth in her  
     Were lively portrayed,  
 When gracious God with both His hands  
     Her goodly substance made.  
 He framed her in such wondrous wise,  
 She was, to speak without disguise,  
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint  
 When I the life recall

Of her, who lived so free from taint,  
 So virtuous deemed by all—  
 That in herself was so complete,  
     I think that she was ta'en  
 By God to deck His paradise,  
     And with His saints to reign;  
 Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,  
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;  
 All soon or late in death shall sleep;  
 Nor living wight long time may keep  
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES DUKE OF ORLEANS. (French.)

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

#### THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,  
 Sat where a river rolled away,  
 With calm, sad brows and raven hair;  
 And one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers un-  
 blown;

Bring forest blooms of name unknown;  
 Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,  
 To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,  
 His eyes, that death may seem like sleep:  
 And fold his hands in sign of rest,  
 His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,  
 Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,  
 And blue-birds, in the misty spring,  
 Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,  
 His idle shafts, his loosened bow,  
 The silken fillet that around  
 His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss  
 His ready smile, his ready kiss,  
 The patter of his little feet,  
 Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet

And graver looks, serene and high,  
 A light of heaven in that young eye:  
 All these shall haunt us till the heart  
 Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.

The bow, the band, shall fall to dust;  
The shining arrows waste with rust;  
And all of Love that earth can claim,  
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,  
A prisoner in this narrow cell;  
But he whom now we hide from men  
In the dark ground, shall live again—

Shall break these clods, a form of light,  
With nobler mien and purer sight,  
And in th' eternal glory stand,  
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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### LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly  
flowers—

Things that are made to fade and fall away  
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.  
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.  
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—  
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.  
Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said  
In present hours as in years gone by;  
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,  
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.  
Love not!

CAROLINE NORTON.

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### SONNET.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is  
vain,  
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;  
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,  
And make him bound that bondage erst  
did fly.

Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth  
tye

Without constraint, or dread of any ill:  
The gentle bird feels no captivity

Within her cage; but sings and feeds her  
fill;

There pride dare not approach, nor discord  
spill

The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath  
bound;

But simple truth, and mutual good-will,  
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each  
other's wound;

There faith doth fearless dwell in brazen  
tower,

And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bower.  
EDMUND SPENSER.

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### WINIFREDA.

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,  
My Winifreda, move your care;  
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood;  
We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke:  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
No mighty treasures we possess;  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season  
Sufficient for our wishes give;  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
We'll hand in hand together tread;  
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While 'round my knees they fondly clung,  
To see them look their mother's features,  
To hear them lip their mother's tongue!

And when with envy, time, transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You 'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go a-wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

GATHER ye rose-buds as ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying;  
 And this same flower that smiles to-day  
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
 The higher he's a-getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,  
 When youth and blood are warmer;  
 But being spent, the worse and worst  
 Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
 And while ye may, go marry;  
 For having lost but once your prime,  
 You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

BRIDAL SONG.

To the sound of timbrels sweet  
 Moving slow our solemn feet,  
 We have borne thee on the road  
 To the virgin's blest abode;  
 With thy yellow torches gleaming,  
 And thy scarlet mantle streaming,  
 And the canopy above  
 Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,  
 And the mirth and wine have ceased;  
 And now we set thee down before  
 The jealously-unclosing door,  
 That the favored youth admits  
 Where the veiled virgin sits  
 In the bliss of maiden fear,  
 Waiting our soft tread to hear,  
 And the music's brisker din  
 At the bridegroom's entering in,  
 Entering in, a welcome guest,  
 To the chamber of his rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes  
 Beene to the ayding others to adorne,  
 Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful  
 rymes,  
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorne  
 To heare theyr names sung in your simple  
 lays,  
 But joyed in theyr praise;  
 And when ye list your own mishaps to  
 mourne,  
 Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did  
 rayse,  
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor  
 turne,  
 And teach the woods and waters to lament  
 Your doleful dreriment;  
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;  
 And, having all your heads with girlands  
 crowned,  
 Helpe me mine owne love's prayses to re-  
 sound,  
 Ne let the same of any be envide.  
 So Orpheus did for his owne bride;  
 So I unto my selfe alone will sing;  
 The woods shall to me answer, and my echo  
 ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lampe  
 His golden beame upon the hills doth spred,  
 Having disperst the night's uncheerful  
 dampe,  
 Doe ye awake; and with fresh lustyhed  
 Go to the bowre of my beloved love,  
 My truest turtle dove;  
 Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,  
 And long since ready forth his maske to  
 move,  
 With his bright torch that flames with many  
 a flake,  
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,  
 In theyr fresh garments trim.  
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight;  
 For loe! the wished day is come at last,  
 That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes  
 past,  
 Pay to her usury of long delight!  
 And, whylest she doth her dight,

Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can  
heare,

Both of the rivers and the forests greene,  
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare;  
All with gay girlands goodly wel besetene.  
And let them also with them bring in hand  
Another gay girland,  
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,  
Bound, true-love-wise, with a blue silk  
riband.

And let them make great store of bridale  
posies;

And let them eke bring store of other flow-  
ers,

To deck the bridale bowers.

And let the ground whereas her foot shall  
tread,

For feare the stones her tender foot should  
wrong,

Bestrewed with fragrant flowers all along,

And diapred lyke the discolored mead.

Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,

For she will waken strait;

The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,

The woods shall to you answer, and your  
echo ring.

Ye nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull  
heed

The silver-scaly trouts do tend full well,

And greedy pikes which used therein to  
feed,

(Those trouts and pikes all others doe ex-  
cell;)

And ye, likewise, which keepe the rushy  
lake,

Where none do fishes take—

Bynd up the locks the which hang scattered  
light,

And in his waters, which your mirror make,

Behold your faces as the christall bright,

That when you come whereas my love doth  
lie

No blemish she may spie.

And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe  
the dore

That on the hoary mountayne used to towre—

And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to  
devoure,

With your steele darts doe chace from com-  
ing neare—

Be also present here,

To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time:

The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed,

All ready to her silver coache to clyme;

And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious hed.

Hark! how the cheerfull birds do chaunt  
theyr laies,

And carroll of love's praise!

The merry larke his mattins sings aloft;

The thrush replies; the mavis descant  
playes;

The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft:

So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this daye's merriment.

Ah! my deare love, why do ye sleepe thus  
long?

When meeter were that ye should now awake,

T' awayt the comming of your joyous make;

And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,

The dewy leaves among!

For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,

That all the woods them answer, and theyr  
echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame;

And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed  
were

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly  
beame,

More bright than Hesperus his head doth  
reare.

Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,

Helpe quickly her to dight!

But first come, ye fayre houres, which were  
begot

In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;

Which do the seasons of the year allot;

And all that ever in this world is fayre,

Do make and still repayre!

And ye, three handmayds of the Cyprian  
queene,

The which do still adorn her beauteous  
pride,

Helpe to adorn my beautifullest bride;



And, as ye her array, still throw between  
Some graces to be seene;  
And, as ye used to Venus, to her sing,  
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your  
echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come—  
Let all the virgins, therefore, well awayt;  
And ye fresh boys, that tend upon her groome,  
Prepare yourselves; for he is comming strayt.  
Set all your things in seemely-good away,  
Fit for so joyfull day—  
The joyfulest day that ever sun did see.  
Fair sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,  
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,  
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,  
Her beauty to disgrace.  
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!  
If ever I did honour thee aright,  
Or sing the thing that mote thy minde de-  
light,  
Do not thy servant's simple boone refuse;  
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;  
Let all the rest be thine.  
Then I thy soverayne prayeses loud will sing,  
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr  
echo ring.

Harke! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud  
Their merry musick that resounds from far—  
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud  
That well agree withouten breach or jar.  
But most of all the damzels do delite  
When they their tymbrels smyte,  
And thereunto do daunce and carrol sweet,  
That all the sences they do ravish quite;  
The whiles the boyes run up and downe the  
street,  
Crying aloud with strong, confused noyee,  
As if it were one voyce:  
Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen! they do shout,  
That even to the heavens theyr shouting  
shrill  
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;  
To which the people standing all about,  
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,  
And loud advaunce her laud;  
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen! sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and theyr  
echo ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,  
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,  
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,  
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.  
So well it her besseems that ye would weene  
Some angell she had beene.  
Her long, loose, yellow locks, lyke golden  
wyre,  
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres  
atweene,  
Do lyke a golden mantle her attyre;  
And, being crowned with a girland greene,  
Seem lyke some mayden queene.  
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to heare her prayeses sung so loud,  
So farre from being proud.  
Nathlesse do ye still loud her prayeses sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see  
So fayre a creature in your towne before?  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and vertue's  
store?  
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright;  
Her forehead ivory white;  
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath  
rudded;  
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte  
Her brest lyke to a bowl of cream uncrudded;  
Her paps lyke lylies budded;  
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;  
And all her body like a pallace fayre,  
Ascending up with many a stately stayre,  
To honor's seat and chastity's sweet bowre.  
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your  
echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lively spright,  
Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that  
sight,

And stand astonisht, lyke to those which red  
Medusae's mafeul hed.

There dwells sweet love, and constant chas-  
tity,

Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;  
There vertue raynes as queene in royal  
throne,

And giveth lawes alone,

The which the base affections do obey,  
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;  
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may  
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.  
Had ye once seene these her celestial treas-  
ures,

And unrevealed pleasures,

Then would ye wonder, and her prayes  
sing,

That all the woods should answer, and your  
echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love!

Open them wide, that she may enter in!

And all the postes adorne as doth behove,  
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,  
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,  
That commeth in to you!

With trembling steps and humble reverence  
She commeth in before th' Almighty's view.

Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,—

When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces.

Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,

The which do endlesse matrimony make;

And let the roaring organs loudly play

The praises of the Lord in lively notes;

The whiles, with hollow throates,

The choristers the joyous antheme sing,

That all the woods may answer, and their  
echo ring.

Behold! whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,  
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,  
And the pure snow with goodly vermill  
stayne,

Like crimson dyde in grayne:

That even the angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remaine,

Forget their service and about her fly,  
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more  
fayre

The more they on it stare.

But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry  
Which may let in a little thought unsound.

Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band!

Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring!

Now all is done: bring home the bride  
again—

Bring home the triumph of our victory;  
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine—  
With joyance bring her and with jollity.

Never had man more joyfull day than this,  
Whom heaven would heape with bliss.

Make feast therefore now all this live-long  
day;

This day for ever to me holy is.

Poure out the wine without restraint or stay—  
Poure not by cups, but by the belly-full—

Poure out to all that wull!

And sprinkle all the postes and walls with  
wine,

That they may sweat and drunken be withall.

Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,

And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of  
vine;

And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,

For they can do it best;

The whiles the maydens do theyr carrol  
sing,

To which the woods shall answer, and theyr  
echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,  
And leave your wonted labors for this day:

This day is holy—do ye write it downe,

That ye for ever it remember may,—

This day the sun is in his chiefest light,

With Barnaby the bright,

From whence declining daily by degrees,

He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,

When once the Crab behind his back he sees

But for this time it ill-ordained was

To choose the longest day in all the yeare,  
And shortest night, when longest fitter  
weare;

Yet never day so long but late would passe.  
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,  
And bonfires make all day;  
And daunce about them, and about them sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your  
echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,  
And lende me leave to come unto my love?  
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers  
spend!

How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!  
Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,  
Within the westerne foame;  
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.  
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,  
And the bright evening-star with golden  
crest

Appeare out of the east.  
Fayre child of beauty! glorious lamp of love!  
That all the host of heaven in rankes dost  
lead,

And guidest lovers through the night's sad  
dread,

How cherefully thou lookest from above,  
And seem'st to laugh atweene thy twinkling  
light,

As joying in the sight  
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their  
echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-  
past;

Enough it is that all the day was yours.

Now day is done, and night is nighing fast;  
Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.

The night is come, now soon her disarray,  
And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lyllyes and in violets;  
And silken curtains over her display,  
And odour sheets, and arras coverlets.

Behold how goodly my faire love does lye,  
In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took  
In Tempe, lying on the flowry grass,  
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,  
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.

Now it is night—ye damsels may be gone,  
And leave my love alone;  
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:  
The woods no more shall answer, nor your  
echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long  
expected,

That long daie's labour doest at last defray,  
And all my cares which cruell love collected,  
Hast summd in one, and cancelled for aye!  
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,  
That no man may us see;  
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,  
From feare of perill and foule horror free.  
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,  
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy

The safety of our joy;  
But let the night be calme, and quiet some,  
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:  
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,  
When he begot the great Tiryntian groome;  
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lye,  
And begot Majesty.

And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing  
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr  
echo ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor doleful teares,  
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;  
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,  
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.  
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,  
Make sudden, sad affrights;  
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpes  
harmes,

Ne let the pouke, nor other evill sprights,  
Ne let mischievous witches with their  
charmes,

Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we  
see not,

Fray us with things that be not;  
Let not the shriech-owle, nor the storke, be  
heard;

Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;  
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty  
spells;

Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard.  
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still crok-  
ing

Make us to wish theyr choking.

Let none of these theyr dreary accents sing;  
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr  
echo ring.

But let stil silence true night-watches keepe,  
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,  
And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,  
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant  
playne;

The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,  
Like divers-fethered doves,  
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,  
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,  
Their pretie stealthes shall worke, and snares  
shall spread

To flich away sweet snatches of delight,  
Conceald through covert night.  
Ye sonnes of Venus play your sports at will!  
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,  
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes  
Than what ye do, albeit good or ill.  
All night therefore attend your merry play,  
For it will soone be day;  
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;  
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your  
echo ring.

Who is the same, which at my window  
peepes?

Or whose is that fayre face that shines so  
bright?

Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepest,  
But walks about high Heaven all the night?  
O fayrest goddess, do thou not envy  
My love with me to spy;

For thou likewise didst love, though now un-  
thought,

And for a fleece of wool, which privily  
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee  
brought,

His pleasures with thee wrought.  
Therefore to us be favorable now;  
And sith of women's labours thou hast charge,  
And generation goodly dost enlarge,  
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,  
And the chaste womb informe with timely  
seed,

That may our comfort breed:  
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;  
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo  
ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful  
might

The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;  
And the religion of the faith first plight  
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;  
And eke for comfort often called art  
Of women in their smart—  
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,  
And all thy blessings unto us impart.  
And thou, glad genius! in whose gentle hand  
The brydale bowre and geniall bed remaine,  
Without blemish or staine;  
And the sweet pleasures of theyr love's delight  
With secret ayde dost succour and supply,  
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;  
Send us the timely fruit of this same night;  
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!  
Grant that it may so be;  
Till which we cease your further praise to sing,  
Ne any wood shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye, high heavens, the temple of the gods,  
In which a thousand torches flaming bright  
Do burne, that to us wretched earthly clods  
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;  
And all ye powers which in the same re-  
mayne,

More than we men can fayne—  
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,  
And happy influence upon us raine,  
That we may raise a large posterity,  
Which, from the earth which they may long  
possesse

With lasting happinesse,  
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;  
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,  
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,  
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.  
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,  
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:  
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo  
ring.

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,  
With which my love should duly have been deckt,  
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,  
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,  
But promist both to recompens;  
Be unto her a goodly ornament,  
And for short time an endlesse monument!*

EDMUND SPENSER



## EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,  
 Tinged by the rising sun,  
 And in the dawn they floated on,  
 And mingled into one;  
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents  
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
 And join their course with silent force,  
 In peace each other greeting;  
 Calm was their course through banks of  
 green,  
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;  
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
 Float on, in joy, to meet  
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—  
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

## NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Nor ours the vows of such as plight  
 Their troth in sunny weather,  
 While leaves are green, and skies are bright,  
 To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread  
 The thorny path of sorrow,  
 With clouds above, and cause to dread  
 Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,  
 Have drawn our spirits nearer;  
 And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,  
 Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,  
 With mirth and joy may perish;  
 That to which darker hours gave birth  
 Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,  
 And through death's shadowy portal;  
 Made by adversity sublime,  
 By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

## MY LOVE HAS TALKED.

My love has talked with rocks and trees;  
 He finds on misty mountain-ground  
 His own vast shadow glory-crowned—  
 He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life,—  
 ' I looked on these and thought of thee  
 In vastness and in mystery,  
 And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two, they dwelt with eye on eye;  
 Their hearts of old have beat in tune;  
 Their meetings made December June;  
 Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never passed away;  
 The days she never can forget  
 Are earnest that he loves her yet,  
 Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone—he sits apart—  
 He loves her yet—she will not weep,  
 Though, rapt in matters dark and deep,  
 He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind;  
 He reads the secret of the star—  
 He seems so near and yet so far;  
 He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before—  
 A withered violet is her bliss;  
 She knows not what his greatness is;  
 For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings  
 Of early faith and plighted vows;  
 She knows but matters of the house;  
 And he—he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixed and cannot move;  
 She darkly feels him great and wise;  
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes:  
 "I cannot understand—I love."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

Ir thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fail  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gayly would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When, on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay.  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,  
But miss thy kind, approving eye,  
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still,  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
Nor mild Malwah detain;  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they  
say,  
Across the dark blue sea;  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

## A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
I never lo'ed a dearer,  
And neist my heart I'll wear her.  
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife of mine.

The world's wrack, we share c't,  
The warstle and the care o't,  
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In folly's maze advance;  
Though singularity and pride  
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs;  
No noisy neighbor enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam;  
The world hath nothing to bestow—  
From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;  
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise;  
We'll form their minds with studious care  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs;  
They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And thus our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,

Or by the world forgot;  
Monarchs! we envy not your state—  
We look with pity on the great,  
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;  
But then how little do we need,  
For nature's calls are few;  
In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
Nor aim beyond our power;  
For, if our stock be very small,  
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,  
Patient when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given—  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;  
But, when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;  
Its chequered paths of joy and woe  
With cautious steps we'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble, or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath—  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

## THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

Oh, my love 's like the steadfast sun,  
 Or streams that deepen as they run ;  
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
 Nor moments between sighs and tears,  
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,  
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows  
 To sober joys and soften woes,  
 Can make my heart or fancy flee,  
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
 In maiden bloom and matron wit ;  
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;  
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
 We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon  
 Set on the sea an hour too soon ;  
 Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,  
 When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
 Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,  
 And time, and care, and birthtime woes  
 Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,  
 To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong  
 Whate'er charms me in tale or song.  
 When words descend like dews, unsought,  
 With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,  
 And fancy in her heaven flies free,  
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave, of old,  
 To silver, than some give to gold,  
 'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
 How we should deck our humble bower ;  
 'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,  
 The golden fruit of fortune's tree ;  
 And sweeter still to choose and twine  
 A garland for that brow of thine—  
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
 While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,  
 Grave moments of sedater thought,  
 When fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
 One gleam of her inconstant light ;

And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
 Shines like a rainbow through the shower ;  
 Oh then I see, while seated nigh,  
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye,  
 And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
 Speak of thee more than words can speak.  
 I think this wedded wife of mine,  
 The best of all that 's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## TO SARAH.

ONE happy year has fled, Sall,  
 Since you were all my own ;  
 The leaves have felt the autumn blight,  
 The wintry storm has blown.  
 We heeded not the cold blast,  
 Nor the winter's icy air ;  
 For we found our climate in the heart,  
 And it was summer there.

The summer sun is bright, Sall,  
 The skies are pure in hue—  
 But clouds will sometimes sadden them.  
 And dim their lovely blue ;  
 And clouds may come to us, Sall,  
 But sure they will not stay ;  
 For there's a spell in fond hearts  
 To chase their gloom away.

In sickness and in sorrow  
 Thine eyes were on me still,  
 And there was comfort in each glance  
 To charm the sense of ill ;  
 And were they absent now, Sall,  
 I'd seek my bed of pain,  
 And bless each pang that gave me back  
 Those looks of love again.

Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss  
 When day's dull round is o'er.  
 And sweet the music of the step  
 That meets me at the door.  
 Though worldly cares may visit us,  
 I reckon not when they fall,  
 While I have thy kind lips, my Sall,  
 To smile away them all.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE



## THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,  
Have I been thine?  
How many days, thou dove,  
Hast thou been mine?  
Time, like the winged wind  
When 't bends the flowers,  
Hath left no mark behind,  
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,  
On thee he leaves;  
Some lines of care round both  
Perhaps he weaves;  
Some fears,—a soft regret  
For joys scarce known;  
Sweet looks we half forget;—  
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart  
I mourn and sing!  
Look, where our children start,  
Like sudden spring!  
With tongues all sweet and low,  
Like a pleasant rhyme,  
They tell how much I owe  
To thee and time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

## THE BLISSFUL DAY.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
The blissful day we twa did meet;  
Tho' winter wild in tempest toiled,  
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
And crosses o'er the sultry line—  
Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,  
Heaven gave me more; it made thee mine

While day and night can bring delight,  
Or nature aught of pleasure give—  
While joys above my mind can move,  
For thee and thee alone I live;  
When that grim foe of life below  
Comes in between to make us part,  
The iron hand that breaks our band,  
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

## JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We 've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we 'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS

## PART V.

### POEMS OF AMBITION.

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PATRIOTS have toiled, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,  
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass  
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.

COWPER.

---

——— Oh courage! there he comes;  
What ray of honor round about him looms!  
Oh, what new beams from his bright eyes do glance!  
O princely port! presageful countenance  
Of hap at hand! He doth not nicely prank  
In clinquant pomp, as some of meanest rank,  
But armed in steel; that bright habiliment  
Is his rich valor's sole rich ornament.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

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En avant! marchons  
Contre leurs canons!  
A travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,  
Courons à la victoire!

CASIMIR DE LA VIGNE.

---

THE perfect heat of that celestial fire,  
That so inflames the pure heroic breast,  
And lifts the thought, that it can never rest  
Till it to heaven attain its prime desire.

LORD THURLOW.



## POEMS OF AMBITION.

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### HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF ROME CCCLX.

#### I.

LARS Porsena of Clusium,  
By the nine gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the nine gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

#### II.

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome!

#### III.

The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain,  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine;

#### IV.

From lordly Volaterrae,  
Where scowls the far-famed hold  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old;  
From sea-girt Populonia,  
Whose sentinels descry  
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
Fringing the southern sky;

#### V.

From the proud mart of Pisae,  
Queen of the western waves,  
Where ride Massilia's triremes,  
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;  
From where sweet Clanis wanders  
Through corn and vines and flowers,  
From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
Her diadem of towers.

#### VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
Drop in dark Auser's rill;  
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
Of the Ciminian hill;  
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus  
Is to the herdsman dear;  
Best of all pools the fowler loves  
The great Volsinian mere.

#### VII.

But now no stroke of woodman  
Is heard by Auser's rill;  
No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
Up the Ciminian hill;



Unwatched along Olitumnus  
 Grazes the milk-white steer;  
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip  
 In the Volsinian mere.

## VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,  
 This year, old men shall reap;  
 This year, young boys in Umbro  
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
 And in the vats of Luna,  
 This year, the must shall foam  
 Round the white feet of laughing girls  
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

## IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand.  
 Evening and morn the thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore;

## X.

And with one voice the thirty  
 Have their glad answer given:  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—  
 Go forth, beloved of heaven!  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome,  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome!"

## XI.

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array;  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting day.

## XII.

For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banished Roman,  
 And many a stout ally;

And with a mighty following,  
 To join the muster, came  
 The Tusculan Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

## XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and affright;  
 From all the spacious champaign  
 To Rome men took their flight.  
 A mile around the city  
 The throng stopped up the ways;  
 A fearful sight it was to see  
 Through two long nights and days.

## XIV.

For aged folk on crutches,  
 And women great with child,  
 And mothers, sobbing over babes  
 That clung to them and smiled,  
 And sick men borne in litters  
 High on the necks of slaves,  
 And troops of sunburned husbandmen  
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

## XV.

And droves of mules and asses  
 Laden with skins of wine,  
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
 And endless herds of kine,  
 And endless trains of wagons,  
 That creaked beneath the weight  
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
 Choked every roaring gate.

## XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The fathers of the city,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

## XVII.

To eastward and to westward  
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,  
 In Crustumium stands.

Verbenna down to Ostia  
Hath wasted all the plain;  
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
And the stout guards are slain.

XXIII.

I wis, in all the senate  
There was no heart so bold  
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the consul,  
Up rose the fathers all;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council, standing  
Before the river-gate;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.  
Out spake the consul roundly:  
"The bridge must straight go down;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Nought else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear:  
"To arms! to arms! sir consul—  
Lars Porsena is here."  
On the low hills to westward  
The consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer  
Doth the red whirlwind come;  
And louder still, and still more loud,  
From underneath that rolling cloud,  
Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,  
The trampling and the hum.  
And plainly and more plainly  
Now through the gloom appears,  
Far to left and far to right,  
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
The long array of helmets bright,  
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,  
Above that glimmering line,  
Now might ye see the banners  
Of twelve fair cities shine;  
But the banner of proud Clusium  
Was highest of them all—  
The terror of the Umbrian,  
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly  
Now might the burghers know,  
By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
Each warlike Lucumo:  
There Cilnius of Arretium  
On his fleet roan was seen;  
And Astur of the fourfold shield,  
Girt with the brand none else may wield;  
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
And dark Verbenna from the hold  
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,  
O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsena of Clusium  
Sat in his ivory car.  
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name;  
And by the left false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus  
Was seen among the foes,  
A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.  
On the housetops was no woman  
But spat towards him and hissed,  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the consul's brow was sad,  
And the consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe:

"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?"

## XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods?"

## XXVIII.

"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame—  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame?"

## XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play—  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

## XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—  
A Ramnian proud was he:  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee."  
And out spake strong Herminius—  
Of Titian blood was he:  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

## XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the consul,  
"As thou sayest, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

## XXXII.

Then none was for a party—  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great;  
Then lands were fairly portioned!  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

## XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the tribunes beard the high,  
And the fathers grind the low.  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold;  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

## XXXIV.

Now while the three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The consul was the foremost man  
To take in hand an axe;  
And fathers, mixed with commons,  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the props below.

## XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host, with measured tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
Where stood the dauntless three.

## XXXVI.

The three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose;  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they  
 drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way.

## XXXVII.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,  
 Lord of the hill of vines;  
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
 And Picus, long to Clusium  
 Vassal in peace and war,  
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
 From that gray crag where, girt with  
 towers,  
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

## XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
 Into the stream beneath;  
 Herminius struck at Seius,  
 And clove him to the teeth;  
 At Picus brave Horatius  
 Darted one fiery thrust,  
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

## XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
 Rushed on the Roman three;  
 And Lausulus of Urgo,  
 The rover of the sea;  
 And Aruns of Volsinium,  
 Who slew the great wild boar—  
 The great wild boar that had his den  
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
 Along Albinia's shore.

## XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns;  
 Lartius laid Ocnus low;  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow:

"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!  
 No more, aghast and pale,  
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
 The track of thy destroying bark;  
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
 To woods and caverns, when they spy  
 Thy thrice-accursed sail!"

## XLI.

But now no sound of laughter  
 Was heard among the foes;  
 A wild and wrathful clamor  
 From all the vanguard rose.  
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
 Halted that deep array,  
 And for a space no man came forth  
 To win the narrow way.

## XLII.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:  
 And lo! the ranks divide;  
 And the great lord of Luna  
 Comes with his stately stride.  
 Upon his ample shoulders  
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
 And in his hand he shakes the brand  
 Which none but he can wield.

## XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans,  
 A smile serene and high;  
 He eyed the finching Tuscans,  
 And scorn was in his eye.  
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
 Stand savagely at bay;  
 But will ye dare to follow,  
 If Astur clears the way?"

## XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
 With both hands to the height,  
 He rushed against Horatius,  
 And smote with all his might.  
 With shield and blade Horatius  
 Right deftly turned the blow.  
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,  
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—  
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
 To see the red blood flow.



## XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
 He leaned one breathing space—  
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,  
 Sprang right at Astur's face.  
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

## XLVI.

And the great lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Avernus  
 A thunder-smitten oak.  
 Far o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread;  
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

## XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
 Right firmly pressed his heel,  
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that waits you here!  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

## XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread,  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race;  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place.

## XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dauntless three;  
 And from the ghastly entrance,  
 Where those bold Romans stood,  
 All shrank—like boys who, unaware,  
 Ranging a wood to start a hare,

Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

## L.

Was none who would be foremost  
 To lead such dire attack;  
 But those behind cried "Forward!"  
 And those before cried "Back!"  
 And backward now, and forward,  
 Wavers the deep array;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel  
 To and fro the standards reel,  
 And the victorious trumpet-peal  
 Dies fitfully away.

## LI.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Strode out before the crowd;  
 Well known was he to all the three,  
 And they gave him greeting loud:  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
 Now welcome to thy home!  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

## LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;  
 Thrice looked he at the dead;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turned back in dread;  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowled at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

## LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
 Have manfully been plied;  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"  
 Loud cried the fathers all—  
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!  
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

## LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius—  
 Herminius darted back;  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more ;

## LV.

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream ;  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

## LVI.

And like a horse unbroken,  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free ;  
And whirling down, in fierce career,  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

## LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind—  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face ;  
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,  
“Now yield thee to our grace !”

## LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see ;  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus nought spake he ;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home ;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

## LIX.

“O Tiber! father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day !”

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And, with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

## LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank,  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank ;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

## LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain,  
And fast his blood was flowing ;  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armor,  
And spent with changing blows ;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

## LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing place ;  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin.

## LXIII.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus,—  
“Will not the villain drown ?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town !”  
“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,  
“And bring him safe to shore ;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before.”

## LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom ;  
 Now on dry earth he stands ;  
 Now round him throng the fathers  
 To press his gory hands ;  
 And now, with shouts and clapping,  
 And noise of weeping loud,  
 He enters through the river-gate,  
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

## LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
 That was of public right,  
 As much as two strong oxen  
 Could plough from morn till night ;  
 And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high—  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

## LXVI.

It stands in the comitium,  
 Plain for all folk to see,—  
 Horatius in his harness,  
 Halting upon one knee ;  
 And underneath is written,  
 In letters all of gold,  
 How valiantly he kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

## LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring  
 Unto the men of Rome,  
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
 To charge the Volscian home ;  
 And wives still pray to Juno  
 For boys with hearts as bold  
 As his who kept the bridge so well  
 In the brave days of old.

## LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,  
 When the cold north winds blow,  
 And the long howling of the wolves  
 Is heard amidst the snow ;  
 When round the lonely cottage  
 Roars loud the tempest's din,  
 And the good logs of Algidus  
 Roar louder yet within ;

## LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,  
 And the largest lamp is lit ;  
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
 And the kid turns on the spit ;  
 When young and old in circle  
 Around the firebrands close ;  
 When the girls are weaving baskets,  
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

## LXX.

When the goodman mends his armor,  
 And trims his helmet's plume ;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom ;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

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 THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on  
 the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and  
 gold ;  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars  
 on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep  
 Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer  
 is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were  
 seen ;  
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn  
 hath flown,  
 That host on the morrow lay withered and  
 strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on  
 the blast,  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he  
 passed ;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly  
and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for  
ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all  
wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath  
of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on  
the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating  
surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on  
his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners  
alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their  
wail;  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by  
the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the  
Lord!

LORD BYRON.

#### HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

I'LL wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
The sword that laid the tyrant low,  
When patriots burning to be free,  
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though 'reft of breath,  
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;  
The heroes' happy isles shall be  
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,  
When at Athena's adverse fane  
He knelt, and never rose again.

While freedom's name is understood,  
You shall delight the wise and good;  
You dared to set your country free,  
And gave her laws equality.

Translation of LORD DENMAN. CALLISTRATUS (Greek).

#### IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

Oh! it is great for our country to die, where  
ranks are contending:

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory  
awaits us for aye—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with  
light never ending—

Glory that never shall fade, never, oh!  
never away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How  
softly reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the  
tears of his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown  
him with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright  
where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend,  
who for country hath perished;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him  
there with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot  
spirit is cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure from  
the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious  
river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the  
blue, rolling sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the de-  
voted for ever;

There shall assemble the good, there the  
wise, valiant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die,  
in the front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's  
shout in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs  
our memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven,  
pleased the sweet music to hear.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.



## LEONIDAS.

SHOUT for the mighty men  
 Who died along this shore,  
 Who died within this mountain's glen!  
 For never nobler chieftain's head  
 Was laid on valor's crimson bed,  
 Nor ever prouder gore  
 Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day  
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men  
 Who on the Persian tents,  
 Like lions from their midnight den  
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,  
 Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;  
 Like the roused elements,  
 Let loose from an immortal hand  
 To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—  
 Greece is a hopeless slave.  
 Leonidas! no hand is near  
 To lift thy fiery falchion now;  
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow  
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.  
 The voice that should be raised by men  
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge,  
 The tree, the rock, the sand  
 On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,  
 In sounds that speak but to the free,  
 The memory of thine and thee!  
 The vision of thy band  
 Still gleams within the glorious dell  
 Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?  
 Mother of men like these!  
 Has not thy outcry gone  
 Where justice has an ear to hear?—  
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,  
 Till in thy crimsoned seas  
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar.  
 Greece shall be a new-born star!

GEORGE CROLY.

## PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land  
 When Athens was the land of fame;  
 This was the light that led the band  
 When each was like a living flame;  
 The centre of earth's noblest ring—  
 Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,  
 His sovereignty was held or won:  
 Feared—but alone as freemen fear,  
 Loved—but as freemen love alone,  
 He waved the sceptre o'er his kind  
 By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue—  
 Then eloquence first flashed below;  
 Full armed to life the portenter sprung—  
 Minerva from the thunderer's brow!  
 And his the sole, the sacred hand  
 That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,  
 A woman sits with eye sublime,—  
 Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;  
 But, if their solemn love were crime,  
 Pity the beauty and the sage—  
 Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—  
 He perished in his height of fame;  
 Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,  
 Yet still she conquered in his name.  
 Filled with his soul, she could not die;  
 Her conquest was posterity!

GEORGE CROLY

## BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought, with an indignant mien,  
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
 Sat the druid, hoary chief;  
 Every burning word he spoke  
 Full of rage and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes  
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
 'T is because resentment ties  
 All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word  
 In the blood that she has spilt;  
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,  
 Tramples on a thousand states;  
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,  
 Heedless of a soldier's name;  
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs  
 From the forests of our land,  
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway;  
 Where his eagles never flew,  
 None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
 Pregnant with celestial fire,  
 Bending as he swept the chords  
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
 Felt them in her bosom glow:  
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died;  
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;  
 Empire is on us bestowed,  
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

## I.

KING Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the  
 trumpet sound,  
 He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from  
 the hills and plains around;  
 From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,  
 They have come with helm and cuirass of  
 gold and twisted steel.

## II.

'T is the holy Baptist's feast they hold in roy-  
 alty and state,  
 And they have closed the spacious lists beside  
 the Alhambra's gate;  
 In. gowns of black, and silver-laced, within  
 the tented ring,  
 Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in  
 presence of the king.

## III.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stal-  
 wart arm and true,  
 The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping  
 furious through;  
 The deeds they've done, the spoils they've  
 won, fill all with hope and trust;  
 Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they  
 all have bit the dust.

## IV.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; then clangs  
 the loud tambour:  
 Make room, make room for Gazul—throw  
 wide, throw wide the door!  
 Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more  
 loudly strike the drum—  
 The Alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth  
 come!

## V.

And first before the king he passed, with rev-  
 erence stooping low,  
 And next he bowed him to the queen, and  
 the infantas all a-rowe;  
 Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to  
 him did throw  
 A scarf from out her balcony, was whiter  
 than the snow.

## VI.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords  
 all slippery is the sand,  
 Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en  
 his stand;  
 And ladies look with heaving breast, and  
 lords with anxious eye—  
 But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his  
 look is calm and high.

## VII.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and  
 two come roaring on;  
 He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his  
 rejon;  
 Each furious beast upon the breast he deals  
 him such a blow,  
 He blindly totters and gives back, across the  
 sand to go.

## VIII.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—"the  
 third comes up behind;  
 Low to the sand his head holds he, his nos-  
 trils snuff the wind;"  
 The mountaineers that lead the steers with-  
 out stand whispering low,  
 "Now thinks this proud Alcaide to stun  
 Harpado so?"

## IX.

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not  
 from Xenil,  
 From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of  
 the hill;  
 But where from out the forest burst Xarama's  
 waters clear,  
 Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this  
 proud and stately steer.

## X.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood  
 within doth boil;  
 And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he  
 paws to the turmoil.  
 His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal  
 rings of snow;  
 But now they stare with one red glare of  
 brass upon the foe.

## XI.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand  
 close and near,  
 From out the broad and wrinkled skull like  
 daggers they appear;  
 His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old  
 knotted tree,  
 Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like  
 billows curled, ye see.

## XII.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his  
 hoofs are black as night,  
 Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierce-  
 ness of his might;  
 Like something molten out of iron, or hewn  
 from forth the rock,  
 Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Al-  
 cayde's shock.

## XIII.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come  
 —thrice meet, and thrice give back;  
 The white foam of Harpado lies on the char-  
 ger's breast of black—  
 The white foam of the charger on Harpado's  
 front of dun:  
 Once more advance upon his lance—once  
 more, thou fearless one!

## XIV.

Once more, once more—in dust and gore to  
 ruin must thou reel;  
 In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with  
 furious heel—  
 In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see  
 thee stagger;  
 Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the  
 stern Alcaide's dagger!

## XV.

They have slipped a noose around his feet  
 six horses are brought in,  
 And away they drag Harpado with a loud  
 and joyful din.  
 Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and  
 the ring of price bestow  
 Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Har-  
 pado low.

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

## CHEVY-CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all;  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland  
A vow to Gbd did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take—

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deer;  
On Monday they began to hunt  
When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had  
A hundred fat bucks slain;  
Then having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure;  
And all their rear, with special care,  
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the  
woods,  
The nimble deer to take,  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughtered deer;  
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay;"  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come  
His men in armor bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed;"  
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy  
said,  
"And take your bows with speed;

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you  
be,  
That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow-deer."



The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy he—  
Who said, "We list not to declare,  
Nor show whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood  
Thy chiefest harts to slay."  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die;  
I know thee well, an earl thou art—  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence, to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,  
And set our men aside."  
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,  
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, "I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You two be earls," said Witherington,  
"And I a squire alone;

I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand;  
While I have power to wield my sword,  
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows—  
Their hearts were good and true;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,  
As chieftain stout and good;  
As valiant captain, all unmoved,  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried;  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away  
They grasped their swords so bright;  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side—  
No slackness there was found;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see  
How each one chose his spear,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;  
Like captains of great might,  
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,  
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said  
"In faith I will thee bring  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James, our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,  
"Thy proffer I do scorn;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart ;  
 A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spake more words than  
 these :  
 " Fight on, my merry men all ;  
 For why, my life is at an end ;  
 Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
 The dead man by the hand ;  
 And said, " Earl Douglas, for thy life  
 Would I had lost my land.

In truth, my very heart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake ;  
 For sure a more redoubted knight  
 Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was  
 Who saw Earl Douglas die,  
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
 Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,  
 Who, with a spear full bright,  
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
 Without a dread or fear ;  
 And through Earl Percy's body then  
 He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might  
 He did his body gore,  
 The staff ran through the other side  
 A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
 Whose courage none could stain.  
 An English archer then perceived  
 The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 Made of a trusty tree ;  
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
 To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery  
 So right the shaft he set,  
 The gray goose wing that was thereon  
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
 Till setting of the sun :  
 For when they rung the evening-bell,  
 The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain  
 Sir John of Egerton,  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
 Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir  
 James,  
 Both knights of good account,  
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is wo  
 That ever he slain should be,  
 For when his legs were hewn in two,  
 He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain  
 Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
 One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too—  
 His sister's son was he ;  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,  
 But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
 Did with Earl Douglas die :  
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
 Went home but fifty-three ;  
 The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,  
 Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
 Their husbands to bewail ;  
 They washed their wounds in brinish  
 tears,  
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood  
 They bore with them away;  
 They kissed them dead a thousand  
 times,  
 Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
 Where Scotland's king did reign,  
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
 Was with an arrow slain :

"Oh heavy news," King James did say;  
 "Scotland can witness be  
 I have not any captain more  
 Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came  
 Within as short a space,  
 That Percy of Northumberland  
 Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

"Now God be with him," said our king,  
 "Since 't will no better be;  
 I trust I have within my realm  
 Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say  
 But I will vengeance take:  
 I'll be revenged on them all,  
 For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed  
 After at Humbledown;  
 In one day fifty knights were slain  
 With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account,  
 Did many hundreds die:  
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-  
 Chase,  
 Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,  
 With plenty, joy, and peace;  
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease!

ANONYMOUS.

## THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,  
 When we our sails advance,  
 Nor now to prove our chance  
 Longer will tarry;  
 But putting to the main,  
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
 With all his martial train,  
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
 Furnished in warlike sort,  
 Marched towards Agincourt  
 In happy hour—  
 Skirmishing day by day  
 With those that stopped his way,  
 Where the French gen'ral lay  
 With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,  
 King Henry to deride,  
 His ransom to provide  
 To the king sending;  
 Which he neglects the while,  
 As from a nation vile,  
 Yet, with an angry smile,  
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
 Quoth our brave Henry then:  
 Though they to one be ten,  
 Be not amazed;  
 Yet have we well begun—  
 Battles so bravely won  
 Have ever to the sun  
 By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,  
 This my full rest shall be;  
 England ne'er mourn for me,  
 Nor more esteem me.

Victor I will remain,  
 Or on this earth lie slain;  
 Never shall she sustain  
 Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
 When most their pride did swell,  
 Under our swords they fell;  
 No less our skill is

Than when our grandsire great,  
 Claiming the regal seat,  
 By many a warlike feat  
     Lopped the French lilies.

The duke of York so dread  
 The eager vaward led;  
 With the main Henry sped,  
     Amongst his henchmen.  
 Excester had the rear—  
 A braver man not there:  
 O Lord! how hot they were  
     On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;  
 Armour on armour shone;  
 Drum now to drum did groan—  
     To hear was wonder;  
 That with the cries they make  
 The very earth did shake;  
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
     Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
 O noble Erpingham!  
 Which did the signal aim  
     To our hid forces;  
 When, from a meadow by,  
 Like a storm suddenly,  
 The English archery  
     Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,  
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
 That like to serpents stung,  
     Piercing the weather;  
 None from his fellow starts,  
 But playing manly parts,  
 And like true English hearts,  
     Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
 And forth their bilbows drew,  
 And on the French they flew,  
     Not one was tardy:  
 Arms were from shoulders sent;  
 Scalps to the teeth were rent;  
 Down the French peasants went;  
     Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
 His broadsword brandishing,  
 Down the French host did ding,  
     As to o'erwhelm it;  
 And many a deep wound lent,  
 His arms with blood besprent,  
 And many a cruel dent  
     Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
 Next of the royal blood,  
 For famous England stood,  
     With his brave brother—  
 Clarence, in steel so bright,  
 Though but a maiden knight,  
 Yet in that furious fight  
     Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;  
 Oxford the foe invade,  
 And cruel slaughter made,  
     Still as they ran up.  
 Suffolk his axe did ply;  
 Beaumont and Willoughby  
 Bare them right doughtily,  
     Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day  
 Fought was this noble fray,  
 Which fame did not delay  
     To England to carry;  
 Oh, when shall Englishmen  
 With such acts fill a pen,  
 Or England breed again  
     Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON

#### THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed,  
 A sword of metal keene!  
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,  
     All else on earth is meane.  
 The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,  
 The rowlinge of the drum,  
 The clangor of the trumpet lowde,  
     Be soundes from heaven that come;  
 And oh! the thundering presse of knightes,  
 Whenas their war cryes swell,  
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,  
     And rouse a fiend from hell.



Then mount! then mounte, brave gallants  
all,

And don your helmes amaine :  
Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call  
Us to the field againe.

No shrewish teares shall fill our eye  
When the sword-hilt's in our hand —  
Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe

For the fayrest of the land ;  
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,  
Thus weepe and puling crye ;  
Our business is like men to fight,  
And hero-like to die !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### PRINCE EUGENE.

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader,  
Made a vow in death to bleed, or  
Win the emperor back Belgrade :  
"Launch pontoons, let all be ready  
To bear our ordnance safe and steady  
Over the Danube"—thus he said.

There was mustering on the border  
When our bridge in marching order  
Breasted first the roaring stream ;  
Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing,  
We encamped to scourge the heathen  
Back to Mahound, and fame redeem.

'T was on August one-and-twenty,  
Scouts and glorious tidings plenty  
Galloped in, through storm and rain ;  
Turks, they swore, three hundred thousand  
Marched to give our prince a rouse, and  
Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters  
Met our fine old fighting Tartars  
Generals and field marshals all ;  
Every point of war debated,  
Each in his turn the signal waited,  
Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager :  
When the word sped round our leaguer :  
"Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night  
Then, bold hearts, sound boot and saddle,  
Stand to your arms, and on to battle,  
Every one that has hands to fight !"

Musqueteers, horse, yagers, forming,  
Sword in hand each bosom warming,  
Still as death we all advance ;  
Each prepared, come blows or booty,  
German-like to do our duty,  
Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes,  
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,  
Firing ordnance great and small ;  
Right and left our cannon thundered,  
Till the pagans quaked, and wondered,  
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered,  
Bold Eugene cheered on the bold vanguard ;  
Ludovic spurred up and down,  
Crying "On, boys ; every hand to't ;  
Brother Germans nobly stand to't ;  
Charge them home, for our old renown !"

Gallant prince ! he spoke no more ; he  
Fell in early youth and glory,  
Struck from his horse by some curst ball :  
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,  
For a brother's love he bore him ;  
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes ;  
Cannon peals and musket flashes  
O'er his grave due honors paid :  
Then, the old black eagle flying,  
All the pagan powers defying,  
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Translation of JOHN HUGHES.

## BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled—  
 Scots, wham Bruce has after led—  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;  
 See the front o' battle lower;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand or freeman fa'—  
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty 's in every blow!  
 Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

## IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom  
 all glories are!  
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry  
 of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound of music  
 and of dance,  
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny  
 vines, O pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud  
 city of the waters,  
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy  
 mourning daughters;  
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous  
 in our joy;  
 For cold and stiff and still are they who  
 wrought thy walls annoy.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned  
 the chance of war!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of  
 Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at  
 the dawn of day,  
 We saw the army of the league drawn out in  
 long array;  
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel  
 peers,  
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's  
 Flemish spears.  
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the  
 curses of our land;  
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a trun-  
 cheon in his hand;  
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of  
 Seine's empurpled flood,  
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled  
 with his blood;  
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules  
 the fate of war,  
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry  
 of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his  
 armor drest;  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon  
 his gallant crest.  
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in  
 his eye;  
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance  
 was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled  
 from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line, a deafening shout: God  
 save our lord the king!  
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full  
 well he may—  
 For never I saw promise yet of such a bloody  
 fray—

Press where ye see my white plume shine  
amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of  
Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the  
mingled din,  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and  
roaring culverin.

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint  
André's plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and  
Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentle-  
men of France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with  
the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thou-  
sand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind  
the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while,  
like a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the hel-  
met of Navarre.

Now; God be praised, the day is ours: Ma-  
yenne hath\*turned his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flem-  
ish count is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds be-  
fore a Biscay galé;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and  
flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all  
along our van,

Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed  
from man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry—"No French-  
man is my foe:

Down, down, with every foreigner, but let  
your brethren go!"—

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friend-  
ship or in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the sol-  
dier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who  
fought for France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them  
for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in  
fight;

And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the  
cornet white—

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white  
hath ta'en,

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag  
of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the  
host may know

How God hath humbled the proud house  
which wrought His Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound  
their loudest point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for  
Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of  
Lucerne—

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who  
never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican  
pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy  
poor spearman's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that  
your arms be bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch  
and ward to-night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our  
God hath raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the  
valor of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all  
glories are;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry  
of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY

## GIVE A ROUSE.

### I.

KING CHARLES, and who 'll do him right  
• now?

King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now.  
King Charles!

II.

Who gave me the goods that went since?  
 Who raised me the house that sank once?  
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?  
 Who found me in wine you drank once?  
*King Charles, and who'll do him right now?*  
*King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?*  
*Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now,*  
*King Charles!*

III.

To whom used my boy George quaff else,  
 By the old fool's side that begot him?  
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,  
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?  
*King Charles, and who'll do him right now?*  
*King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?*  
*Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now,*  
*King Charles!*

ROBERT BROWNING.

NASEBY.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph  
 from the north,  
 With your hands, and your feet, and your rai-  
 ment all red?  
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a  
 joyous shout?  
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press  
 that ye tread?

Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the  
 fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that  
 we trod;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty  
 and the strong,  
 Who sate in the high places and slew the  
 saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of  
 June,  
 That we saw their banners dance and their  
 cuirasses shine,  
 And the man of blood was there, with his  
 long essenced hair,  
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert  
 of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his bible and  
 his sword,  
 The general rode along us to form us for the  
 fight;  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and  
 swelled into a shout.  
 Among the godless horsemen upon the ty-  
 rant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the  
 shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging  
 line:  
 For God! for the cause! for the Church! for  
 the laws!  
 For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of  
 the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions  
 and his drums,  
 His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of White-  
 hall;  
 They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your  
 pikes! Close your ranks!  
 For Rupert never comes, but to conquer, or  
 to fall.

They are here—they rush on—we are bro-  
 ken—we are gone—  
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on  
 the blast.  
 O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend  
 the right!  
 Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight  
 it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound—the centre hath  
 given ground.  
 Hark! hark! what means the trampling of  
 horsemen on our rear?  
 Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank  
 God! 'tis he, boys!  
 Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is  
 here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all  
 in a row:  
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge  
 on the dikes,



Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of  
the accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of  
his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook  
to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on  
Temple Bar;

And he—he turns! he flies! shame on those  
cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not  
look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye  
strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your search  
secure;

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their  
broad-pieces and locketts,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the  
poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and  
your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your le-  
mans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox from her cham-  
bers in the rocks

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the  
prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at  
heaven, and hell, and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy with  
your blades?

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches  
and your oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your dia-  
monds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down, with the mitre  
and the crown!

With the Belial of the court, and the Mam-  
mon of the Pope!

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in  
Durham's stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends  
his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her  
children's ills,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of  
England's sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder  
when they hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the  
houses and the word!

LORD MACAULAY.

### AN HORATIAN ODE,

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

The forward youth that would appear,  
Must now forsake his Muses dear;

Nor in the shadows sing  
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,  
And oil the unused armor's rust;  
Removing from the wall  
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
In the inglorious arts of peace,  
But through adventurous war  
Urged his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first  
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,  
Did thorough his own side  
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,  
The emulous, or enemy;  
And, with such, to enclose  
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,  
And palaces and temples rent;  
And Cæsar's head at last  
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame  
The face of angry heaven's flame;  
And, if we would speak true,  
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where  
He lived reserved and austere,  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb  
To ruin the great work of time,  
And cast the kingdoms old  
Into another mould!

Though justice against fate complain,  
And plead the ancient rights in vain—  
But those do hold or break,  
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows of penetration less,  
And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,  
Where his were not the deepest scar?  
And Hampton shows what part  
He had of wiser art:

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
He wove a net of such a scope  
That Charles himself might chase  
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne,  
The tragic scaffold might adorn.  
While round the armed bands  
Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene;  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,  
Which first assured the forced power;  
So, when they did design  
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun.  
Did fright the architects to run;  
And yet in that the state  
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed;  
So much one man can do,  
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,  
And have, though overcome, confest  
How good he is, how just,  
And fit for highest trust:

Nor yet grown stiffer by command,  
But still in the republic's hand,  
How fit he is to sway  
That can so well obey.

He to the commons' feet presents  
A kingdom for his first year's rents,  
And, what he may, forbears  
His fame to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,  
To lay them at the public's skirt.  
So when the falcon high  
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search  
But on the next green bough to perch;  
Where, when he first does lure,  
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,  
While victory his crest does plume?  
What may not others fear  
If thus he crowns each year:

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul;  
To Italy an Hannibal;  
And to all states not free  
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find  
 Within his parti-colored mind;  
 But from this valor sad  
 Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy, if in the tufted brake  
 The English hunter him mistake,  
 Nor lay his hounds in near  
 The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,  
 March indefatigably on;  
 And, for the last effect,  
 Still keep the sword erect!

Besides the force it has to fright  
 The spirits of the shady night,  
 The same arts that did gain  
 A power, must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVELL.

### SONNETS.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a  
 cloud  
 Not of war on'y, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast  
 ploughed,  
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work  
 pursued,  
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots  
 imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much  
 remains  
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories  
 No less renowned than war. New foes arise  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular  
 chains:  
 Help us to save free conscience from the  
 paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their  
 maw.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON  
 MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs  
 me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and  
 dogs:  
 As when those hinds that were transformed  
 to frogs  
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in  
 fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless  
 mood,  
 And still revolt when truth would set them  
 free.  
 License they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that must first be wise and  
 good;  
 But from that mark how far they rove we  
 see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of  
 blood.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, tho'  
 clear  
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the  
 year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a  
 jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and  
 steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou  
 ask?  
 The conscience, friend, t' have lost them  
 overplied  
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the  
 world's vain mask,  
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON

## WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

## I.

WHEN banners are waving,  
And lances a-pushing;  
When captains are shouting,  
And war-horses rushing;  
When cannon are roaring,  
And hot bullets flying,  
He that would honor win,  
Must not fear dying.

## II.

Though shafts fly so thick  
That it seems to be snowing;  
Though streamlets with blood  
More than water are flowing;  
Though with sabre and bullet  
Our bravest are dying,  
We speak of revenge, but  
We ne'er speak of flying.

## III.

Come, stand to it, heroes!  
The heathen are coming;  
Horsemen are round the walls,  
Riding and running;  
Maidens and matrons all  
Arm! arm! are crying,  
From petards the wildfire's  
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high  
Loudly are braying;  
The steeds for the onset  
Are snorting and neighing;  
As waves in the ocean,  
The dark plumes are dancing;  
As stars in the blue sky,  
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,  
Their sabres are sweeping;  
Now swords from our sheaths  
By the thousand are leaping;  
Like the flash of the levin  
Ere men hearken thunder,  
Swords gleam, and the steel caps  
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,  
And the flashing of cannon!  
I looked from the turret  
For crescent and pennon:  
As flax touched by fire,  
As hail in the river,  
They were smote, they were fallen,  
And had melted for ever.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

To battle! to battle!  
To slaughter and strife!  
For a sad, broken covenant  
We barter poor life.  
The great God of Judah  
Shall smite with our hand,  
And break down the idols  
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice  
In prayer, and in song;  
Remember the battle  
Is not to the strong;—  
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!  
And onward they come,  
To the vain noise of trumpet,  
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,  
With hagbut and spear;  
They lust for a banquet  
That's deathful and dear.  
Now horseman and footman  
Sweep down the hill-side;  
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,  
To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon  
Stream gay in the air!  
They are given us for slaughter, —  
Shall God's people spare?  
Nay, nay; lop them off—  
Friend, father, and son;  
All earth is athirst till  
The good work be done.



Brace tight every buckler,  
 And lift high the sword!  
 For biting must blades be  
 That fight for the Lord.  
 Remember, remember,  
 How saints' blood was shed,  
 As free as the rain, and  
 Homes desolate made!

Among them!—among them!  
 Unburied bones cry:  
 Avenge us,—or, like us,  
 Faith's true martyrs die!  
 Hew, hew down the spoilers!  
 Slay on, and spare none;  
 Then shout forth in gladness,  
 Heaven's battle is won!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

#### THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away  
 To the muirland of mist, where the martyrs  
 lay;  
 Where Cameron's sword and his bible are  
 seen,  
 Engraved on the stone where the heather  
 grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and  
 blood  
 When the minister's home was the mountain  
 and wood;  
 When in Wellwood's dark valley the stand-  
 ard of Zion,  
 All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was  
 lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun  
 from the east  
 Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's  
 breast;  
 On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shin-  
 ing dew  
 Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and  
 mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny  
 cloud,  
 The song of the lark was melodious and  
 loud;  
 And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened  
 and deep,  
 Were the whistling of plovers and bleating  
 of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music  
 and gladness—  
 The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty  
 and redness;  
 Its daughters were happy to hail the return-  
 ing,  
 And drink the delight of July's sweet morn-  
 ing.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other  
 feelings,  
 Illumed by the light of prophetic reveal-  
 ings;  
 Who drank from the scenery of beauty but  
 sorrow,  
 For they knew that their blood would bedew  
 it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cam-  
 eron were lying  
 Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-  
 fowl was crying;  
 For the horsemen of Earlshall around them  
 were hovering,  
 And their bridle reins rung through the thin  
 misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were  
 unsheathed,  
 But the vengeance that darkened their brow  
 was unbreathed;  
 With eyes turned to heaven in calm resigna-  
 tion,  
 They sang their last song to the God of sal-  
 vation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were  
 ringing,  
 The curlew and plover in concert were sing-  
 ing;

But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire  
they were shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,  
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;  
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,  
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding—  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits the prize is before ye—  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

JAMES HYSLOP

# THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the lords of convention 't was Claverhouse  
who spoke,  
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;  
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me  
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"  
*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;  
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,  
The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee!"  
*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;  
But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie and sleet,  
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!  
*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was thranged  
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged;

There was spite in each look, there was fear  
in each ee,

As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your  
men ;*

*Come open the Westport and let us gang  
free,*

*And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee !*

These crows of Kilmarnock had spits and had  
spears,

And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the cause-  
way was free

at the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your  
men ;*

*Come open the Westport and let us gang  
free,*

*And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee !*

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle  
rock,

And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :  
" Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa  
words or three,

For the love of the bonnet of bonnie  
Dundee."

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your  
men ;*

*Come open the Westport and let us gang  
free,*

*And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee !*

The Gordon demands of him which way he  
goes—

" Where'er shall direct me the shade of Mont-  
rose!

Your grace in short space shall hear tidings  
of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your  
men ;*

*Come open the Westport and let us gang  
free,*

*And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee !*

" There are hills beyond Pentland and lands  
beyond Forth ;

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs  
in the north ;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand  
times three

Will cry ' Hoigh ! ' for the bonnet of bonnie  
Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your  
men ;*

*Come open the Westport and let us gang  
free,*

*And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee !*

" There's brass on the target of barkened  
bull-hide,

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles be-  
side ;

The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall  
flash free,

At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your  
men ;*

*Come open the Westport and let us gang  
free,*

*And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee !*

" Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,  
Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox ;  
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of  
your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and  
me,"

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your  
men ;*

*Come open the Westport and let us gang  
free,*

*And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee !*

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets  
were blown,  
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen  
rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's  
lea  
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dun-  
dee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;  
Come saddle the horses, and call up the  
men;*

*Come open your doors and let me gae free,  
For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie  
Dundee!*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! and farewell, my  
Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day  
been!

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on war,  
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody  
shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my  
mind;

Though loudest of thunder on louder waves  
roar,

That's naething like leaving my love on the  
shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair  
pained;

By ease that's inglorious no fame can be  
gained;

And beauty and love's the reward of the  
brave,

And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my ex-  
cuse;

Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And without thy favor I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running  
o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no  
more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIB'

HERE'S to the king, sir!

Ye ken wha I mean, sir—

And to every honest man

That will do 't again!

*Fill, fill your bumpers high;*

*Drain, drain your glasses dry;*

*Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—*

*That winna do 't again.*

Here's to the chieftains .

Of the gallant Highland clans!

They hae done it mair nor ance,

And will do 't again.

*Fill, fill your bumpers high;*

*Drain, drain your glasses dry;*

*Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—*

*That winna do 't again,*

When you hear the trumpet's sound

*Tuttie tattie* to the drums,

Up wi' swords and down wi' guns,

And to the loons again!

*Fill, fill your bumpers high;*

*Drain, drain your glasses dry;*

*Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—*

*That winna do 't again.*

Here's to the king o' Swede!

Fresh laurels crown his head!

Shame fa' every sneaking blade

That winna do 't again!

*Fill, fill your bumpers high;*

*Drain, drain your glasses dry;*

*Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—*

*That winna do 't again.*

But to make a' things right now,

He that drinks maun fight too,

To show his heart's upright too,

And that he'll do 't again!



*Fill, fill your bumpers high ;  
 Drain, drain your glasses dry ;  
 Out upon him !—fie ! oh, fie !—  
 That winna do 't again.*

ANONYMOUS.

### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'T WAS on a Monday morning  
 Richt early in the year,  
 That Charlie cam' to our town,  
 The young chevalier.

*And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young chevalier !*

As he was walking up the street,  
 The city for to view,  
 Oh, there he spied a bonnie lass  
 The window looking through.

*And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young chevalier !*

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,  
 And tirl'd at the pin ;  
 And wha sae ready as hersel'  
 To let the laddie in ?

*And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young chevalier !*

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
 All in his Highland dress ;  
 For brawly weel he kenned the way  
 To please a bonnie lass.

*And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young chevalier !*

It's up yon heathery mountain,  
 And down yon scroggy glen,  
 We daurna gang a-milking,  
 For Charlie and his men.

*And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young chevalier !*

ANONYMOUS.

### THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

To wear the blue I think it best,  
 Of a' the colors that I see ;  
 And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams  
 That are banished frae their ain countrie.

I'll crown them east, I'll crown them west,  
 The bravest lads that e'er I saw ;  
 They bore the gree in free fighting,  
 And ne'er were slack their swords to draw

They wan the day wi' Wallace wight ;  
 They were the lords o' the south countrie ;  
 Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,  
 Till the gallant Grahams come o'er the  
 sea.

At the Gouk head, where their camp was  
 set,  
 They rade the white horse and the gray,  
 A' glancing in their plated armor,  
 As the gowd shines in a summer's day.

But woe to Hacket, and Strachan baith,  
 And ever an ill death may they die,  
 For they betrayed the gallant Grahams,  
 That aye were true to majesty.

Now fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale,  
 Baith kith and kin that I could name ;  
 Oh, I would sell my silken snood  
 To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

ANONYMOUS.

### KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

On, Kenmure's on and awa, Willie !  
 Oh, Kenmure's on and awa !  
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !  
 Success to Kenmure's band ;  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's  
 blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!  
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—  
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!  
 They'll live or die wi' fame;  
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!  
 Here's him that's far awa;  
 And here's the flower that I love best—  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

ROBERT BURNS.

# HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa;  
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,  
 May never guid luck be their fa'!  
 It's guid to be merry and wise,  
 It's guid to be honest and true,  
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa;  
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the  
 clan,  
 Altho' that his band be sma'.  
 May liberty meet wi' success!  
 May prudence protect her fra evil!  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
 And wander their way to the dévil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa;  
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland lad-  
 die,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law!

Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!  
 There's nane ever feared that the truth should  
 be heard  
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa;  
 Here's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha  
 does na like 'em  
 We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.  
 Here's timmer that's red at the heart,  
 Here's fruit that's sound at the core!  
 May he that would turn the buff and blue coat  
 Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa;  
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth  
 gowd,  
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!  
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,  
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;  
 And wha would betray old Albion's rights,  
 May they never eat of her bread!

ROBERT BURNS.

# LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle  
 array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in  
 fight.  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and  
 crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them  
 down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the  
 slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the  
 plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning  
 of war  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall  
await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the  
gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—  
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the  
dead;

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the  
brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling  
seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to  
scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall  
be torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of  
the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he  
rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on  
high!

Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is  
nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to  
the blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament  
cast?

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully  
driven

From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of  
heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements'  
height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to  
burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where  
it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing  
brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my  
clan;

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are  
one!

They are true to the last of their blood and  
their breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of  
death:

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the  
shock!

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on  
the rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory  
crowd,

Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the  
proud,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would re-  
veal;

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugi-  
tive king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of  
wrath,

Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from  
my sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his  
flight!

'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on  
the moors;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner?  
where?

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished,  
forlorn,

Like a limb from his country cast bleeding  
and torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
The war-drum is muffled and black is the bier;  
His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony  
swims.

Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases  
to beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the  
gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, sootless insulter! I trust not the  
tale!

For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed  
in their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten  
shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom re-  
mains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the  
foe!

And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed  
of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### BORDER BALLAD.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Treviotdale!

Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in  
order?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!

All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border!

Many a banner spread

Flutters above your head,

Many a crest that is famous in story!—

Mount and make ready, then,

Sons of the mountain glen,

Fight for the queen and our old Scottish  
glory!

Come from the hills where your hirsels are  
grazing;

Come from the glen of the buck and the  
roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;

Come with the buckler, the lance, and the  
bow.

Trumpets are sounding;

War-steeds are bounding;

Stand to your arms, and march in good order,

England shall many a day

Tell of the bloody fray,

When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,

Pibroch of Donuil,

Wake thy wild voice anew

Summon Clan-Conuil!

Come away, come away—

Hark to the summons!

Come in your war array,

Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and

From mountain so rocky;

The war-pipe and pennon

Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid, and

True heart that wears one;

Come every steel blade, and

Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,

The flock without shelter;

Leave the corpse uninterred,

The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,

Leave nets and barges:

Come with your fighting gear,

Broadswords and targets.

Come as the winds come when

Forests are rended;

Come as the waves come when

Navies are stranded!



Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster—  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuill Dhu,  
Kneel for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A wee bird came to our ha' door;  
He warbled sweet and clearly;  
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang  
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"  
Oh! when I heard the bonny, bonny bird,  
The tears came drapping rarely;  
I took my bonnet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
Is that a tale ye borrow?  
Or is 't some words ye've learned by rote,  
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"  
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,  
"I've flown sin' morning early;  
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

On hills that are by right his ain  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,  
On ilka side by danger.  
Yestreen I met him in the glen,  
My heart near bursted fairly;  
For sadly changed indeed was he—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on; the tempest howled  
Out owre the hills and valleys;  
And where was 't that your prince lay down,  
Whase hame should be a palace?  
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,  
Which covered him but sparely,  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
And he shook his wings wi' anger:  
"Oh! this is noa land for me—  
I'll tarry here nae langer."  
A while he hovered on the wing,  
Ere he departed fairly;  
But weel I mind the farewell strain,  
'T was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

WILLIAM GLEN

### HAME, HAME, HAME!

HAME, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!  
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is  
on the tree,  
The lark shall sing me hame to my ain coun-  
trie.  
*Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!*  
*Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!*

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning now to  
fa';  
The bonnie white rosé, it is withering an' a';  
But we'll water it wi' the bluid of usurping  
tyrannie,  
And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie!  
*Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!*  
*Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!*

Oh there's nocht now frae ruin my countrie  
can save,  
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,  
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loy-  
altie  
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.  
*Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!*  
*Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!*

The great now are gone wha attempted to  
save,  
The green grass is growing abune their  
grave;  
Yet the sun through the mist seems to prom-  
ise to me,  
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."  
*Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!*  
*Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!*

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## MY AIN COUNTREE.

THE sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he;  
But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
In my ain countree.  
Oh gladness comes to many,  
But sorrow comes to me,  
As I look o'er the wide ocean  
To my ain countree.

Oh it's nae my ain ruin  
That saddens ayè my e'e,  
But the love I left in Galloway,  
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.  
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,  
An' smiled my fair Marie:  
I've left my heart behind me  
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,  
And the blossom to the bee;  
But I'll win back—oh never,  
To my ain countree.  
I'm leal to the high heaven,  
Which will be leal to me,  
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune  
Frae my ain countree.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's  
calm on the sea,  
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept  
us free,  
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and  
Dundee.  
*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!*  
*And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the  
brave—

Let him flee from our board, let him sleep  
with the slave,  
Whose libation comes slow while we honor  
his grave.  
*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!*  
*And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's  
roar,  
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud  
on the shore,  
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.  
*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!*  
*And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall  
claim;  
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious  
name,  
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the  
Graham,  
*All the broadswords of old Scotland!*  
*And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves  
of the Forth,  
Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven  
of the north;  
Then go blazon their numbers, their names,  
and their worth,  
*All the broadswords of old Scotland!*  
*And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

The highest in splendor, the humblest in  
place,  
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,  
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.  
*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!*  
*And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,  
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept  
us free,  
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and  
Dundee.  
*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!*  
*And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!*

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

## SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,  
A vanquished chief expiring lay,  
Upon the sands, with broken sword,  
He traced his farewell to the free;  
And, there, the last unfinished word  
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell  
 Of him who thus for freedom fell;  
 The words he wrote, ere evening came,  
 Were covered by the sounding sea;—  
 So pass away the cause and name  
 Of him who dies for liberty!

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
 As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,  
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord alone that breaks at night  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks  
 To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

### ODE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
 By all their country's wishes blessed!  
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
 And freedom shall awhile repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

### PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS.

PEACE to the slumberers!  
 They lie on the battle-plain,  
 With no shroud to cover them;  
 The dew and the summer rain  
 And all that sweep over them.  
 Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery!  
 The fallen oak lies where it lay  
 Across the wintry river;  
 But brave hearts, once swept away,  
 Are gone, alas! forever.  
 Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!  
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs  
 Of whom his sword bereft us,  
 Ere we forget the deep arrears  
 Of vengeance they have left us!  
 Woe to the conqueror!

THOMAS MOORE.

### SHAN VAN VOCHT.

Oh! the French are on the say,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
 The French are on the say,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht!  
 Oh! the French are in the bay;  
 They'll be here without delay,  
 And the Orange will decay,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
*Oh! the French are in the bay,  
 They'll be here by break of day,  
 And the Orange will decay,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And where will they have their camp?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
 Where will they have their camp?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 On the Currach of Kildare;  
 The boys they will be there  
 With their pikes in good repair,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

*To the Currach of Kildare  
The boys they will repair,  
And Lord Edward will be there,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

Then what will the yeomen do?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What will the yeomen do?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What should the yeomen do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And swear that they 'll be true  
To the Shan Van Vocht.

*What should the yeoman do,  
But throw off the Red and Blue,  
And swear that they 'll be true  
To the Shan Van Vocht!*

And what color will they wear?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What color will they wear?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What color should be seen,  
Where our fathers' homes have been,  
But our own immortal green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

*What color should be seen,  
Where our fathers' homes have been,  
But our own immortal green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht!  
Yes! Ireland shall be free,  
From the centre to the sea;  
Then hurra! for liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

*Yes! Ireland shall be free,  
From the centre to the sea;  
Then hurra! for liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

ANONYMOUS.

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious king!  
Long live our noble king!  
God save the king!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us—  
God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise!  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall,  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;  
On him our hopes we fix,  
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour;  
Long may he reign.  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice—  
God save the king!

ANONYMOUS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD  
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he:  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all  
three;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-  
bolts undrew,  
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping  
through.  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to  
rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great  
pace—  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never chang-  
ing our place;



I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup and set the  
pique right,  
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker  
the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we  
drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned  
clear;

At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;  
At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard  
the half-chime—  
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is  
time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every  
one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past;  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its  
spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp  
ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on  
his track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that  
glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master,  
askance;

And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye  
and anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris,  
"Stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not  
in her;

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the  
quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and  
staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the  
flank,

As down on her haunches she shuddered and  
sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the  
sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stub-  
ble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang  
white,

And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in  
sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a mo-  
ment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a  
stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole  
weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from  
her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the  
brim,

And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'  
rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster  
let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and  
all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his  
ear,

Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse  
without peer—

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any  
noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and  
stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round.  
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on  
the ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland  
of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last meas-  
ure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common con-  
sent)

Was no more than his due who brought good  
news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day ;

But glory remains when their lights fade away.

Begin, you tormentors ! your threats are in vain,

For the sons of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low !

Why so slow ? do you wait till I shrink from the pain ?

No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,

And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.

Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain ;

But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;

And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to complain.

ANNE HUNTER.

## INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

ON the mat he's sitting there—

See ! he sits upright—

With the same look that he wore

When he saw the light.

But where now the hand's clenched weight ?

Where the breath he drew,

That to the Great Spirit late

Forth the pipe-smoke blew ?

Where the eyes that, falcon-keen,  
Marked the reindeer pass,  
By the dew upon the green,  
By the waving grass ?

These the limbs that, unconfined,  
Bounded through the snow,  
Like the stag that's twenty-tynd,  
Like the mountain roe !

These the arms that, stout and tense,  
Did the bow-string twang !  
See, the life is parted hence !  
See, how loose they hang !

Well for him ! he's gone his ways,  
Where are no more snows ;  
Where the fields are decked with maize  
That unplanted grows ;—

Where with beasts of chase each wood,  
Where with birds each tree,  
Where with fish is every flood  
Stocked full pleasantly.

He above with spirits feeds ;—  
We, alone and dim,  
Left to celebrate his deeds,  
And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither ;  
Chant the death-lament ;  
All inter, with him together,  
That can him content.

' Neath his head the hatchet hide  
That he swung so strong ;  
And the bear's ham set beside,  
For the way is long ;

Then the knife—sharp let it be—  
That from foeman's crown,  
Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,  
Skin and tuft brought down ;

Paints, to smear his frame about,  
Set within his hand,  
That he redly may shine out  
In the spirits' land.

FREDERICK SCHILLER. (German.)

Translation of N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

# THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW-ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad—another race has filled  
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,  
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;  
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;—  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;—  
They have left unstained what there they  
found—  
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS

# ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides and virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose for truth and  
sense,  
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great uprising epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire take its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY

## CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

In their ragged regimentals  
 Stood the old continentals,  
     Yielding not,  
 When the grenadiers were lunging,  
 And like hail fell the plunging  
     Cannon-shot;  
     When the files  
     Of the isles,  
 From the smoky night encampment, bore the  
     banner of the rampant  
     Unicorn,  
 And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the  
     roll of the drummer,  
     Through the morn !

Then with eyes to the front all,  
 And with guns horizontal,  
     Stood our sires;  
 And the balls whistled deadly,  
 And in streams flashing redly  
     Blazed the fires;  
     As the roar  
     On the shore,  
 Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the  
     green-sodded acres  
     Of the plain;  
 And louder, louder, louder, cracked the  
     black gunpowder,  
     Cracking amain !

Now like smiths at their forges  
 Worked the red St. George's  
     Cannoniers;  
 And the "villainous saltpetre"  
 Rung a fierce, discordant metre  
     Round their ears;  
     As the swift  
     Storm-drift,  
 With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-  
     guards' clangor  
     On our flanks.  
 Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-  
     fashioned fire  
     Through the ranks !

Then the old-fashioned colonel  
 Galloped through the white infernal  
     Powder-cloud;

And his broad sword was swinging,  
 And his brazen throat was ringing  
     Trumpet loud.  
     Then the blue  
     Bullets flew,  
 And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch  
     of the leaden  
     Rifle-breath;  
 And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the  
     iron six-pounder,  
     Hurling death !

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
 Our leader frank and bold;  
 The British soldier trembles  
     When Marion's name is told.  
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
 Our tent the cypress-tree;  
 We know the forest round us,  
     As seamen know the sea;  
 We know its walls of thorny vines,  
     Its glades of reedy grass,  
 Its safe and silent islands  
     Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery  
     That little dread us near !  
 On them shall light at midnight  
     A strange and sudden fear;  
 When, waking to their tents on fire,  
     They grasp their arms in vain,  
 And they who stand to face us  
     Are beat to earth again;  
 And they who fly in terror, deem  
     A mighty host behind,  
 And hear the tramp of thousands  
     Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
     From danger and from toil;  
 We talk the battle over,  
     And share the battle's spoil.  
 The woodlands ring with laugh and shout  
     As if a hunt were up,  
 And woodland flowers are gathered  
     To crown the soldier's cup.



With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'T is life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain;  
'T is life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away!  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
For ever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early  
light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
last gleaming—  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through  
the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-  
lantly streaming!  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-  
ing in air  
Gave proof through the night that our flag  
was still there;  
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet  
wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of  
the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists  
of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-  
ering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now dis-  
closes?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's  
first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the  
stream;  
'T is the star-spangled banner; oh, long may  
it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly  
swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's con-  
fusion  
A home and a country should leave us no  
more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-  
steps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the  
grave;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth  
wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall  
stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's  
desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-  
rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and pre-  
served us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is  
just;  
And this be our motto—"In God is our  
trust"—  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

## I.

WHEN freedom from her mountain height  
 Unfurled her standard to the air,  
 She tore the azure robe of night,  
 And set the stars of glory there;  
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
 The milky baldric of the skies,  
 And striped its pure, celestial white  
 With streakings of the morning light;  
 Then from his mansion in the sun  
 She called her eagle bearer down,  
 And gave into his mighty hand  
 The symbol of her chosen land.

## II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
 And see the lightning lances driven,  
 When strive the warriors of the storm,  
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—  
 Child of the sun! to thee 't is given  
 To guard the banner of the free,  
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
 To ward away the battle-stroke,  
 And bid its blendings shine afar,  
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
 The harbingers of victory!

## III.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
 The sign of hope and triumph high,  
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
 And the long line comes gleaming on;  
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
 And, as his springing steps advance,  
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
 Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,  
 And gory sabres rise and fall,  
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,  
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
 Each gallant arm that strikes below  
 That lovely messenger of death.

## IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
 When death, careering on the gale,  
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
 And frightened waves rush wildly back  
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
 Each dying wanderer of the sea  
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
 And smile to see thy splendors fly  
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

## V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
 By angel hands to valor given;  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
 For ever float that standard sheet!  
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DEAKE.

## O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,  
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
 Admire and hate thy blooming years;  
 With words of shame  
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread  
 That tints thy morning hills with red;  
 Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet  
 Within thy woods are not more fleet;  
 Thy hopeful eye  
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,  
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!  
 They do not know how loved thou art,  
 How many a fond and fearless heart  
 Would rise to throw  
 Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
 What virtues with thy children bide—

How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
 Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;  
     What generous men  
 Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
 By thy lone rivers of the west;  
 How faith is kept, and truth revered,  
 And man is loved, and God is feared,  
     In woodland homes,  
 And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
 For earth's down-trodden and opprest,  
 A shelter for the hunted head,  
 For the starved laborer toil and bread.  
     Power, at thy bounds,  
 Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow  
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
 Deep in the brightness of thy skies,  
 The thronging years in glory rise,  
     And, as they fleet,  
 Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,  
 Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;  
 And when thy sisters, elder born,  
 Would brand thy name with words of scorn,  
     Before thine eye  
 Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### OUR STATE.

THE south-land boasts its teeming cane,  
 The prairied west its heavy grain,  
 And sunset's radiant gates unfold  
 On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak and hard, our little state  
 Is scant of soil, of limits strait;  
 Her yellow sands are sands alone,  
 Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,  
 Too long her winter woods complain;  
 From budding flower to falling leaf,  
 Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,  
 And wintry hills, the school-house stands;  
 And what her rugged soul denies  
 The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth  
 Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;  
 And more to her than gold or grain  
 The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,  
 The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;  
 And still maintains, with milder laws,  
 And clearer light, the good old cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,  
 While near her school the church-spire  
     stands;  
 Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,  
 While near her church-spire stands the  
     school.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
 And fiery hearts and armed hands  
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave—  
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;  
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
 And talk of children on the hill,  
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering  
     wain;  
 Men start not at the battle-cry—  
 Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou  
 Who minglest in the harder strife  
 For truths which men receive not now,  
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year;  
A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day;  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if but he could  
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed  
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them wailed  
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept  
Through walls of flame its withering way;  
Where fell the dead, the living stept,  
Still charging on the guns which swept  
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
When, striking where he strongest lay,  
We swooped his flanking batteries past,  
And braving full their murderous blast,  
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play;  
Where orange boughs above their grave,  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed  
Beside the brave who fell that day;  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest  
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

#### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.



Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
 And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
 But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
 Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
 To life at that woman's deed and word:

Who touches a hair of yon grey head  
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost  
 Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
 On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
 Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
 And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
 Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
 Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
 On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE BLACK REGIMENT.

MAY 27TH, 1863.

DARK as the clouds of even,  
 Ranked in the western heaven,  
 Waiting the breath that lifts  
 All the dead mass, and drifts  
 Tempest and falling brand  
 Over a ruined land;—  
 So still and orderly,  
 Arm to arm, knee to knee,  
 Waiting the great event,  
 Stands the black regiment

Down the long dusky line  
 Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;  
 And the bright bayonet,  
 Bristling and firmly set,  
 Flashed with a purpose grand,  
 Long ere the sharp command  
 Of the fierce rolling drum  
 Told them their time had come,  
 Told them what work was sent  
 For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,  
 "Though death and hell betide,  
 Let the whole nation see  
 If we are fit to be  
 Free in this land; or bound  
 Down, like the whining hound—  
 Bound with red stripes of pain  
 In our cold chains again!"  
 Oh! what a shout there went  
 From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;  
 Onward the bondmen broke;  
 Bayonet and sabre-stroke  
 Vainly opposed their rush.  
 Through the wild battle's crush,  
 With but one thought aflush,  
 Driving their lords like chaff,  
 In the guns' mouths they laugh;  
 Or at the slippery brands  
 Leaping with open hands,  
 Down they tear man and horse,  
 Down in their awful course;  
 Trampling with bloody heel  
 Over the crashing steel;—  
 All their eyes forward bent,  
 Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—  
 "Freedom! or leave to die!"  
 Ah! and they meant the word,  
 Not as with us 'tis heard,  
 Not a mere party shout;  
 They gave their spirits out,  
 Trusted the end to God,  
 And on the gory sod  
 Rolled in triumphant blood.  
 Glad to strike one free blow,  
 Whether for weal or woe;  
 Glad to breathe one free breath,  
 Though on the lips of death;

Praying—alas! in vain!—  
That they might fall again,  
So they could once more see  
That burst to liberty!  
This was what "freedom" lent  
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;  
But they are resting well;  
Scourges and shackles strong  
Never shall do them wrong.  
Oh, to the living few,  
Soldiers, be just and true!  
Hail them as comrades tried;  
Fight with them side by side;  
Never, in field or tent,  
Scorn the black regiment!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

## INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

### I.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:  
A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day;  
With neck out-thrust; you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow,  
Oppressive with its mind.

### II.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army-leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall,"—  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

### III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
You hardly could suspect—  
'So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

### IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon!  
The marshal's in the market-place,  
And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his  
plans  
Soared up again like fire.

### V.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes:  
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's  
pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow  
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,  
And bloodier yet shall be the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred;  
For up came an order which  
Some one had blundered.  
"Forward, the light brigade!  
Take the guns!" Nolan said:  
Into the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade!"  
No man was there dismayed—  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die—  
Into the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well;  
Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed all at once in air,

Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered.  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
With many a desperate stroke  
The Russian line they broke;  
Then they rode back, but not—  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
Those that had fought so well  
Came from the jaws of death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the light brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND:

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

Ye mariners of England!  
That guard our native seas;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again,  
To match another foe!  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow—  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore  
When the stormy winds do blow—  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## IV.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow—  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

## I.

Of Nelson and the north  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly  
shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.

## II.

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line—

It was ten of April morn by the chime.  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

## III.

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when  
each gun  
From its adamantine lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

## IV.

Again! again! again!  
And the havock did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.

## V.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave:  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save;  
So peace instead of death let us bring;  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king."

## VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the  
day.  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.



## VII.

Now joy, old England, raise!  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore!

## VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died,  
 With the gallant good Riou—  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their  
     grave!  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condole,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Aye, yes—the fight! Well, messmates, well,  
 I served on board that Ninety-eight;  
 Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.

To-night, be sure a crushing weight  
 Upon my sleeping breast—a hell  
 Of dread will sit. At any rate,  
 Though land-locked here, a watch I'll keep—  
 Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?

That Ninety-eight I sailed on board;  
 Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;  
 Right aft the rising tempest roared;  
 A noble first-rate hove in view;  
 And soon high in the gale there soared  
 Her streamer-qt bunting—red, white,  
     blue!

We cleared for fight, and landward bore,  
 To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn  
 Twice laid with words of silken stuff.  
 A fact's a fact; and ye may learn  
 The rights o' this, though wild and rough

My words may loom. 'Tis your consarn,  
 Not mine, to understand. Enough;—  
 We neared the Frenchman where he lay,  
 And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to; we filled, we wore.  
 Did all that seamanship could do  
 To rake him aft, or by the fore—  
 Now rounded off, and now broached to;  
 And now our starboard broadside bore,  
 And showers of iron through and through  
 His vast hull hissed; our larboard then  
 Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toiled,  
 And wound about, through that wild sea,  
 The Frenchman each manœuvre foiled—  
 'Vantage to neither there could be.  
 Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,  
 We both resolved right manfully  
 To fight it side by side;—began  
 Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain  
 Rings out her wild, delirious scream!  
 Redoubling thunders shake the main;  
 Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.  
 The timbers with the broadsides strain;  
 The slippery decks send up a steam  
 From hot and living blood—and high  
 And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,  
 Th' unstiffened corpse, now block the way!  
 Who now can hear the dying groan?  
 The trumpet of the judgment day,  
 Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,  
 We should not then have heard,—to say  
 Would be rank sin; but this I tell,  
 That could alone our madness quell

Upon the fore-castle I fought  
 As captain of the for'ad gun.  
 A scattering shot the carriage caught!  
 What mother then had known her son  
 Of those who stood around?—distracted,  
 And smeared with gore, about they run  
 Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!  
 But one escaped—that one was I!

Night darkened round, and the storm pealed,  
 To windward of us lay the foe.  
 As he to leeward over keeled,  
 He could not fight his guns below;  
 So just was going to strike—when reeled  
 Our vessel, as if some vast blow  
 From an Almighty hand had rent  
 The huge ship from her element.

Then howled the thunder. Tumult then  
 Had stunned herself to silence. Round  
 Were scattered lightning-blasted men!  
 Our mainmast went. All stifled, drowned,  
 Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again  
 The bolt burst on us, and we found  
 Our masts all gone—our decks all riven:  
 —Man's war mocks faintly that of heaven!

Just then—nay, messmates, laugh not now—  
 As I, amazed, one minute stood  
 Amidst that rout; I know not how—  
 'T was silence all—the raving flood,  
 The guns that pealed from stem to bow,  
 And God's own thunder—nothing could  
 I then of all that tumult hear,  
 Or see aught of that scene of fear.

My aged mother at her door  
 Sat mildly o'er her humming wheel;  
 The cottage, orchard, and the moor—  
 I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,  
 And swear I saw them! Oh, they wore  
 A look all peace. Could I but feel  
 Again that bliss that then I felt,  
 That made my heart, like childhood's, melt!

The blessed tear was on my cheek,  
 She smiled with that old smile I know:  
 "Turn to me, mother, turn and speak,"  
 Was on my quivering lips—when lo!  
 All vanished, and a dark, red streak  
 Glared wild and vivid from the foe,  
 That flashed upon the blood-stained water—  
 For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hailed us. On us fast  
 All burning, helplessly, she came—  
 Near, and more near; and not a mast  
 Had we to help us from that flame.  
 'T was then the bravest stood aghast—  
 'T was then the wicked, on the name  
 (With danger and with guilt appalled,)  
 Of God, too long neglected, called.

Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue  
 Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash—  
 We almost touched—when ocean rung  
 Down to its depths with one loud crash!  
 In heaven's top vault one instant hung  
 The vast, intense, and blinding flash!  
 Then all was darkness, stillness, dread—  
 The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!  
 And though she left us in a plight,  
 We floated still; long were, I know,  
 And hard, the labors of that night  
 To clear the wreck. At length in tow  
 A frigate took us, when 't was light;  
 And soon an English port we gained—  
 A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

So many slain—so many drowned!  
 I like not of that fight to tell.  
 Come, let the cheerful grog go round!  
 Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho, spell—  
 Though a pressed man, I'll still be found  
 To do a seaman's duty well.  
 I wish our brother landsmen knew  
 One half we jolly tars go through.

ANONYMOUS

## CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
 Whence all but he had fled;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm;  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
 Without his father's word;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say,  
 If yet my task is done?"  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
 "If I may yet be gone!"  
 And but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames rolled on.  
 Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still, yet brave despair.  
 And shouted but once more aloud,  
 "My father! must I stay?"  
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
 The wreathing fires made way.  
 They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
 They caught the flag on high,  
 And streamed above the gallant child,  
 Like banners in the sky.  
 There came a burst of thunder sound—  
 The boy—oh! where was he?  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strewed the sea!—  
 With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part—  
 But the noblest thing that perished there  
 Was that young, faithful heart!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

#### SONG OF THE GREEK POET.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet;  
 But all, except their sun, is set.  
 The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."  
 The mountains look on Marathon,  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
 For standing on the Persians' grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou  
 My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more!  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though linked among a fettered race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
 For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
 Earth! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?  
 Ah no!—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, "Let one living head,  
 But one, arise—we come, we come!"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;  
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call,  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
 Of two such lessons, why forget  
 The nobler and the manlier one?  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 We will not think of themes like these!  
 It made Anacreon's song divine;  
 He served—but served Polycrates—

A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
That tyrant was Miltiades !

Oh that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there perhaps some seed is sown  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells ;  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells ;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

LORD BYRON.

### MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Platæa's day ;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke :  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the  
Greek!”

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band :  
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;  
God—and your native land !”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose.  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,



With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;  
 And thou art terrible—the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

Come, when his task of fame is wrought—  
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—  
 Come in her crowning hour—and then

Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
 To him is welcome as the sight  
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;  
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
 Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry  
 That told the Indian isles were nigh  
 To the world-seeking Genoese,  
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,

Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave

Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
 Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb.

But she remembers thee as one

Long loved, and for a season gone.

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;

For thee she rings the birth-day bells;

Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said

At palace couch, and cottage bed;

Her soldier, closing with the foe,

Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

His plighted maiden, when she fears

For him, the joy of her young years,

Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
 Though in her eye and faded cheek  
 Is read the grief she will not speak,  
 The memory of her buried joys—  
 And even she who gave thee birth,  
 Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,  
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;  
 For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—  
 One of the few, the immortal names  
 That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLIOW

### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
 Who hangs his head for shame?

He's all a knave, or half a slave,

Who slights his country thus;

But a true man, like you, man,

Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,

The faithful and the few—

Some lie far off beyond the wave—

Some sleep in Ireland, too;

All, all are gone—but still lives on

The fame of those who died—

All true men, like you, men,

Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands

Their weary hearts have laid,

And by the stranger's heedless hands

Their lonely graves were made;

But, though their clay be far away

Beyond the Atlantic foam—

In true men, like you, men,

Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;

Among their own they rest;

And the same land that gave them birth

Has caught them to her breast;

And we will pray that from their clay

Full many a race may start

Of true men, like you, men.

To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
 To right their native land;  
 They kindled here a living blaze  
 That nothing shall withstand.  
 Alas! that might can vanquish right—  
 They fell and passed away;  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be  
 For us a guiding light,  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite.  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
 Though sad as theirs your fate;  
 And true men, be you, men,  
 Like those of Ninety-eight!

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

## AN ODE.

WHAT constitutes a state?  
 Not high raised battlement or labored mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets  
 crowned;  
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies  
 ride;  
 Not starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to  
 pride.  
 No:—men, high-minded men,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endured  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—  
 Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare  
 maintain,  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the  
 chain;  
 These constitute a state;  
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will,  
 O'er thrones and globes elate,  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
 Smit by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend, dissension, like a vapor sinks;  
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!  
 No more shall freedom smile?  
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?  
 Since all must life resign,  
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
 'T is folly to decline,  
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

## SONNETS.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;  
 England hath need of thee. She is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 Oh, raise us up, return to us again,  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!  
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the  
 sea;  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

## TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!  
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den—  
 O miserable chieftain! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do  
 thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow.  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left be  
 hind  
 Powers that will work for thee—air, earth,  
 and skies.  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies.  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Arno shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim,  
The father was of Tuscan song!  
There but the burning sense of wrong,  
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—  
Small friendship for the lordly throng,  
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
No dream his life was—but a fight;  
Could any Beatrice see  
A lover in that anchorite?  
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,  
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unsullied still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look  
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
With no companion save his book,  
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;  
Where, as the Benedictine laid  
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,  
The single boon for which he prayed  
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine—  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all  
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;  
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,  
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;

He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;  
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;  
But valiant souls of knightly worth  
Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O time! whose verdicts mock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou;  
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,  
Is Latiun's other Virgil now.  
Before his name the nations bow;  
His words are parcel of mankind,  
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

## ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY

Come then, tell me, sage divine,  
Is it an offence to own  
That our bosoms e'er incline  
Toward immortal glory's throne?  
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,  
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,  
So can fancy's dream rejoice,  
So conciliate reason's choice,

As one approving word of her impartial voice

If to spurn at noble praise  
Be the passport to thy heaven,  
Follow thou those gloomy ways—

No such law to me was given;  
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,  
Faring like my friends before me;  
Nor an holier place desire  
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,  
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden  
lyre.

MARK AKENSIDE.

## EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device—  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue—  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan—  
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"

This was the peasant's last good-night:  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried, through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star—  
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW





## PART VI.

### POEMS OF COMEDY.

---

Oh! never wear a brow of care, or frown with rueful gravity,  
For wit's the child of wisdom, and good humor is the twin;  
No need to play the Pharisee, or groan at man's depravity,  
Let one man be a good man, and let all be fair within.  
Speak sober truths with smiling lips; the bitter wrap in sweetness—  
Sound sense in seeming nonsense, as the grain is hid in chaff;  
And fear not that the lesson e'er may seem to lack completeness—  
A man may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh.

"A soft word oft turns wrath aside," (so says the great instructor,  
A smile disarms resentment, and a jest drives gloom away;  
A cheerful laugh to anger is a magical conductor,  
The deadly flash averting, quickly changing night to day.  
Then, is not he the wisest man who rids his brow of wrinkles,  
Who bears his load with merry heart, and lightens it by half—  
Whose pleasant tones ring in the ear, as mirthful music tinkles,  
And whose words are true and telling, though they echo in a laugh?

So temper life's work—weariness with timely relaxation;  
Most witless wight of all is he who never plays the fool;  
The heart grows gray before the head, when sunk in sad prostration;  
Its winter knows no Christmas, with its glowing log of Yule.  
Why weep, faint-hearted and forlorn, when evil comes to try us?  
The fount of hope wells ever nigh—'t will cheer us if we quaff;  
And, when the gloomy phantom of despondency stands by us,  
Let us, in calm defiance, exorcise it with a laugh!

ANONYMOUS.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thin;  
And then his friends they slunk away;  
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny left but three;  
The one was brass, the other was lead,  
And t'other it was white money.

"Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,  
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me!  
For when I was the lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,  
And why should I feel dole or care?  
I'll borrow of them all by turns,  
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;  
Another had paid his gold away;  
Another called him thriftless loon,  
And sharply bade him wend his way

Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,  
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me!  
For when I had my land so broad,  
On me they lived right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,  
I wis, it were a burning shame:  
To rob and steal it were a sin:  
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,  
For there my father bade me wend:  
When all the world should frown on me,  
I there should find a trusty friend."

## PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,  
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,  
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,  
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,  
In hope some comfort for to win;  
But bare and lothely were the walls:  
"Here's sorry cheer!" quoth the heir of  
Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,  
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;  
No shimmering sun here ever shone;  
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mote spy,  
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,  
Nought save a rope with a running noose,  
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,  
These words were written, so plain to see:  
"Ah! graceless wretch, hath spent thy all,  
And brought thyself to penury?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,  
I therefore left this trusty friend:  
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,  
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,  
Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne;  
His heart, I wis, was near to burst,  
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three:  
"This is a trusty friend indeed,  
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,  
And sprang aloft with his body;  
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,  
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,  
Nor knew if he were live or dead;  
At length he looked and saw a bill,  
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on;  
Straight good comfort found he there:  
It told him of a hole in the wall  
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold;  
The third was full of white money  
And over them, in broad letters,  
These words were written so plain to see

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;  
Amend thy life and follies past;  
For, but thou amend thee of thy life,  
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne  
"And let it be, but if I amend:  
For here I will make mine avow,  
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heir of Linne,  
Away he went with merry cheer;  
I wis he neither stint nor stayed,  
Till John o' the Scales' house he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
Up at the spere then looked he;  
There sat three lords at the board's end,  
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespoke the heir of Linne;  
To John o' the Scales then could he:  
"I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,  
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!  
Away, away! this may not be:  
For a curse be on my head," he said,  
"If ever I lend thee one penny."

Then bespoke the heir of Linne,  
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:  
"Madam, some alms on me bestow,  
I pray, for sweet Saint Charity."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!  
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;  
For if we should hang any losel here,  
The first we would begin with thee."

Then up bespoke a good fellow  
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board:  
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;  
Some time thou was a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,  
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;  
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,  
And other forty if need be."

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
To let him sit in thy company;  
For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespoke him John o' the Scales,  
All woode he answered him again:  
"Now a curse be on my head," he said,  
"But I did lose by that bargain."

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,  
Before these lords so fair and free,  
Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,  
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said;  
With that he gave him a god's-penny:  
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,  
"And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,  
And laid them down upon the board;  
All wo-begone was John o' the Scales,  
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,  
He told it forth with mickle din;  
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And now I'm again the lord of Linne!"

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;  
Forty pence thou didst lend me;  
Now I'm again the lord of Linne,  
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-way!" quoth Joan o' the Scales,  
"Now well-a-way, and wo is my life!  
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,  
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare-thee-well," said the heir of Linne,  
"Farewell, good John o' the Scales," said  
he;

"When next I want to sell my land,  
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

ANONYMOUS.



## THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

Old stories tell how Hercules  
 A dragon slew at Lerna,  
 With seven heads and fourteen eyes,  
 To see and well discern-a;  
 But he had a club this dragon to drub,  
 Or he ne'er had done it, I warrant ye;  
 But More, of More-hall, with nothing at all,  
 He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,  
 Each one upon each shoulder;  
 With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,  
 Which made him bolder and bolder.  
 He had long claws, and in his jaws  
 Four and forty teeth of iron;  
 With a hide as tough as any buff,  
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse  
 Held seventy men in his belly?  
 This dragon was not quite so big,  
 But very near, I'll tell ye;  
 Devoured he poor children three,  
 That could not with him grapple;  
 And at one sup he ate them up,  
 As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon would eat,  
 Some say he ate up trees,  
 And that the forests sure he would  
 Devour up by degrees;  
 For houses and churches were to him geese  
 and turkeys;  
 He ate all and left none behind,  
 But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not  
 crack,  
 Which on the hills you will find.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt;  
 Men, women, girls, and boys,  
 Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,  
 And made a hideous noise.  
 Oh, save us all, More of More-hall,  
 Thou peerless knight of these woods;  
 Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us  
 a rag on,  
 We'll give thee all our goods.

This being done, he did engage  
 To hew the dragon down;  
 But first he went new armor to  
 Bespeak at Sheffield town;  
 With spikes all about, not within but without,  
 Of steel so sharp and strong,  
 Both behind and before, legs, arms, and all  
 o'er,  
 Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,  
 How fierce he looked, and how big,  
 You would have thought him for to be  
 Some Egyptian porcupine:  
 He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all,  
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog;  
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be  
 Some strange, outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people then  
 Got up on trees and houses,  
 On churches some, and chimneys too;  
 But these put on their trousers,  
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,  
 To make him strong and mighty,  
 He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,  
 And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,  
 For wit doth strength excel;  
 Which made our cunning champion  
 Creep down into a well,  
 Where he did think this dragon would drink,  
 And so he did in truth;  
 And as he stooped low, he rose up and cried,  
 boh!  
 And kicked him in the mouth.

Oh! quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,  
 And turned six times together,  
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing  
 Out of his throat of leather.  
 More of More-hall, oh thou rascal!  
 Would I had seen thee never!  
 With the thing at thy foot thou hast pricked  
 my throat,  
 And I'm quite undone forever!

Murder, murder! the dragon cried,  
 Alack, alack, for grief!  
 Had you but missed that place, you could  
 Have done me no mischief.  
 Then his head he shook, trembled, and  
 quaked,  
 And down he lay and cried;  
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,  
 So groaned, and kicked, and died.

OLD BALLAD. (English.)

Version of COVENTRY PATMORE.

### GOOD ALE.

I CANNOT eat but little meat—  
 My stomach is not good;  
 But sure, I think that I can drink  
 With him that wears a hood.  
 Though I go bare, take ye no care;  
 I am nothing a-cold—  
 I stuff my skin so full within  
 Of jolly good ale and old.  
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;*  
*Both foot and hand go cold ;*  
*But, belly, God send thee good ale*  
*enough,*  
*Whether it be new or old !*

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
 And a crab laid in the fire ;  
 A little bread shall do me stead—  
 Much bread I not desire.  
 No frost nor snow, nor wind, I trow,  
 Can hurt me if I wold—  
 I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt  
 Of jolly good ale and old.  
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;*  
*Both foot and hand go cold ;*  
*But, belly, God send thee good ale*  
*enough,*  
*Whether it be new or old !*

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life  
 Loveth well good ale to seek,  
 Full oft drinks she, till you may see  
 The tears run down her cheek ;

Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,  
 Even as a malt-worm should ;  
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part  
 Of this jolly good ale and old."  
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;*  
*Both foot and hand go cold ;*  
*But, belly, God send thee good ale*  
*enough,*  
*Whether it be new or old !*

Now let them drink till they nod and  
 wink,  
 Even as good fellows should do ;  
 They shall not miss to have the bliss  
 Good ale doth bring men to ;  
 And all poor souls that have scoured  
 bowls,  
 Or have them lustily trowled,  
 God save the lives of them and their  
 wives,  
 Whether they be young or old!  
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;*  
*Both foot and hand go cold ;*  
*But, belly, God send thee good ale*  
*enough,*  
*Whether it be new or old !*

JOHN STILL.

### THE JOVIAL BEGGAR.

THERE was a jovial beggar,  
 He had a wooden leg,  
 Lame from his cradle,  
 And forced for to beg.  
*And a-begging we will go,*  
*Will go, will go,*  
*And a-begging we will go.*

A bag for his oatmeal,  
 Another for his salt,  
 And a long pair of crutches,  
 To show that he can halt.  
*And a-begging we will go,*  
*Will go, will go,*  
*And a-begging we will go.*

A bag for his wheat,  
 Another for his rye,  
 And a little bottle by his side,  
 To drink when he's a-dry.  
*And a-begging we will go,  
 Will go, will go,  
 And a-begging we will go.*

Seven years I begged  
 For my old master Wilde,  
 He taught me how to beg  
 When I was but a child.  
*And a-begging we will go,  
 Will go, will go,  
 And a-begging we will go.*

I begged for my master,  
 And got him store of pelf,  
 But goodness now be praised,  
 I'm begging for myself.  
*And a-begging we will go,  
 Will go, will go,  
 And a-begging we will go.*

In a hollow tree  
 I live, and pay no rent,  
 Providence provides for me,  
 And I am well content.  
*And a-begging we will go,  
 Will go, will go,  
 And a-begging we will go.*

O! all the occupations  
 A beggar's is the best,  
 For whenever he's a-weary,  
 He can lay him down to rest.  
*And a-begging we will go,  
 Will go, will go,  
 And a-begging we will go,*

I fear no plots against me,  
 I live in open cell;  
 Then who would be a king, lads,  
 When the beggar lives so well?  
*And a-begging we will go,  
 Will go, will go,  
 And a-begging we will go.*

ANONYMOUS.

### TAKE THY OLD CLOAKE ABOUT THEE.

THIS winter weather—it waxeth cold,  
 And frost doth freese on every hill;  
 And Boreas' blows his blastes so cold  
 That all ur cattell are like to spill.  
 Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,  
 Shee sayd unto me quietlye,  
 Rise up, and save cowe Crumbocke's life—  
 Man, put thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?  
 Thou kenst my cloake is very thin;  
 It is so bare and overworne  
 A cricke he thereon can not renn.  
 Then Ile no longer borrowe or lend  
 For once Ile new appparelled be;  
 To morrow Ile to towne, and spend,  
 For Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cow—  
 She has been alwayes true to the payle;  
 She has helped us to butter and cheese, I  
 trow,  
 And other things she will not fayle;  
 I wold be loth to see her pine;  
 Good husbände, counsel take of me—  
 It is not for us to go so fine;  
 Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake, it was a very good cloake—  
 It hath been alwayes true to the weare;  
 But now it is not worth a groat;  
 I have had it four and-forty yeare.  
 Sometime it was of cloth in graine;  
 'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see;  
 It will neither hold nor winde nor raine—  
 And Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

It is four-and-forty yeeres ago  
 Since the one of us the other did ken;  
 And we have had betwixt us tow  
 Of children either nine or ten;

We have brought them up to women and  
men—

In the fere of God I trowe they be;  
And why wilt thou thyself misken—  
Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, my wife, why dost thou floute?  
Now is now, and then was then;  
Seeke now all the world throughout,  
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen;  
They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or  
gray,  
So far above their own degree—  
Once in my life Ile do as they,  
For Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere—  
His breeches cost him but a crowne;  
He held them sixpence all too deere,  
Therefore he called the tailor loon.  
He was a wight of high renowne,  
And thou'se but of a low degree—  
It's pride that puts this countrye downe;  
Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,  
Yet she will lead me if she can;  
And oft to live a quiet life  
I'm forced to yield though I be good-man.  
It's not for a man with a woman to threepes,  
Unless he first give o'er the plea;  
As we began sae will we leave,  
And Ile tak my old cloake about me.

ANONYMOUS.

### MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,  
Is gone to the war in Flanders;  
His fame is like Alexander's;  
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity feast; or  
Perhaps he may come at Easter.  
Egad! he had better make haste, or  
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over,  
And has brought no news from Dover;  
And Easter is past, moreover,  
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower  
Spends many a pensive hour,  
Not knowing why or how her  
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in  
That tower, she spies returning  
A page clad in deep mourning,  
With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prythee, come faster!  
What news do you bring of your master?  
I fear there is some disaster—  
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"  
With sorrowful accent said he,  
"Is one you are not ready  
So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I'm hurried,"  
Added this page quite flurried,  
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"  
—And here he shed a tear.

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!  
For I beheld his berring,  
And four officers transferring  
His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre;  
And he carried it not without labor,  
Much envying his next neighbor,  
Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer—  
That helmet which on its wearer  
Filled all who saw with terror,  
And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I  
Find, that—by the Lord Harry!—  
The fourth is left nothing to carry;—  
So there the thing remains."

ANONYMOUS. (French.)

Translation of FATHER PROUT.



## THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

An old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a  
great estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful  
rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his  
gate;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old lady, whose anger one word as-  
suages;  
They every quarter paid their old servants  
their wages,  
And never knew what belonged to coachmen,  
footmen, nor pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats  
and badges;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old study filled full of learned old  
books;  
With an old reverend chaplain—you might  
know him by his looks;  
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the  
hooks;  
And an old kitchen that maintained half a  
dozen old cooks;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,  
and bows,  
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne  
many shrewd blows;  
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's  
trunk hose,  
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his cop-  
per nose;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.*

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was  
come,  
To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe  
and drum;

With good cheer enough to furnish every old  
room,  
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and  
man dumb;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel  
of hounds,  
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his  
own grounds;  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within  
his own bounds,  
And when he dyed, gave every child a thou-  
sand good pounds;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.*

But to his eldest son his house and land he  
assigned,  
Charging him in his will to keep the old  
bountiful mind—  
To be good to his old tenants, and to his  
neighbors be kind:  
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how  
he was inclined,

*Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.*

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come  
to his land,  
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his  
command;  
And takes up a thousand pound upon his fa-  
ther's land;  
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can nei-  
ther go nor stand;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.*

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,  
and spare,  
Who never knew what belonged to good  
housekeeping or care;  
Who buys gaudy-colored fans to play with  
wanton air,  
And seven or eight different dressings of other  
women's hair;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.*

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the  
old one stood,  
Hung round with new pictures, that do the  
poor no good;  
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns  
neither coal nor wood;  
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no  
victuals ne'er stood;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.*

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets and  
plays;  
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than  
he prays;  
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once  
in four or five days,  
And a new French cook, to devise fine kick-  
shaws, and toys;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.*

With a new fashion when Christmas is draw-  
ing on—

On a new journey to London straight we all  
must be gone,  
And leave none to keep house, but our new  
porter John,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the  
back with a stone;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.*

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage  
is complete;

With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to  
carry up the meat;

With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing  
is very neat—

Who, when her lady has dined, lets the ser-  
vants not eat;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.*

With new titles of honor bought with his  
father's old gold,  
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors  
are sold:

And this is the course most of our new gal-  
lants hold,

Which makes that good housekeeping is now  
grown so cold

*Among the young courtiers of the king,  
Or the king's young courtiers.*

ANONYMOUS.

### AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wond'rous short  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say  
That still a godly race he ran  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wandering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye:  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied:  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROIC-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;  
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—MART.

## CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes  
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
I sing—This verse to Caryl, muse! is due;  
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:  
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could  
compel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?  
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,  
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?  
In tasks so bold can little men engage,  
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous  
ray,

And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the  
day.

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing  
shake,

And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake;  
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the  
ground,

And the pressed watch returned a silver  
sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest—

Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest;  
'T was he had summoned to her silent bed

The morning-dream that hovered o'er her  
head:

A youth more glittering than a birthnight  
beau,

(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to  
glow,)

Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,  
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care  
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!

If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought  
Of all the nurse and all the priest have  
taught,

Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,  
The silver token, and the circled green;

Or virgins visited by angel powers  
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly  
flowers—

Hear and believe! thy own importance  
know,

Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
Some secret truths, from learned pride con-  
cealed,

To maids alone and children are revealed;  
What though no credit doubting wits may  
give?

The fair and innocent shall still believe.  
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee  
fly—

The light militia of the lower sky;  
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing  
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.  
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,  
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.  
As now your own, our beings were of old,  
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous  
mould;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
From earthly vehicles to these of air.  
Think not, when woman's transient breath is  
fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead;  
Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the  
cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,  
And love of ombre, after death survive;  
For when the fair in all their pride expire,  
To their first elements their souls retire;  
The sprites of fiery termagant in flame  
Mount up, and take a salamander's name;  
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea;  
The graver prude sinks downward to a  
gnome

In search of mischief still on earth to roam;  
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,  
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know further yet; whoever fair and  
chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:  
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
Assume what sexes and what shapes they  
please.

What guards the purity of melting maids,  
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,

Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring  
spark,

The glance by day, the whisper in the dark—  
When kind occasion prompts their warm de-  
sires,

When music softens, and when dancing fires?  
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,  
Though honor is the word with men below.

"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of  
their face,

For life predestined to the gnome's embrace;  
These swell their prospects and exalt their  
pride,

When offers are disdained, and love denied;  
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,  
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweep-  
ing train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,  
And in soft sounds, 'Your grace,' salutes  
their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll;  
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,  
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

"Oft when the world imagine women  
stray,

The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their  
way;

Through all the giddy circle they pursue,  
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall  
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?  
When Florio speaks, what virgin could with-  
stand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?  
With varying vanities from every part  
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;  
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots  
sword-knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches  
drive.

This erring mortals levity may call—  
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim;  
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.  
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,  
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,  
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,  
Ere to the main this morning's sun descend;  
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or  
where:

Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware  
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;  
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

He said; when Shock, who thought she  
slept too long,

Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his  
tongue.

'T was then, Belinda, if report say true,  
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;  
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner  
read,

But all the vision vanished from thy head.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands dis-  
played,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent  
adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears—  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;  
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here  
The various offerings of the world appear;  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the goddess with the glittering  
spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The tortoise here, and elephant unite,  
Transformed to combs—the speckled, and the  
white:

Here files of pins extend their shining rows;  
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The busy sylphs surround their darling care,  
These set the head, and these divide the hair;  
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the  
gown;

And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

## CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,  
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames



Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around  
her shone,

But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she  
wore,

Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore;

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose—

Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;

Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike;

And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of  
pride,

Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to  
hide:

If to her share some female errors fall,

Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of man-  
kind,

Nourished two locks, which graceful hung  
behind

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck

With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,

And mighty hearts are held in slender  
chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray;

Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks  
admired;

He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.

Resolved to win, he meditates the way,

By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;

For when success a lover's toil attends,

Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phæbus rose, he had im-  
plored

Propitious heaven, and every power adored;

But chiefly love—to love an altar built,

Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,

And all the trophies of his former loves;

With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,

And breathes three amorous sighs to raise  
the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent  
eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.

The powers gave ear, and granted half his  
prayer;

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:

While melting music steals upon the sky,

And softened sounds along the waters die:

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently  
play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.

All but the sylph—with careful thoughts op-  
prest,

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

He summons straight his denizens of air;

The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;

Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,

That seemed but zephyrs to the train be-  
neath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,

Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold,

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light;

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew—

Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew,

Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,

Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;

While every beam new transient colors  
flings,

Colors that change whene'er they wave  
their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,

Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;

His purple pinions opening to the sun,

He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

“Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief  
give ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!

Ye know the spheres and various tasks as-  
signed

By laws eternal to the aerial kind:

Some in the fields of purest ether play,

And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;

Some guide the course of wandering orbs on  
high,

Or roll the planets through the boundless  
sky;

Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale  
light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,

Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,

Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,  
Or o'er the globe distill the kindly rain;  
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,  
Watch all their ways, and all their actions  
guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,  
And guard with arms divine the British  
throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,  
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;  
To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;  
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow-  
ers;

To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in  
showers,

A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,  
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;  
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,  
To change a founce, or add a furbelow.

"This day black omens threat the bright-  
est fair

That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;  
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;  
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped  
in night—

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;  
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;  
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;  
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;  
Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock  
must fall—

Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge re-  
pair:

The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;  
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;  
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;  
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;  
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,  
We trust the important charge, the petti-  
coat—

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to  
fail,

Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs  
of whale—

Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his  
sins,

Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;  
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;  
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
While clogged he beats his silken wings in  
vain;

Or alum styptics with contracting power  
Shrink his thin essence like a rivaled flower;  
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel  
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;  
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails de-  
scend;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;  
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;  
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;  
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,  
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

## CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with  
flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising  
towers,

There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes  
its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;  
Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms  
obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes  
tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
In various talk the instructive hours they pass:  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
One speaks the glory of the British queen;  
And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes—  
At every word a reputation dies;  
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;

The merchant from the Exchange returns in  
peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights  
At ombre singly to decide their doom,  
And swells her breast with conquests yet to  
come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to  
join,

Each band the number of the sacred nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard  
Descend, and sit on each important card:  
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,  
Then each according to the rank they bore;  
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold; four kings in majesty revered,  
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a  
flower,

The expressive emblem of their softer power;  
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their  
hand;

And parti-colored troops, a shining train,  
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with  
care;

"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and  
trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,  
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the  
board.

As many more Manillio forced to yield,  
And marched a victor from the verdant field.  
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard  
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.  
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
The hoary majesty of spades appears,  
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,  
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.  
The rebel knave, who dares his prince en-  
gage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'er-  
threw,

And mowed down armies in the fights of  
loo.

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;  
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.  
His warlike amazon her host invades,  
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.  
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,  
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous  
pride:

What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread—  
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;  
The embroidered king who shows but half his  
face,

And his refulgent queen, with powers com-  
bined,

Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder  
seen,

With throngs promiscuous strew the level  
green.

Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,  
Of Asia's troops, and Africa's sable sons—  
With like confusion different nations fly,  
Of various habit, and of various dye;  
The pierced battalions disunited fall  
In heaps on heaps—one fate o'erwhelms them  
all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen  
of hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;  
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.

And now (as oft in some distempered state)  
On one nice trick depends the general fate:  
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen  
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive  
queen;

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.  
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the  
sky;

The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!  
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,  
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned;

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;  
On shining altars of japan they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.

At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:  
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,

Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.  
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain  
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.  
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late;  
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!  
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,

How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:  
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight—  
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.  
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends  
The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;

Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:  
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,  
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,  
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,  
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.

Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,

Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,

T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.  
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,  
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;  
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,

(But airy substance soon unites again;)  
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,

And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast

When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;

Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,  
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"

The victor cried "the glorious prize is mine!  
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air;  
Or in a coach and six the British fair;

As long as Atalantis shall be read,  
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;  
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze;

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,

So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!

What time would spare, from steel receives its date;

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,  
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,

And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

## CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,  
And secret passions labored in her breast.



Not youthful kings in battle seized alive;  
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive;  
 Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss;  
 Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss;  
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die;  
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinned  
     awry,  
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,  
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs  
     withdrew,  
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,  
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,  
 As ever sullied the fair face of light,  
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,  
 Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,  
 And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.  
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;  
 The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.  
 Here in a grotto sheltered close from air,  
 And screened in shades from day's detested  
     glare,

She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in  
     place,

But differing far in figure and in face.  
 Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,  
 Her wrinkled form in black and white ar-  
     rayed;

With store of prayers for mornings, nights,  
     and noons,

Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.  
 There Affectation with a sickly mien,  
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;  
 Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;  
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,  
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show—  
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,  
 When each new night-dress gives a new dis-  
     ease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;  
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise—  
 Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted  
     shades,

Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling  
     spires,

Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,  
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are  
     seen,

Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.  
 Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,  
 One bent—the handle this, and that the spout;  
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;  
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;  
 Men prove with child, as powerful fancy  
     works;

And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for  
     corks.

Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic  
     band,

A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.  
 Then thus addressed the power—"Hail, way-  
     ward queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;  
 Parent of vapors and of female wit,  
 Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,  
 On various tempers act by various ways,  
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;  
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,  
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is that all your power dis-  
     dains,

And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.  
 But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,  
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,  
 Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,  
 Or change complexions at a losing game—  
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,  
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,  
 Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,  
 Or discomposed the headdress of a prude,  
 Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,  
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could  
     ease—

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;  
 That single act gives half the world the  
     spleen."

The goddess, with a discontented air,  
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his  
     prayer.

A wondrous bag with both her hands she  
     binds,

Like that when once Ulysses held the winds;  
 There she collects the force of female lungs,  
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of  
     tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,  
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.  
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,  
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts  
to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he  
found,  
Her eye dejected, and her hair unbound.  
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he  
rent,

And all the furies issued at the vent.  
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,  
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.  
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands  
and cried,

(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid,"  
replied,)

"Was it for this you took such constant care  
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?  
For this your locks in paper durance bound?  
For this with torturing irons wreathed  
around?

For this with fillets strained your tender  
head?

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?  
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,  
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?  
Honor forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine  
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.  
Methinks already I your tears survey,  
Already hear the horrid things they say;  
Already see you a degraded toast,  
And all your honor in a whisper lost!  
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?  
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!  
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,  
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,  
And heightened by the diamond's circling  
rays,

On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?  
Sooner shall grass in Hyde park circus grow,  
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;  
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,  
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then, raging, to Sir Plume re-  
pairs,

And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.  
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,  
With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,  
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,

And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what  
the devil!

Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must  
be civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee.  
pox!

Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapped  
his box.

"It grieves me much (replied the peer  
again)

Who speaks so well should ever speak in  
vain;

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,  
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;  
Which never more its honors shall renew,  
Clipped from the lovely head where late it  
grew,)

That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."  
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph  
spread

The long-contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not  
so;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow  
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief ap-  
pears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half drowned in  
tears;

On her heaved bosom hung her drooping  
head,

Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she  
said:

"For ever cursed be this detested day,  
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl  
away;

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,  
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen.  
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,  
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed:  
Oh had I rather unadmired remained  
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;  
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,  
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste  
bohea!

There kept my charms concealed from mortal  
eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.  
What moved my mind with youthful lords to  
roam?

Oh had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!

'T was this the morning omens seemed to tell,  
Thrice from my trembling hand the patchbox  
fell;

The tottering china shook without a wind,  
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most un-  
kind!

A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of  
fate,

In mystic visions, now believed too late!  
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs!  
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine  
spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to break,  
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;  
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,  
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;  
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,  
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.  
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize  
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

## CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;  
But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's  
ears.

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,  
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?  
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,  
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.  
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;  
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:

"Say, why are beauties praised and hon-  
ored most,

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's  
toast?

Why decked with all that land and sea afford?  
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?

Why round our coaches croud the white-  
gloved beaux?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?  
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,  
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;  
That men may say, when we the front-box  
grace,

Behold the first in virtue as in face!  
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,  
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age  
away,

Who would not scorn what housewife's cares  
produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?

To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;  
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.  
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;  
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to  
gray;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,  
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;  
What then remains, but well our power to  
use,

And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?  
And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail,  
When airs, and flights, and screams, and  
scolding fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll—  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the  
soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;  
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,  
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
All side in parties, and begin the attack;  
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones  
crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,  
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.  
No common weapons in their hands are  
found—

Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal  
wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods en-  
gage,  
And heavenly breasts with human passions  
rage;

'Gainst Pallas Mars; Latona Hermes arms;  
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;  
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all  
around,

Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps re-  
sound;

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground  
gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!  
Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,  
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the  
fight;

Propped on their bodkin-spears, the sprites  
survey

The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris  
flies,

And scatters death around from both her eyes

A beau and witting perished in the throng—  
 One died in metaphor, and one in song:  
 "O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"  
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.  
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,  
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his  
 last.

Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies  
 The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa  
 down,

Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;  
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,  
 But at her smile the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;  
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to  
 side;

At length the wits mount up, the chairs sub-  
 side.

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,  
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes;  
 Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,  
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.  
 But this bold lord, with manly strength en-  
 dued,

She with one finger and a thumb subdued:  
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;  
 The gnomes direct, to every atom just,  
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
 And the high dome réechoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda  
 cried,

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.  
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
 Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,  
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted  
 down,

Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown;  
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew—  
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;  
 Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,  
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda  
 wears.)

"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting  
 foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;  
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;  
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!

Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all  
 around

"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs re-  
 bound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain  
 Roared for the handkerchief that caused his  
 pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,  
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!

The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with  
 pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in vain;  
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,  
 So heaven decrees! with heaven who can  
 contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar  
 sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasured  
 there;

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous  
 vases,

And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases;  
 There broken vows, and deathbed alms are  
 found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,  
 The courtier's promises, and sick men's  
 prayers,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,  
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,  
 Though marked by none but quick poetic  
 eyes:

(So Rome's great founder to the heavens  
 withdrew,

To Proculus alone confessed in view;)

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,  
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,  
 The heavens bespangling with disbevelled  
 light.

The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,  
 And, pleased, pursue its progress through the  
 skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall  
 survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray;  
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take,  
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;



This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless  
skies

When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;  
And hence the egregious wizard shall fore-  
doom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy  
ravished hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,

Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.

For after all the murders of your eye,

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they  
must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust—

This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,

And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE  
INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen

Of credit and renown;

A trainband captain eke was he,

Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—

"Though wedded we have been

These twice ten tedious years, yet we

No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,

And we will then repair

Unto the Bell at Edmonton

All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,

Myself, and children three,

Will fill the chaise; so you must ride

On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire

Of womankind but one,

And you are she, my dearest dear;

Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,

As all the world doth know;

And my good friend, the calender,

Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;

And, for that wine is dear,

We will be furnished with our own,

Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;

O'erjoyed was he to find

That, though on pleasure she was bent,

She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought

But yet was not allowed

To drive up to the door, lest all

Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed

Where they did all get in—

Six precious souls, and all agog

To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the  
wheels—

Were never folks so glad;

The stones did rattle underneath,

As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side

Seized fast the flowing mane,

And up he got, in haste to ride—

But soon came down again:

For saddletree scarce reached had he,

His journey to begin,

When, turning round his head, he saw

Three customers come in.

So down he came: for loss of time,

Although it grieved him sore,

Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,

Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers

Were suited to their mind;

When Betty, screaming, came down stairs—

"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road  
Beneath his well shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay;  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung—  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamer,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around—  
"He carries weight! he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols did he play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house  
They all at once did cry;  
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"  
Said Gilpin—"So an I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig:  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear—  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit—  
"My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said  
"I am in haste to dine;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here—  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,  
For which he paid full dear!  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might.  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back again—  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels,  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"  
 Not one of them was mute;  
 And all and each that passed that way  
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
 Flew open in short space;  
 The toll-men thinking as before,  
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
 For he got first to town;  
 Nor stopped till where he had got up  
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!  
 And Gilpin, long live he;  
 And when he next doth ride abroad,  
 May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord  
 Lament for Madame Blaize  
 Who never wanted a good word—  
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,  
 And always found her kind;  
 She freely lent to all the poor—  
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please  
 With manners wondrous winning;  
 And never followed wicked ways—  
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satin new,  
 With hoop of monstrous size,  
 She never slumbered in her pew—  
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
 By twenty beaux and more;  
 The king himself has followed her—  
 When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
 Her hangers-on cut short all;

The doctors found, when she was dead—  
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,  
 For Kent street well may say,  
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more,  
 She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

#### SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

GENTLEFOLKS, in my time, I've made many a  
 rhyme,  
 But the song I now trouble you with,  
 Lays some claim to applause, and you'll  
 grant it, because  
 The subject's Sir Sidney Smith, it is;  
 The subject's Sir Sidney Smith.

We all know Sir Sidney, a man of such kid-  
 ney,  
 He'd fight every foe he could meet;  
 Give him one ship for two, and without more  
 ado,  
 He'd engage if he met a whole fleet, he  
 would,  
 He'd engage if he met a whole fleet.

Thus he took every day, all that came in his  
 way,  
 Till fortune, that changeable elf,  
 Ordered accidents so, that while taking the  
 foe,  
 Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did,  
 Sir Sidney got taken himself.

His captors right glad of the prize they now  
 had,  
 Rejected each offer we bid,  
 And swore he should stay locked up till  
 doomsday;  
 But he swore he'd be d——d if he did, he  
 did;  
 But he swore he'd be hanged if he did.

So Sir Sid got away, and his jailer next day  
 Cried "sacre, diable, morbleu,  
 Mon prisonnier'scaped; I've got in von scrape,  
 And I fear I must run away too, I must,  
 I fear I must run away too!"



If Sir Sidney was wrong, why then blackball  
 my song,  
 E'en his foes he would scorn to deceive ;  
 His escape was but just, and confess it you  
 must,  
 For it only was taking French leave, you  
 know,  
 It only was taking French leave.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

### MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

#### I.

FHAIRSHON swore a feud  
 Against the clan M'Tavish—  
 Marched into their land  
 To murder and to rafish ;  
 For he did resolve  
 To extirpate the vipers,  
 With four-and-twenty men,  
 And five-and-thirty pipers.

#### II.

But when he had gone  
 Half-way down Strath-Canaan,  
 Of his fighting tail  
 Just three were remainin'.  
 They were all he had  
 To back him in ta battle ;  
 All the rest had gone  
 Off to drive ta cattle.

#### III.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon—  
 "So my clan disgraced is ;  
 Lads, we'll need to fight  
 Pefore we touch ta peasties.  
 Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh  
 Coming wi' his fassals—  
 Gillies seventy-three,  
 And sixty Dhuinéwassels!"

#### IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir!  
 Are you not ta Fhairshon?  
 Was you coming here  
 To visit any person?"

You are a plackguard, sir?  
 It is now six hundred  
 Coot long years, and more,  
 Since my glen was plundered."

#### V.

"Fat is tat you say?  
 Dar you cock your peavor?  
 I will teach you, sir,  
 Fat is coot behaviour!  
 You shall not exist  
 For another day more ;  
 I will shot you, sir,  
 Or stap you with my claymore!"

#### VI.

"I am fery glad  
 To learn what you mention,  
 Since I can prevent  
 Any such intention."  
 So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh  
 Gave some warlike howls,  
 Trew his skhian-dhu,  
 An' stuck it in his powels.

#### VII.

In this fery way  
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,  
 Who was always thought  
 A superior person.  
 Fhairshon had a son,  
 Who married Noah's daughter,  
 And nearly spoiled ta flood  
 By trinking up ta water.

#### VIII.

Which he would have done.  
 I at least believe it,  
 Had ta mixture peen  
 Only half Glenlivet.  
 This is all my tale:  
 Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!  
 Here's your fery good healths,  
 And tamm ta whusky tuty!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTCUN

## TAM O'SHANTER.

## A TALE.

Of Brownys and of Bogliss full is this Buke.

*Gavin Douglass.*

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,  
An' folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit' bousing at the nappy,  
An' getting fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter,  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou been but sae wise  
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken bhellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied that, late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;  
Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet  
To think how monie counsels sweet,  
How monie lengthened sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,  
And ay the ale was growing better;  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;  
The souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;  
As bees flee hame wi' lades' o' treasure,  
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—  
That hour o' night's black arch the keystone,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he takes the road in  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;  
That night a child might understand  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
(A better never lifted leg),  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire—  
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods:  
The doubling storm roars through the woods;  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Near and more near the thunders roll;  
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil!—  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's nod-  
dle,

Fair play, he cared na Deils a bodle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
She ventured forward on the light;  
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight;  
Warlocks and witches in a dance:  
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspreys, and reels  
Put life and mettle in their heels.  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast—  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large—  
To gie them music was his charge;  
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof an' rafter a' did dirl.  
Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantrips sleight,  
Each in its cauld hand held a light—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;  
A thief, new cutted fra a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;  
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter which a babe had strangled;  
A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,  
Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;  
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,  
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'  
Which ev'n to name would be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed, and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they  
cleckit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark.

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans  
A' plump and strapping in their teens:  
Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock—  
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night inlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!  
For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
And perished monie a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear),  
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn—  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches)—  
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jad she was and strang);  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,  
And thought his very een enriched.  
Ev'n Satan glowred, and fidget fu' fain,  
And hotched and blew wi' might and main  
Till first ae caper, syne anither—  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant a' was dark;

And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied,  
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
 When plundering herds assail their byke;  
 As open pussie's mortal foes,  
 When pop! she starts before their nose;  
 As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud;  
 So Maggie runs—the witches follow,  
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fair-  
 in'!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane of the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss—  
 A running stream they dare na cross.  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fient a tail she had to shake;  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle:  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain grey tail:  
 The carlin' clautht her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed;  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

### COLOGNE.

IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
 And pavements fanged with murderous stones,  
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches—  
 I counted two and seventy stenches,  
 All well defined and several stinks!  
 Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
 The river Rhine, it is well known,  
 Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
 But tell me, nymphs! what power divine  
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

#### I.

From his brimstone bed at break of day  
 A walking the devil is gone,  
 To visit his snug little farm, the earth,  
 And see how his stock goes on.

#### II.

Over the hill and over the dale,  
 And he went over the plain;  
 And backward and forward he switched his  
 long tail,  
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

#### III.

And how then was the devil drest?  
 Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:  
 His jacket was red and his breeches were  
 blue,  
 And there was a hole where the tail came  
 through.

#### IV.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper  
 On a dunghill hard by his own stable;  
 And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind  
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

#### V.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse  
 Ride by on his vocations;  
 And the devil thought of his old friend  
 Death, in the Revelations.

#### VI.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
 A cottage of gentility;  
 And the devil did grin, for his darling sin  
 Is pride that apes humility.

#### VII.

He peeped into a rich bookseller's shop—  
 Quoth he, "We are both of one college!  
 For I sate, myself, like a cormorant, once,  
 Hard by the tree of knowledge."

#### VIII.

Down the river did glide, with wind and with  
 tide,  
 A pig with vast celerity;



And the devil looked wise as he saw how,  
 the while,  
 It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he  
 with a snile,  
 "Goes England's commercial prosperity."

## IX.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw  
 A solitary cell;  
 And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a  
 hint  
 For improving his prisons in hell.

## X.

He saw a turnkey in a trice  
 Fetter a troublesome blade;  
 "Nimbly," quoth he, "do the fingers move  
 If a man be but used to his trade."

## XI.

He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man  
 With but little expedition;  
 Which put him in mind of the long debate  
 On the slave-trade abolition.

## XII.

He saw an old acquaintance  
 As he passed by a Methodist meeting;  
 She holds a consecrated key,  
 And the devil nods her a greeting.

## XIII.

She turned up her nose, and said,  
 "Avaunt!—my name's Religion!"  
 And she looked to Mr. —,  
 And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

## XIV.

He saw a certain minister,  
 A minister to his mind,  
 Go up into a certain house,  
 With a majority behind;

## XV.

The devil quoted Genesis,  
 Like a very learned clerk,  
 How "Noah and his creeping things  
 Went up into the ark."

## XVI.

He took from the poor,  
 And he gave to the rich,  
 And he shook hands with a Scotchman,  
 For he was not afraid of the —  
 \* \* \* \*

## XVII.

General ——— burning face  
 He saw with consternation,  
 And back to hell his way did he take—  
 For the devil thought by a slight mistake  
 It was a general conflagration.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,  
 This night for to ride—  
 The devil and she together;  
 Through thick and through thin,  
 Now out and then in,  
 Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr  
 She takes for a spur;  
 With a lash of the bramble she rides now  
 Through brakes and through briers,  
 O'er ditches and mires,  
 She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,  
 Dares now range the wood,  
 But husht in his lair he lies lurking;  
 While mischiefs, by these,  
 On land and on seas,  
 At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise,  
 And trouble the skies,  
 This night; and, more the wonder,  
 The ghost from the tomb  
 Affrighted shall come,  
 Called out by the clap of the thunder.

ROBERT HERRICK

# THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are you going?

Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order.  
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't;

So have your breeches!

'Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,

Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road, what hard work 't is crying all day

'Knives and  
Scissors to grind O!'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?  
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire for killing of his game? or  
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?  
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little  
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by  
Tom Paine?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your  
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell,  
sir;

Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see,  
were

Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody; they took me before the justice;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-  
stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honor's  
health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;  
But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned  
first—

Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse  
to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast!"

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exits  
in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

GEORGE CANNING.

## SONG

OF ONE ELEVEN YEARS IN PRISON.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view  
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
I think of those companions true  
Who studied with me at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he  
wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds:]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,  
Which once my love sat knotting in—

Alas, Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line he clanks his chains in  
cadence.]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languished at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in!

My years are many—they were few

When first I entered at the U-

niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottirgen!  
 Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
 tor, law-professor at the U-  
   niversity of Gottingen,  
   niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,  
 That kings and priests are plotting in;  
 Here doomed to starve on water gru-  
 el, never shall I see the U-  
   niversity of Gottingen,  
   niversity of Gottingen.

[During the last stanza he dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

GEORGE CANNING.

#### A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs  
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;  
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen  
   sieve,  
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give;  
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
 And, half suspected, animate the whole;  
 Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,  
 Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;  
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
 To add a double quantity of salt;  
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca  
   crown,  
 And twice with vinegar, procured from town;  
 And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss  
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.  
 Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous  
   treat!  
 'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat;  
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,  
 And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;  
 Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
 "Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-  
   day."

SYDNEY SMITH.

#### THE ESSENCE OF OPERA;

OR, ALMANZOR AND IMOGEN.

*An Opera, in three Acts.*

SUBJECT OF THE OPERA.

A brave young prince a young princess adores;  
 A combat kills him, but a god restores.

PROLOGUE.

A MUSICIAN. People, appear, approach, ad-  
   vance!

*To Singers.*

You that can sing, the chorus bear!

*To Dancers.*

You that can turn your toes out, dance!  
 Let's celebrate this faithful pair.

#### ACT I.

IMOGEN. My love!

ALMANZOR. My soul!

BOTH. At length then we unite!

People, sing, dance, and show us your delight!

CHORUS. Let's sing, and dance, and show  
   'em our delight.

#### ACT II.

IMOGEN. O love!

[A noise of war. The prince appears, purified by his enemies. Combat. The princess faints. The prince is mortally wounded.]

ALMANZOR. Alas!

IMOGEN. Ah, what!

ALMANZOR. I die!

IMOGEN. Ah me!

People, sing, dance, and show your misery!

CHORUS. Let's sing, and dance, and show  
   our misery.

#### ACT III.

[Pallas descends in a cloud to Almanzor and speaks.]

PALLAS. Almanzor, live!

IMOGEN. Oh, bliss!

ALMANZOR. What do I see?

TERO. People, sing, dance, and hail this  
   prodigy!

CHORUS. Let's sing, and dance, and hail  
   this prodigy.

ANONYMOUS. (French.)

Anonymous Translation.

## HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

By myself walking,  
 To myself talking  
 When as I ruminat  
 On my untoward fate,  
 Scarcely seem I  
 Alone sufficiently,  
 Black thoughts continually  
 Crowding my privacy.  
 They come unbidden,  
 Like foes at a wedding,  
 Thrusting their faces  
 In better guests' places,  
 Peevish and malcontent,  
 Clownish, impertinent,  
 Dashing the merriment:  
 So, in like fashions,  
 Dim cogitations  
 Follow and haunt me,  
 Striving to daunt me,  
 In my heart festering,  
 In my ears whispering—  
 'Thy friends are treacherous,  
 Thy foes are dangerous,  
 Thy dreams ominous.'

Fierce anthropophagi,  
 Spectres, diabol—  
 What scared St. Anthony—  
 Hobgoblins, lemures,  
 Dreams of antipodes!  
 Night-riding incubi  
 Troubling the fantasy,  
 All dire illusions  
 Causing confusions:  
 Figments heretical,  
 Scruples fantastical,  
 Doubts diabolical!  
 Abaddon vexeth me,  
 Mahu perplexeth me;  
 Lucifer teareth me—

*Jesu! Maria! liberate nos ab his diris  
 tentationibus Inimici.*

CHARLES LAMB.

## A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse  
 Strait confound my stammering verse,  
 If I can a passage see  
 In this word-perplexity,  
 Or a fit expression find,  
 Or a language to my mind  
 (Still the phrase is wide or scant),  
 To take leave of thee, great plant!  
 Or in any terms relate  
 Half my love, or half my hate;  
 For I hate, yet love, thee so,  
 That, whichever thing I shew,  
 The plain truth will seem to be  
 A constrained hyperbole,  
 And the passion to proceed  
 More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine!  
 Bacchus's black servant, negro fine!  
 Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon  
 Thy begrimed complexion,  
 And, for thy pernicious sake,  
 More and greater oaths to break  
 Than reclaimed lovers take  
 'Gainst women! Thou thy siege dost lay  
 Much, too, in the female way,  
 While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath  
 Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us  
 That our worst foes cannot find us,  
 And ill fortune, that would thwart us,  
 Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;  
 While each man, through thy height'ning  
 steam,  
 Does like a smoking Etna seem;  
 And all about us does express  
 (Fancy and wit in richest dress)  
 A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us  
 That our best friends do not know us,  
 And, for those allowed features  
 Due to reasonable creatures,  
 Liken'st us to fell chimeras,  
 Monsters—that who see us, fear us;



Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,  
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow  
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,  
That but by reflex can'st shew  
What his deity can do—  
As the false Egyptian spell  
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?  
Some few vapors thou may'st raise,  
The weak brain may serve to amaze;  
But to the reins and nobler heart  
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born!  
The old world was sure forlorn,  
Wanting thee, that aidest more  
The god's victories than, before,  
All his panthers, and the brawls  
Of his piping Bacchanals.  
These, as stale, we disallow,  
Or judge of thee meant: only thou  
His true Indian conquest art;  
And, for ivy round his dart,  
The reformed god now weaves  
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume  
Chemic art did ne'er presume—  
Through her quaint alembic strain,  
None so sovereign to the brain.  
Nature, that did in thee excel,  
Framed again no second smell.  
Roses, violets, but toys  
For the smaller sort of boys,  
Or for greener damsels meant;  
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind!  
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!  
Africa, that brags her foyson,  
Breeds no such prodigious poison!  
Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
Hemlock, aconite —

Nay, rather,  
Plant divine, of rarest virtue!  
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!

'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;  
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;  
Irony all, and feigned abuse,  
Such as perplex lovers use  
At a need, when, in despair  
To paint forth their fairest fair,  
Or in part but to express  
That exceeding comeliness  
Which their fancies doth so strike,  
They borrow language of dislike;  
And, instead of dearest Miss,  
Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,  
And those forms of old admiring,  
Call her cockatrice and siren,  
Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,  
Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,  
Monkey, ape, and twenty more—  
Friendly trait'ress, loving foe—  
Not that she is truly so,  
But no other way they know,  
A contentment to express  
Borders so upon excess  
That they do not rightly wot  
Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part  
With what's nearest to their heart,  
While their sorrow's at the height  
Lose discrimination quite,  
And their hasty wrath let fall,  
To appease their frantic gull,  
On the darling thing, whatever,  
Whence they feel it death to sever,  
Though it be, as they, perforce,  
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,  
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave  
thee.

For thy sake, tobacco, I  
Would do anything but die,  
And but seek to extend my days  
Long enough to sing thy praise.  
But, as she, who once hath been  
A king's consort, is a queen  
Ever after, nor will hate  
Any tittle of her state

Though a widow, or divorced—  
 So I, from thy converse forced,  
 The old name and style retain,  
 A right Catherine of Spain;  
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
 Of the blest tobacco boys;  
 Where though I, by sour physician,  
 Am debarred the full fruition  
 Of thy favors, I may catch  
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
 Sidelong odors, that give life  
 Like glances from a neighbor's wife;  
 And still live in the by-places  
 And the suburbs of thy graces;  
 And in thy borders take delight,  
 An unconquered Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

### FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
 And used to war's alarms;  
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
 So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,  
 Said he, "Let others shoot;  
 For here I leave my second leg,  
 And the Forty-second foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
 Said he, "They're only pegs;  
 But there's as wooden members quite,  
 As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid—  
 Her name was Nelly Gray;  
 So he went to pay her his devours,  
 When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
 She made him quite a scoff;  
 And when she saw his wooden legs,  
 Began to take them off.

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!  
 Is this your love so warm?  
 The love that loves a scarlet coat  
 Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,  
 For he was blithe and brave;  
 But I will never have a man  
 With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes  
 Your love I did allow;  
 But then, you know, you stand upon  
 Another footing now."

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!  
 For all your jeering speeches,  
 At duty's call I left my legs  
 In Badajos's breaches."

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the  
 feet  
 Of legs in war's alarms,  
 And now you cannot wear your shoes  
 Upon your feats of arms."

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
 I know why you refuse:  
 Though I've no feet, some other man  
 Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
 But, now, a long farewell!  
 For you will be my death;—alas!  
 You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray  
 His heart so heavy got,  
 And life was such a burden grown,  
 It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck  
 A rope he did entwine,  
 And, for his second time in life,  
 Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs;  
And, as his legs were off,—of course  
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead  
As any nail in town;  
For, though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died—  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

### FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'T was nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head—  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"  
She cried, and wept outright;  
"Then I will to the water-side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow;"  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the tender ship, you see."  
"The tender ship," cried Sally Brown—  
"What a hard ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
But oh!—I'm not a fish woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The virgin and the scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian-name was John.

'O, Sally Brown, O, Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a heavy sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well!"  
But could not, though he tried;  
His head was turned—and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE LADY AT SEA.

CABLES entangling her;  
 Ship-spars for mangling her;  
 Ropes sure of strangling her;  
 Blocks over-dangling her;  
 Tiller to batter her;  
 Topmast to shatter her;  
 Tobacco to spatter her;  
 Boreas blustering;  
 Boatswain quite flustering;  
 Thunder-clouds mustering,  
 To blast her with sulphur—  
 If the deep don't ingulph her;  
 Sometimes fear's scrutiny  
 Pries out a mutiny,  
 Sniffs conflagration,  
 Or hints at starvation;  
 All the sea dangers,  
 Buccaneers, rangers,  
 Pirates, and Sallee-men,  
 Algerine galley-men,  
 Tornadoes and typhons,  
 And horrible syphons,  
 And submarine travels  
 Thro' roaring sea-navels;  
 Every thing wrong enough—  
 Long-boat not long enough;  
 Vessel not strong enough;  
 Pitch marring frippery;  
 The deck very slippery;  
 And the cabin—built sloping;  
 The captain a-topping;  
 And the mate a blasphemmer,  
 That names his Redeemer—  
 With inward uneasiness;  
 The cook known by greasiness;  
 The victuals beslubbered;  
 Her bed—in a cupboard;  
 Things of strange christening,  
 Snatched in her listening;  
 Blue lights and red lights,  
 And mention of dead lights;  
 And shrouds made a theme of—  
 Things horrid to dream of;  
 And buoys in the water;  
 To fear all exhort her.  
 Her friend no Leander—  
 Herself no sea gander;

And ne'er a cork jacket  
 On board of the packet;  
 The breeze still a-stiffening;  
 The trumpet quite deafening;  
 Thoughts of repentance,  
 And doomsday, and sentence;  
 Every thing sinister—  
 Not a church minister;  
 Pilot a blunderer;  
 Coral reefs under her,  
 Ready to sunder her:  
 Trunks tippy-topsy;  
 The ship in a drowsy;  
 Waves oversurging her;  
 Sirens a-dirging her;  
 Sharks all expecting her;  
 Sword-fish dissecting her;  
 Crabs with their hand-vices  
 Punishing land vices;  
 Sea-dogs and unicorns,  
 Things with no puny horns;  
 Mermen carnivorous—  
 "Good Lord deliver us!"

THOMAS HOOD

## THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON deck, beneath the awning,  
 I dozing lay and yawning;  
 It was the gray of dawning,  
     Ere yet the sun arose;  
 And above the funnel's roaring,  
 And the fitful wind's deploring,  
 I heard the cabin snoring  
     With universal nose.  
 I could hear the passengers snorting—  
 I envied their disporting—  
 Vainly I was courting  
     The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light  
 Came not, and watched the twilight,  
 And the glimmer of the skylight,  
     That shot across the deck;  
 And the binnacle pale and steady,  
 And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,  
 And the sparks in fiery eddy  
     That whirled from the chimney neck.  
 In our jovial floating prison



There was sleep from fore to mizzen,  
 And never a star had risen  
     The hazy sky to speck.  
 Strange company we harbored:  
 We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,  
 Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—  
     Jews black, and brown, and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,  
 And make your souls uneasy,  
 To see those Rabbis greasy,  
     Who did nought but scratch and pray.  
 Their dirty children puking—  
 Their dirty saucepans cooking—  
 Their dirty fingers hooking  
     Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were—  
 Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—  
 Enormous wide their breeks were—  
     Their pipes did puff away;  
 Each on his mat allotted  
 In silence smoked and squatted,  
 Whilst round their children trotted  
     In pretty, pleasant play.  
 He can't but smile who traces  
 The smiles on those brown faces,  
 And the pretty, prattling graces  
     Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling—  
 And through the ocean rolling  
 Went the brave Iberia bowling,  
     Before the break of day—

When a squall, upon a sudden,  
 Came o'er the waters scudding;  
 And the clouds began to gather,  
 And the sea was lashed to lather,  
 And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
 And the lightning jumped and tumbled;  
 And the ship, and all the ocean,  
 Woke up in wild commotion.  
 Then the wind set up a howling,  
 And the poodle dog a yowling,  
 And the cocks began a crowing,  
 And the old cow raised a lowing,  
 As she heard the tempest blowing;  
 And fowls and geese did cackle;  
 And the cordage and the tackle  
 Began to shriek and crackle;

And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
 And down the deck in runnels;  
 And the rushing water soaks all,  
 From the seamen in the fo'ksal  
 To the stokers, whose black faces  
 Peer out of their bed-places;  
 And the captain he was bawling,  
 And the sailors pulling, hauling,  
 And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
 Was shivered in the squalling;  
 And the passengers awaken,  
 Most pitifully shaken;  
 And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
 For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quiv-  
     ered,  
 And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered  
 As the plunging waters met them,  
 And splashed and overset them;  
 And they called in their emergence  
 Upon countless saints and virgins;  
 And their marrowbones are bended,  
 And they think the world is ended.  
 And the Turkish women for'ard  
 Were frightened and behorrered,  
 And, shrieking and bewildering,  
 The mothers clutched their children;  
 The men sang "Allah! Illah!  
 Mashallah Bismillah!"  
 As the warring waters doused them,  
 And splashed them and soused them;  
 And they called upon the prophet,  
 And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry  
 Jumped up and bit like fury:  
 And the progeny of Jacob  
 Did on the main-deck wake up,  
 (I wot those greasy Rabbins  
 Would never pay for cabins;)   
 And each man moaned and jabbered in  
 His filthy Jewish gabardine,  
 In woe and lamentation,  
 And howling consternation.  
 And the splashing water drenches  
 Their dirty brats and wenches;  
 And they crawl from bales and benches,  
 In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the white squall famous,  
 Which latterly o'ercame us,

And which all will remember,  
 On the 28th September:  
 When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
 (Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)  
 Came on the deck astonished,  
 By that wild squall admonished,  
 And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,  
 Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"  
 And looked at captain Lewis,  
 Who calmly stood and blew his  
 Cigar in all the bustle,  
 And scorned the tempest's tussle;  
 And oft we've thought thereafter  
 How he beat the storm to laughter;  
 For well he knew his vessel  
 With that vain wind could wrestle;  
 And when a wreck we thought her,  
 And doomed ourselves to slaughter,  
 How gaily he fought her,  
 And through the hubbub brought her,  
 And as the tempest caught her,  
 Cried, "George, some brandy and water!"

And when, its force expended,  
 The harmless storm was ended,  
 And as the sunrise splendid  
 Came blushing o'er the sea,—  
 I thought, as day was breaking,  
 My little girls were waking,  
 And smiling, and making  
 A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,  
 Who came of decent people;  
 He built a church in Dublin town,  
 And on it put a steeple.  
 His father was a Gallagher;  
 His mother was a Brady;  
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,  
 His uncle an O'Grady.  
*So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!*

The Wicklow hills are very high,  
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;  
 But there's a hill, much bigger still,  
 Much higher nor them both, sir.  
 'T was on the top of this high hill  
 St. Patrick preached his sarmint  
 That drove the frogs into the bogs,  
 And banished all the varmint.  
*So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!*

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle  
 Where dirty varmin musters,  
 But there he put his dear fore-foot,  
 And murdered them in clusters.  
 The toads went pop, the frogs went hop  
 Slap-dash into the water;  
 And the snakes committed suicide  
 To save themselves from slaughter.  
*So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!*

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue  
 He charmed with sweet discourses,  
 And dined on them at Killaloe  
 In soups and second courses.  
 Where blind worms crawling in the grass  
 Disgusted all the nation,  
 He gave them a rise, which opened their  
 eyes

To a sense of their situation.  
*So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!*

No wonder that those Irish lads  
 Should be so gay and frisky,  
 For sure St. Pat he taught them that,  
 As well as making whiskey;  
 No wonder that the saint himself  
 Should understand distilling,  
 Since his mother kept a shebeen shop  
 In the town of Enniskillen.  
*So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
 And bothered them for ever!*

Oh! was I but so fortunate  
 As to be back in Munster,  
 'T is I'd be bound that from that ground  
 I never more would once stir.  
 For there St. Patrick planted turf,  
 And plenty of the praties,  
 With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,  
 And cabbages—and ladies!  
*Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's the darling saint oh!  
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist;  
 He's a beauty without paint oh!*

HENRY BENNETT.

## ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND, MY DEAR!

A FIG for St. Denis of France—  
 He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;  
 A fig for St. George and his lance,  
 Which spitted a heathenish dragon;  
 And the saints of the Welshman or Scot  
 Are a couple of pitiful pipers,  
 Both of whom may just travel to pot,  
 Compared with that patron of swipers—  
 St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle  
 On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;  
 The steamboat he beat by a mile,  
 Which mighty good sailing was counted.  
 Says he, "The salt water, I think,  
 Has made me most bloodily thirsty—  
 So bring me a flagon of drink  
 To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye!  
 Of drink that is fit for a saint!"

He preached, then, with wonderful force,  
 The ignorant natives a-teaching;  
 With a pint he washed down his discourse;  
 "For," says he, "I detest your dry preach-  
 ing."  
 The people, with wonderment struck  
 At a pastor so pious and civil,  
 Exclaimed—"We're for you, my old buck!  
 And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,  
 Who dwells in hot water below!"

This ended, our worshipful spoon  
 Went to visit an elegant fellow,  
 Whose practice, each cool afternoon,  
 Was to get most delightfully mellow.  
 That day, with a black-jack of beer,  
 It chanced he was treating a party;  
 Says the saint—"This good day, do you hear,  
 I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty!  
 So give me a pull at the pot!"

The pewter he lifted in sport  
 (Believe me, I tell you no fable);  
 A gallon he drank from the quart,  
 And then placed it full on the table.  
 "A miracle!" every one said—  
 And they all took a haul at the stingo;  
 They were capital hands at the trade,  
 And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo,  
 The pot still frothed over the brim

Next day, quoth his host, "'T is a fast,  
 And I've nought in my larder but mutton;  
 And on Fridays who'd make such repast,  
 Except an unchristian-like glutton?"  
 Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg—  
 What you tell me is nothing but gammon,  
 Take my compliments down to the leg,  
 And bid it come hither a salmon!"  
 And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,  
 How the snakes, in a manner most antic,  
 He marched to the county Mayo,  
 And trundled them into th' Atlantic.  
 Hence, not to use water for drink,  
 The people of Ireland determine—  
 With mighty good reason, I think,  
 Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,  
 And vipers, and such other stuff!

Oh! he was an elegant blade  
 As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilerum-  
 per;  
 And though under the sod he is laid,  
 Yet here goes his health in a bumper!  
 I wish he was here, that my glass  
 He might by art magic replenish;  
 But since he is not—why, alas!  
 My ditty must come to a finish,—  
 Because all the liquor is out!

WILLIAM MAGINN

## THE IRISHMAN.

## I.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,  
 A lady very stylish, man—  
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,  
 She fell in love with an Irishman—  
 A nasty, ugly Irishman—  
 A wild, tremendous Irishman—  
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping,  
 ranting, roaring Irishman.

## II.

His face was no ways beautiful,  
 For with small-pox 't was scarred across;  
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog  
 Were almost double a yard across.  
 Oh, the lump of an Irishman—  
 The whiskey devouring Irishman—  
 The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue  
 —the fighting, rioting Irishman!

## III.

One of his eyes was bottle green,  
 And the other eye was out, my dear;  
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs  
 Were more than two feet about, my dear!  
 Oh, the great big Irishman—  
 The rattling, battling Irishman—  
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering,  
 ing, leathering swash of an Irishman.

## IV.

He took so much of Lundy-foot  
 That he used to snort and snuffle oh;  
 And in shape and size the fellow's neck  
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.  
 Oh, the horrible Irishman—  
 The thundering, blundering Irishman—  
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing,  
 thrashing, hashing Irishman.

## V.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,  
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;  
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of  
 punch

He'd not rest till he filled it full again;  
 The boozing, bruising Irishman—  
 The 'toxicated Irishman—  
 The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy,  
 no dandy Irishman.

## VI.

This was the lad the lady loved,  
 Like all the girls of quality;  
 And he broke the skulls of the men of  
 Leith,  
 Just by the way of jollity;  
 Oh, the leathering Irishman—  
 The barbarous, savage Irishman—  
 The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's  
 heads were bothered I'm sure by this  
 Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

## THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,  
 Down by the purlings of sweet silent  
 brooks—  
 All decked by posies, that spontaneous grow  
 there,  
 Planted in order in the rocky nooks.  
 'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,  
 The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;  
 Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—  
 All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,  
 Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;  
 There's no commander in all the nation  
 For regulation can with her compare.  
 Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder  
 Could ever plunder her place of strength;  
 But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,  
 And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,  
 And conversation in sweet solitude;  
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or  
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon.  
 And if a young lady should be so engaging  
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,  
 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her  
 In some dark fort, or under the ground.



For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight  
enters,

But bats and badgers are for ever bred;  
Being mossed by natur', that makes it sweeter  
Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.

'Tis there's the lake that is stored with  
perches,

And comely eels in the verdant mud;  
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,  
All standing in order for to guard the flood.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch  
in,

With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;  
The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,  
Would make you frisky if you were there.

'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter  
A washing praties forenent the door,  
With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,  
All blood relations to my Lord Donough-  
more.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,  
All heathen goddesses so fair—  
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,  
All standing naked in the open air.  
So now to finish this brave narration,  
Which my poor geni' could not entwine;  
But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,  
'T is in every feature I would make it shine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

#### THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye geni' of the nation,  
Who look with veneration,  
And Ireland's desolation on saynsigly deplore,  
Ye sons of Ginerall Jackson,  
Who thrample on the Saxon,  
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon  
shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,  
A tyrant and a humbug,  
With cannon and with thunder on our city  
bore,  
Our fortitude and valliance  
Instruacted his battalions,  
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon  
shore.

Since that capitulation,  
No city in the nation  
So grand a reputation could boast before,  
As Limerick prodigious,  
That stands with quays and bridges,  
And ships up to the windies of the Shannon  
shore.

A chief of ancient line,  
'T is William Smith O'Brine,  
Reprints this darling Limerick this ten years  
or more;  
Oh the Saxons can't endure  
To see him on the flure,  
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon  
shore!

This valiant son of Mars  
Had been to visit Par's,  
That land of revolution, that grows the tri-  
color;  
And to welcome his return  
From pilgrimages furren,  
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board  
Young Meagher of the sword;  
'T is he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon  
gore;  
And Mitchil of Belfast  
We bade to our repast,  
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon  
shore.

Convaniently to hould  
These patriots so bould,  
We took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's  
store;  
And with ornaminents and banners  
(As becomés gintale good manners)  
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon  
shore.

'T would binift your sowls  
To see the butthered rowls,  
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim  
galyore,  
And the muffins and the crumpets,  
And the band of harps and thrumpets,  
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the imperor of Bohay  
 Would be proud to dthrink the tay  
 That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did  
     pour;  
 And, since the days of Strongbow,  
 There never was such Congo—  
 Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon  
     shore.

But Claradon and Corry  
 Connellan beheld this sworwy  
 With rage and imulation in their black hearts'  
     core;  
 And they hired a gang of ruffins  
 To interrupt the muffins,  
 And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shan-  
     non shore.

When full of tay and cake,  
 O'Brine began to spake,  
 But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden  
     roar  
 Of a ragamuffin rout  
 Began to yell and shout,  
 And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,  
 They battered and they baged;  
 Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they  
     tore;  
 They smashed the lovely windies  
 (Hung with muslin from the Indies),  
 Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon  
     shore.

With throwing of brickbats,  
 Drowned puppies and dead rats,  
 These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;  
 Tin kettles, rotten eggs,  
 \* Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,  
 They flung among the patriots of Shannon  
     shore.

Oh, the girls began to serame,  
 And upset the milk and crame;  
 And the honorable jintlemin they cursed and  
     swore:  
 And Mitchil of Belfast,  
 'T was he that looked aghast,  
 When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon  
     shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt  
 On that day of Ireland's guilt;  
 Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where'd  
     the back door?  
 'T is a national disgrace;  
 Let me go and veil me face!"  
 And he boulded with quick pace from th  
     Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"  
 Says Meagher of the sword,  
 "This conduct would disgrace any blacka-  
     moor;"  
 But millions were arrayed,  
 So he shaythed his battle-blade,  
 Rethrayting undismayed from the Shannon  
     shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine  
 Was raging like a line;  
 'T would have done your sowl good to have  
     heard him roar;  
 In his glory he arose,  
 And he rushed upon his foes,  
 But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon  
     shore.

Then the futt and the dthragoons  
 In squadthrons and platoons,  
 With their music playing chunes, down upon  
     us bore;  
 And they bate the rattattoo,  
 And the Peelers came in view,  
 And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,  
 And read what the peepers repoort?  
 They're goan to recal the liftinant,  
 And shut up the castle and coort!  
 Our desolate counthry of Oireland  
 They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy;  
 And now, having murdthered our counthry,  
 They're goin to kill the viceroy,  
     Dear boy!—  
 'T was he was our proide and our joy.

And will we no longer behold him,  
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,  
As he weaves his cocked hat from the wind-  
des,

And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?  
I liked for to see the young haroes,  
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,  
A horsing about in the Phaynix,  
And winking the girls in the cyars—  
Like Mars,  
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars,

Dear Mitchel, exoiled to Bermudies,  
Your beautiful oilds you'll ope!—  
And there'll be an abondance of croyin  
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope—  
When they read of this news in the peepers,  
Across the Atlantical wave,  
That the last of the Oirish liftinants  
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.  
God save  
The queen—she should betther behave!

And what's to become of poor Dame sthreet,  
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,  
Whin the coort of imparial splindor  
From Doblin's sad city departs?  
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers  
When the deuce of a coort there remains;  
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,  
To hire the coort-shuits and the thrains?  
In sthrains  
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,  
'T was she in the coort didn't fail,  
And she wanted a plinty of popplin  
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her  
tail;  
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady—  
Eight shillings a yard tabinet—  
But now that the coort is concluded  
The divvle a yard will she get:  
I bet,  
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,  
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';  
Each year, at the dthrawing-room sayson,  
They mounted the natest of wigs.

When spring, with its buds and its daisies,  
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,  
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,  
Because there is no dthrawing-room,  
For whom  
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,  
'T was they gave the clart and the poort,  
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters.  
To feast the lord liftinant's coort.  
But now that the quality's goin,  
I warnt that the aiting will stop,  
And you'll get at the alderman's teeble  
The divvle a bite or a dthrop,  
Or chop,  
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin;  
And his lordship, the dear, honest man:  
And the duchess, his eemiable leedy;  
And Corry, the bould Connellan;  
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren;  
And the chewter and governess tu;  
And the servants are packing their boxes—  
Oh, murther, but what shall I due  
Without you?  
O Meery, with ois of the blue!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE  
PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

Oh will ye choose to hear the news?  
Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:  
I'll tell you all about the ball  
To the Naypaulase ambassador.  
Begor! this fête all balls does bate  
At which I worn a pump, and I  
Must here relate the splendthor great  
Of th' Oriental company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,  
To fête these black Achillese.  
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Al  
mack's,  
And take the rooms at Willis's."

With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,  
 They hung the rooms of Willis up,  
 And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,  
 With roses and with lilies up.  
 And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,  
 So sweetly in the middle there,  
 And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
 And violins did fiddle there.  
 And when the coort was tired of spoort,  
 I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
 A nate buffet before them set,  
 Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten, before the ball-room door  
 His moighty excellency was;  
 He smoled and bowed to all the crowd—  
 So gorgeous and immense he was.  
 His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
 Into the door-way followed him;  
 And oh the noise of the blackguard boys,  
 As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble chair stud at the stair,  
 And bade the dthrums to thump; and he  
 Did thus evince to that black prince  
 The welcome of his company.  
 Oh fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
 And bright the oys you saw there, was;  
 And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,  
 On Ginerall Jung-Bahawther was!

This ginerall great then tuck his sate,  
 With all the other gineralls,  
 (Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
 All bleezed with precious minerals;)  
 And as he there, with princely air,  
 Reclouin on his cushion was,  
 All round about his royal chair  
 The squeezin and the pushin was.

C Pat, such girls, such jukes and earls,  
 Such fashion and nobiltee!  
 Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
 Amidst the hoigh gentility!  
 There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Porty-  
 geese  
 Minister and his lady there;  
 And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
 Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there.

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked  
 like Juno,  
 And Baroness Rehausen there,  
 And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
 Well in her robes of gauze, in there.  
 There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first  
 When only Mr. Pips he was),  
 And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
 That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,  
 And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
 And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife—  
 I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
 There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,  
 And seemed to ask how should I go there;  
 And the widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,  
 And the marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, jukes and earls, and diamonds and pearls  
 And pretty girls, was spoorting there;  
 And some beside (the rogues!) I spied  
 Behind the windies, coorting there.  
 Oh, there's one I know, bedad, would show  
 As beautiful as any there;  
 And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
 And shake a fut with Fanny there!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

## THE RAIL.

I MET him in the cars,  
 Where resignedly he sat;  
 His hair was full of dust,  
 And so was his cravat;  
 He was furthermore embellished  
 By a ticket in his hat.

The conductor touched his arm,  
 And awoke him from a nap;  
 When he gave the feeding flies  
 An admonitory slap,  
 And his ticket to the man  
 In the yellow-lettered cap.

So, launching into talk,  
 We rattled on our way,  
 With allusions to the crops  
 That along the meadows lay—  
 Whereupon his eyes were lit  
 With a speculative ray.



The heads of many men  
 Were bobbing as in sleep,  
 And many babies lifted.  
 Their voices up to weep;  
 While the coal-dust darkly fell  
 On bonnets in a heap.

All the while the swaying cars  
 Kept rumbling o'er the rail,  
 And the frequent whistle sent  
 Shrieks of anguish to the gale,  
 And the cinders pattered down  
 On the grimy floor like hail.

When suddenly a jar,  
 And a thrice-repeated bump,  
 Made the people in alarm  
 From their easy cushions jump;  
 For they deemed the sounds to be  
 The inevitable trump.

A splintering crash below,  
 A doom-foreboding twitch,  
 As the tender gave a lurch  
 Beyond the flying switch—  
 And a mangled mass of men  
 Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a palpitating heart  
 My friend essayed to rise;  
 There were bruises on his limbs  
 And stars before his eyes,  
 And his face was of the hue  
 Of the dolphin when it dies.

\* \* \* \*

I was very well content  
 In escaping with my life;  
 But my mutilated friend  
 Commenced a legal strife—  
 Being thereunto incited  
 By his lawyer and his wife.

And he writes me the result,  
 In his quiet way as follows:  
 That his case came up before  
 A bench of legal scholars,  
 Who awarded him his claim,  
 Of \$1500!

GEORGE H. CLARK.

# ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

ST. ANTHONY at church  
 Was left in the lurch,  
 So he went to the ditches  
 And preached to the fishes;  
 They wriggled their tails,  
 In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,  
 Are all hither drawn;  
 Have opened their jaws,  
 Eager for each clause.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,  
 Who keep fighting like tikes,  
 Now swam up harmonious  
 To hear St. Antonius.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,  
 Who loves fast days, the cod-fish,—  
 The stock-fish, I mean,—  
 At the sermon was seen.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,  
 Which aldermen gorge on,  
 Went out of their way  
 To hear preaching that day.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,  
 Who always move slow,  
 Made haste from the bottom  
 As if the devil had got 'em.  
 No sermon beside  
 Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,  
 Lords, lackeys, and all,  
 Each looked at the preacher,  
 Like a reasonable creature:  
 At God's word,  
 They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,  
Each turned and descended ;  
The pikes went on stealing,  
The eels went on eeling ;  
Much delighted were they,  
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,  
The stock-fish thick-siders,  
The carps are sharp-set,  
All the sermon forget ;  
Much delighted were they,  
But preferred the old way.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charles's golden days,  
When loyalty no harm meant,  
A zealous high-churchman was I,  
And so I got preferment.  
To teach my flock I never missed :  
Kings were by God appointed,  
And lost are those that dare resist  
Or touch the Lord's anointed.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal James possessed the crown,  
And popery grew in fashion,  
The penal laws I hooted down,  
And read the declaration ;  
The Church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution ;  
And I had been a Jesuit,  
But for the revolution.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When William was our king declared,  
To ease the nation's grievance ;  
With this new wind about I steered,  
And swore to him allegiance ;  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance ;

Passive obedience was a joke,  
A jest was non-resistance.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal Anne became our queen,  
The church of England's glory,  
Another face of things was seen  
And I became a tory ;  
Occasional conformists base,  
I blam'd their moderation ;  
And thought the church in danger was,  
By such prevarication.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain,  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
And moderate men looked big, sir,  
My principles I changed once more,  
And so became a whig, sir ;  
And thus preferment I procured  
From our new faith's defender ;  
And almost every day abjured  
The pope and the pretender.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain,  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,  
And Protestant succession,  
To these I do allegiance swear—  
While they can keep possession :  
For in my faith and loyalty  
I never more will falter,  
And George my lawful king shall be—  
Until the times do alter.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

ANONYMOUS

## THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste  
 Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,  
 When Darnel park was Darnel waste,  
 And roads as little known as scurvy,  
 The man who lost his way between  
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket  
 Was always shown across the green,  
 And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;  
 Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,  
 Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;  
 And Don, and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
 Upon the parlor steps collected,  
 Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,  
 "Our master knows you; you're expected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,  
 Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"  
 The lady laid her knitting down,  
 Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.  
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
 Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,  
 He found a stable for his steed,  
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,  
 And warmed himself in court or college,  
 He had not gained an honest friend,  
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;  
 If he departed as he came,  
 With no new light on love or liquor,  
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
 And not the vicarage or the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs  
 With rapid change from rocks to roses;  
 It slipped from politics to puns;  
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses;  
 Beginning with the laws which keep  
 The planets in their radiant courses,  
 And ending with some precept deep  
 For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,  
 Of loud dissent the mortal terror;  
 And when, by dint of page and line,  
 He 'stablished truth or startled error,

The Baptist found him far too deep,  
 The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,  
 And the lean Levite went to sleep  
 And dreamt of eating pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed  
 That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,  
 Without refreshment on the road,  
 From Jerome or from Athanasius;  
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
 The hand and head that penned and planned  
 them,  
 For all who understood admired,  
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,  
 Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
 And hints to noble lords and nurses;  
 True histories of last year's ghost;  
 Lines to a ringlet or a turban;  
 And trifles for the "Morning Post;"  
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,  
 Although he had a knack of joking;  
 He did not make himself a bear,  
 Although he had a taste for smoking;  
 And when religious sects ran mad,  
 He held, in spite of all his learning,  
 That if a man's belief is bad,  
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit  
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
 And share the widow's homelier pottage  
 At his approach complaint grew mild,  
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter  
 The clammy lips of fever smiled  
 The welcome that they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me  
 Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;  
 From him I learned the rule of three,  
 Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.  
 I used to singe his powdered wig,  
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
 And make the puppy dance a jig  
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack, the change! In vain I look  
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;  
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled!  
 The church is larger than before,  
 You reach it by a carriage entry;  
 It holds three hundred people more,  
 And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat; you'll hear  
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
 Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,  
 Whose tone is very Ciceronian.  
 Where is the old man laid? Look down  
 And construe on the slab before you—  
*"Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,  
 Vir nullâ non donandus lauro."*

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,  
 And an infant's idle laughter:  
 The old year went with mourning by—  
 The new came dancing after!  
 Let sorrow shed her lonely tear—  
 Let revelry hold her ladle;  
 Bring boughs of cypress for the bier—  
 Fling roses on the cradle;  
 Mutes to wait on the funeral state,  
 Pages to pour the wine:  
 A requiem for twenty-eight,  
 And a health to twenty-nine!

Alas for human happiness!  
 Alas for human sorrow!  
 Our yesterday is nothingness—  
 What else will be our morrow?  
 Still beauty must be stealing hearts,  
 And knavery stealing purses;  
 Still cooks must live by making tarts,  
 And wits by making verses;  
 While sages prate, and courts debate,  
 The same stars set and shine;  
 And the world, as it rolled through twenty-eight,  
 Must roll through twenty-nine.

Some king will come, in Heaven's good time,  
 To the tomb his father came to;

Some thief will wade through blood and crime

To a crown he has no claim to;  
 Some suffering land will rend in twain  
 The manacles that bound her,  
 And gather the links of the broken chain  
 To fasten them proudly round her;  
 The grand and great will love and hate,  
 And combat and combine;  
 And much where we were in twenty-eight,  
 We shall be in twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the rent,  
 And Kenyon to sink the nation;  
 And Shiel will abuse the Parliament,  
 And Peel the association;  
 And thought of bayonets and swords  
 Will make ex-chancellors merry;  
 And jokes will be cut in the house of lords,  
 And throats in the county of Kerry;  
 And writers of weight will speculate  
 On the cabinet's design;  
 And just what it did in twenty-eight  
 It will do in twenty-nine.

And the goddess of love will keep her smiles,  
 And the god of cups his orgies;  
 And there'll be riots in St. Giles,  
 And weddings in St. George's:  
 And mendicants will sup like kings,  
 And lords will swear like lacqueys;  
 And black eyes oft will lead to rings,  
 And rings will lead to black eyes;  
 And pretty Kate will scold her mate,  
 In a dialect all divine;  
 Alas! they married in twenty-eight,  
 They will part in twenty-nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,  
 And talk of his oils and blubbers;  
 My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,  
 And rather longer rubbers:  
 My cousin in Parliament will prove  
 How utterly ruined trade is;  
 My brother, at Eton, will fall in love  
 With half a hundred ladies;



My patron will sate his pride from plate,  
And his thirst from Bordeaux wine—  
His nose was red in twenty-eight,  
'T will be redder in twenty-nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,  
All thoughts and things look older—  
How the laugh of pleasure grows less gay,  
And the heart of friendship colder;

But still I shall be what I have been,  
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,  
And seldom troubled with the spleen,  
And fond of talking treason;  
I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,  
And throw and write my line;  
And the woman I worshipped in twenty-  
eight  
I shall worship in twenty-nine.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRÆD.

## PART VII.

### POEMS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

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THE mournful funeral slow proceeds behind,  
Arrayed in black, the heavy head declined;  
Wide yawns the grave; dull tolls the solemn bell;  
Dark lie the dead; and long the last farewell.  
There music sounds, and dancers shake the hall;  
But here the silent tears incessant fall.  
Ere Mirth can well her comedy begin,  
The tragic demon oft comes thundering in,  
Confounds the actors, damps the merry show,  
And turns the loudest laugh to deepest woe.

JOHN WILSON.



## POEMS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

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### SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine:  
"Oh where will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship of mine?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee:  
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.

"To Norway, to Norway,  
To Norway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter of Norway,  
'T is thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
Sae loud, loud laughed he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blindit his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed,  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out at this time of the year,  
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be it  
sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The king's daughter of Norway,  
'T is we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Norway  
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week  
In Norway, but twae,  
When that the lords o' Norway  
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd  
And a' our queen's fee."  
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!"

"For I hae brought as much white monie  
As gane my men and me,—  
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red  
gowd  
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry  
men a'!  
Our gude ship sails the morn."  
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm!"

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league, but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind  
blew loud,  
And gurlly grew the sea.



The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves came o'er the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailor  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast  
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—  
But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step, but barely ane,  
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapped them roun' that gude  
ship's side,  
—But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!  
But lang or a' the play was played,  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed  
That floated on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair came hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,—  
The maidens tore their hair;  
A' for the sake of their true loves,—  
For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,  
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,  
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—  
For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh forty miles off Aberdour  
'T is fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
W' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

### CHILD NORYCE.

CHILD NORYCE is a clever young man—  
He wavers wi' the wind;  
His horse was silver shod before,  
With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man John,  
Saying, "You don't see what I see;  
For oh yonder I see the very first woman  
That ever loved me.

"Here is a glove, a glove," he said,  
"Lined with the silver gray;  
You may tell her to come to the merry  
green wood,  
To speak to child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,  
"It's all gold but the stane;  
You may tell her to come to the merry  
green wood,  
And ask the leave o' nane."

"So well do I love your errand, my master,  
But far better do I love my life;  
Oh would ye have me go to Lord Barnard's  
castel,  
To betray away his wife?"

"Oh do n't I give you meat," he says,  
"And do n't I pay you fee?  
How dare you stop my errand?" he says;  
"My orders you must obey."

Oh when he came to Lord Barnard's castel,  
He tinkled at the ring;  
Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself  
To let this little boy in?

"Here is a glove, a glove," he says,  
 "Lined with the silver gray;  
 You are bidden to come to the merry green  
 wood,  
 To speak to Child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,  
 "It's all gold but the stane:  
 You are bidden to come to the merry green  
 wood,  
 And ask the leave o' nane."

Lord Barnard he was standing by,  
 And an angry man was he:  
 "Oh little did I think there was a lord in  
 this world  
 My lady loved but me!"

Oh he dressed himself in the Holland smocks,  
 And garments that was gay;  
 And he is away to the merry green wood,  
 To speak to Child Nory.

Child Noryce sits on yonder tree—  
 He whistles and he sings:  
 "Oh wae be to me," says Child Noryce,  
 "Yonder my mother comes!"

Child Noryce he came off the tree,  
 His mother to take off the horse:  
 "Och alace, alace!" says Child Noryce,  
 "My mother was ne'er so gross."

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,  
 That hung low down by his knee;  
 He cut the head off Child Noryce,  
 And put the body on a tree.

And when he came to his castel,  
 And to his lady's hall,  
 He threw the head into her lap,  
 Saying, "Lady, there is a ball!"

She turned up the bloody head,  
 She kissed it frae cheek to chin:  
 "Far better do I love this bloody head  
 Than all my royal kin.

"When I was in my father's castel,  
 In my virginity,  
 There came a lord into the north,  
 Gat Child Noryce with me."

"Oh wae be to thee, Lady Margaret," he  
 said,  
 "And an ill death may you die;  
 For if you had told me he was your son,  
 He had ne'er been slain by me."

ANONYMOUS

## FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"Oh wha will shoe my fair foot,  
 And wha will glove my han' ?  
 And wha will lace my middle jimp  
 Wi' a new made London ban' ?

"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair  
 Wi' a new-made silver kemb ?  
 Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,  
 Till love Gregor come hame ?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,  
 Your mother glove your han' ;  
 Your sister lace your middle jimp  
 Wi' a new-made London ban' ;

"Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair  
 Wi' a new made silver kemb;  
 And the king o' heaven will father your  
 bairn,  
 Till love Gregor come hame."

"Oh gin I had a bonny ship,  
 And men to sail wi' me,  
 It's I wad gang to my true love,  
 Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father's gien her a bonny ship,  
 And sent her to the stran' ;  
 She's taen her young son in her arms,  
 And turned her back to the lan'.

She hadna been o' the sea sailin'  
 About a month or more,  
 Till landed has she her bonny ship  
 Near her true-love's door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew cold,  
 And her love was fast asleep,  
 And the bairn that was in her twa arms  
 Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true love's door,  
And lang tirl'd at the pin;  
At length up gat his fause mother,  
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"Oh it is Annie of Lochroyan,  
Your love, come o'er the sea,  
But and your young son in her arms;  
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!  
You're nae come here for gude;  
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,  
Or mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm nae a witch or vile warlock,  
Or mermaiden," said she;—  
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—  
Oh open the door to me!"

"Oh gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
As I trust not ye be,  
What taiken can ye gie that e'er  
I kept your companie?"

"Oh dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,  
"Whan we sat at the wine,  
How we changed the napkins frae our  
necks?  
It's nae sae lang sinsyne."

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
But nae sae gude as mine;  
For yours was o' the cambrick clear,  
But mine o' the silk sae fine."

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she  
says,  
"As we twa sat at dine,  
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,  
And I can shew thee thine:

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
Yet nae sae gude as mine;  
For yours was o' the gude red gold,  
But mine o' the diamonds fine."

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,  
And open it wi' speed;  
Or your young son, that is in my arms,  
For cald will soon be dead."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!  
Gae frae my door for shame;  
For I hae gotten anither fair love—  
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"Oh hae ye gotten anither fair love,  
For a' the oaths ye sware?  
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor  
For me ye's never see mair!"

Oh hooley, hooley gaed she back,  
As the day began to peep;  
She set her foot on good ship board,  
And sair, sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud;  
Set up the mast o' tree;  
Ill sets it a forsaken lady  
To sail sae gallantlie."

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk;  
Set up the sails o' skin;  
Ill sets the outside to be gay,  
Whan there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,  
And to his mother did say:  
"I dreamt a dream this night, mither,  
That maks my heart richt wae;  
"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,  
The flower o' a' her kin,  
Was standin' mournin' at my door;  
But nane wad lat her in."

"Oh there was a woman stood at the door,  
Wi' a bairn intill her arms;  
But I wadna let her within the bow'r,  
For fear she had done you harm."

Oh quickly, quickly raise he up,  
And fast ran to the strand;  
And there he saw her, fair Annie,  
Was sailing frae the land.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Annie!  
O, Annie, winna ye bide?"  
But ay the louder that he cried "Annie,"  
The higher rair'd the tide.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Annie!  
O, Annie, speak to me!"  
But ay the louder that he cried "Annie,"  
The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,

And the ship was rent in twain;  
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,  
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,  
Baith tossed aboon the tide;  
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,  
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He caught her by the yellow hair,  
And drew her to the strand;  
But cold and stiff was every limb,  
Before he reached the land.

Oh first he kist her cherry cheek,  
And syne he kist her chin:  
And sair he kist her ruby lips,  
But there was nae breath within.

Oh he has mourned o'er fair Annie,  
Till the sun was ganging down;  
Syne wi' a sigh his heart it brast,  
And his saul to heaven has flown.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawning.

"Oh stay at hame, my noble lord!  
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow."

"Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!  
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return  
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,  
As oft she had done before, oh;  
She belted him with his noble brand,  
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,  
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,  
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed  
men,  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Oh come ye here to part your land,  
The bonnie forest thorough?  
Or come ye here to wield your brand,  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,  
And neither to beg nor borrow;  
I come to wield my noble brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;  
And that's an unequal marrow:  
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,  
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,  
And tell your sister Sarah,  
To come and lift her leafu' lord;  
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream:  
I fear there will be sorrow!  
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,  
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
From where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men;  
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;  
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've  
slain—  
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,  
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,  
And in the den spied ten slain men,  
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.



She kissed his cheeks, she kaimed his hair,  
 She searched his wounds all thorough;  
 She kissed them, till her lips grew red,  
 On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter  
 dear!  
 For a' this breeds but sorrow;  
 I'll wed ye to a better lord,  
 Than him ye lost on Yarrow."—

"Oh haud your tongue, my father dear!  
 Ye mind me but of sorrow;  
 A fairer rose did never bloom  
 Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
 And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

"Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride,  
 Where got ye that winsome marrow?"  
 "I got her where I daurna weel be seen,  
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie  
 bride,  
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!  
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie  
 bride?  
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
 And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen  
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

'Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun  
 she weep—  
 Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow;  
 And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen  
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear—  
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;  
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
 That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow  
 red?  
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-  
 row?  
 And why yon melancholious weeds  
 Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful  
 flood?  
 What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sor-  
 row!  
 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
 Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, Oh wash his wounds, his wounds in  
 tears,  
 His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;  
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
 And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;  
 And weep around, in waeiful wise,  
 His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
 The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
 The fatal spear that pierced his breast,  
 His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow!

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,  
 And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,  
 Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,  
 Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yar-  
 row.

Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green  
 grows the grass;  
 Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;  
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet  
 flows Tweed;  
 As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;  
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk;  
 The apple from its rocks as mellow!

'Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love!  
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;  
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,  
Than I he never loved thee better.

'Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie  
bride!

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!  
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed  
And think nae mair on the braes of Yar-  
row."

'How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
How can I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

"Oh Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,  
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!  
For there was basely slain my love,  
My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest—'t was my ain sewing;  
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned  
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white  
steed,

Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;  
But ere the too fa' of the night,  
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

"Much I rejoiced that waefu', waefu' day;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning;  
But lang ere night the spear was floun  
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My lover's blood is on thy spear—  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo  
me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud;  
With cruel and ungentle scoffing  
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,  
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
And strive, with threatening words, to  
move me;  
My lover's blood is on thy spear—  
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!  
With bridal-sheets my body cover!  
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!  
Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaugh-  
ter!

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon  
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;  
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow!  
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best be-  
loved,  
Oh could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Yet lie all night within my arms—  
No youth lay ever there before thee!

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!  
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
And lie all night within my arms,  
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful  
bride!

Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!  
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;  
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

## RARE WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW.

"WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,  
And Willy's wondrous bonny;  
And Willy heght to marry me,  
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
This night I'll make it narrow;  
For a' the livelang winter night  
I ly twined of my marrow.

"Oh came you by yon water-side?  
Pou'd you the rose or lily?  
Or came you by yon meadow green?  
Or saw you my sweet Willy?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,  
 She sought him braid and narrow;  
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig,  
 She found him drowned in Yarrow.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!  
 When first on them I met my lover;  
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!  
 When now thy waves his body cover.

For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
 For never on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,  
 To bear me to his father's bowers;  
 He promised me a little page,  
 To 'squire me to his father's towers;  
 He promised me a wedding-ring—  
 The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;  
 Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;  
 My passion I as freely told him!  
 Clapsed in his arms, I little thought  
 That I should never more behold him!  
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
 It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;  
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
 And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,  
 With all the longing of a mother;  
 His little sister weeping walked  
 The green-wood path to meet her brother.  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough;  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid;  
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother!

No longer seek him east or west,  
 And search no more the forest thorough  
 For, wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
 No other youth shall be my marrow;  
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE CRUEL SISTER.

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 There came a knight to be their wooer;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

He courted the eldest with broach and knife  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

The eldest she was vexed sair,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And sore envied her sister fair;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

The eldest said to the youngest ane,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie—*  
 "Will ye go and see our father's ships come  
 in?"  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie—*  
 And led her down to the river strand;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

The youngest stude upon a stane,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 The eldest came and pushed her in;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie*

She took her by the middle sma',  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And dashed her bonny back to the jaw;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And ye shall be heir of half my land."—  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And I'll be heir of all your land;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie:*  
 It's twined me and my world's make."—  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"O sister, reach me but your glove,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And sweet William shall be your love."—  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And sweet William shall better be my love,  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 Garred me gang maiden evermair."  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 Until she cam to the miller's dam;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"O father, father, draw your dam!  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white  
 swan."  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And there he found a drowned woman;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

You could not see her yellow hair,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 For gowd and pearls that were so rare;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

You could not see her middle sma',  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 Her gowden girdle was sae bra';  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

A famous harper passing by,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

And when he looked that lady on,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 He sighed and made a heavy moan;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie—*  
 Whose notes made sad the listening ear;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

He brought it to her father's hall,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And there was the court assembled all;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

He laid his harp upon a stone,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And straight it began to play alone;  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"Oh yonder sits my father, the king,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And yonder sits my mother, the queen;"  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh;  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 And by him my William, sweet and true."  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

But the last tune that the harp played then,  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"  
*By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.*

ANONYMOUS.



## LORD RANDAL.

"Oh where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?

Oh where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"

"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?

What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"

"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?

What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"

"I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?

What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"

"Oh they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Oh I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!

Oh I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"

"Oh yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

ANONYMOUS.

## EDWARD, EDWARD.

"Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
Edward, Edward.

Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
And quhy sae sad gang zee oh?"

"Oh I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
Mither, mither:

Oh I hae killed my hauk sae guid,  
And I had nae mair bot hee oh"

"Zour hankis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
Edward, Edward:

Zour hankis bluid was nevir sae reid—  
My deir son, I tell thee oh."

"Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, mither:

Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
That erst was sae fair and free oh."

"Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Edward, Edward:

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae got mair—  
Sum ither dule ze drie oh."

"Oh I hae killed my fader deir,  
Mither, mither:

Oh I hae killed my fader deir—  
Alas! and wae is mee oh!"

"And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,  
Edward, Edward?

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?  
My deir son, now tell me oh."

"He set my feit in zonder boat,  
Mither, mither:

He set my feit in zonder boat,  
And He fare ovir the sea oh."

"And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and  
zour ha',

Edward, Edward?  
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and  
zour ha',

That were sae fair to see oh?"

"He let thame stand til they doun fa',  
Mither, mither:

He let thame stand til they doun fa',  
For here nevir mair maun I bee oh."

\* And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and  
zour wife,

Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and  
zour wife,

Quhan ze gang ovir the sea oh? "

"The warldis room—late them beg throw life,  
Mither, mither:

The warldis room—late them beg throw life,  
For thame nevir mair wul I see oh."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither  
deir,

Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither  
deir?

My deir son, now tell me oh."

"The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,

Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir—

Sic counsel's ze gave to me oh."

ANONYMOUS.

### THE TWA BROTHERS.

HERE were twa brothers at the scule,

And when they got awa',—

'It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,

Or will ye play at the ba'?

Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,

And there we'll warsel a fa'?"

"I winna play at the stane-chucking,

Nor will I play at the ba';

But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,

And there we'll warsel a fa'?"

They warsled up, they warsled down,

Till John fell to the ground;

A dirk fell out of William's pouch,

And gave John a deadly wound.

'Oh lift me upon your back—

Tak me to yon well fair;

And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,

And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's lifted his brother upon his back,

Ta'en him to yon well fair;

He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,

But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak ye aff my Holland sark,

And rive it gair by gair,

And row it in my bluidy wounds,

And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's taken aff his Holland sark,

And torn it gair by gair;

He's rowit it in his bluidy wounds,

But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak now aff my green cleiding,

And row me saftly in;

And tak me up to yon kirk style,

Whare the grass grows fair and green."

He's taken aff the green cleiding,

And rowed him saftly in;

He's laid him down by yon kirk style,

Whare the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear,

When ye gae hame at e'en?"

"I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,

Whare the grass grows fair and green."

"Oh no, oh no, my brother dear,

Oh you must not say so;

But say that I am gane to a foreign land

Where nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair,

He grew baith pale and wan:

"Oh what blude's that upon your brow

O dear son, tell to me."

"It is the blude o' my gude gray steed—

He wadna ride wi' me."

"Oh thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,

Nor e'er sae dear to me.

Oh what blude's this upon your cheek?

O dear son, tell to me."

"It is the blude of my greyhound—

He wadna hunt for me."

"Oh thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,

Nor e'er sae dear to me.

Oh what blude's this upon your hand?

O dear son, tell to me."

"It is the blude of my gay goss hawk—

He wadna flee for me."

"Oh thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,  
Nor e'er sae dear to me.

Oh what blude 's this upon your dirk?

Dear Willie, tell to me."

"It is the blude of my ae brother,

Oh dule and wae is me!"

"Oh what will ye say to your father?

Dear Willie, tell to me."

"I'll saddle my steed, and awa' I'll ride

To dwell in some far countrie."

"Oh when will ye come hame again?

Dear Willie, tell to me."

"When sun and mune leap on yon hill—

And that will never be."

She turned hersel' right round about,

And her heart burst into three:

"My ae best son is deid and gane,

And my tother ane I'll ne'er see."

ANONYMOUS.

### THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed down by yon house-en'

Twa corbies there were sittan their lane:

The tane unto the tother sae,

"Oh where shall we gae dine to-day?"

"Oh down beside yon new-faun birk

There lies a new-slain knight;

Nae livin kens that he lies there,

But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

"His horse is to the huntin gane,

His hounds to bring the wild deer hame;

His lady's taen another mate;

Sae we may make our dinner swate.

"Oh we'll sit on his bonnie briest-bane,

And we'll pyke out his bonnie grey een;

Wi ae lock o' his gowden hair

We'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

"Mony a ane for him maks mane,

But nane sall ken where he is gane;

Ower his banes, when they are bare,

The wind sall blaw for evermair!"

ANONYMOUS.

### BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Hie upon Hielands,

And low upon Tay,

Bonnie George Campbell

Rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled

And gallant rade he;

Hame cam his gude horse,

But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither,

Greeting fu' sair;

And out cam his bonnie bride,

Rivin' her hair.

Saddled and bridled

And bootied rade he;

Toom hame came the saddle,

But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,

And my corn is unshorn;

My barn is to big,

And my baby's unborn."

Saddled and bridled

And bootied rade he;

Toom hame cam the saddle,

But never cam he!

ANONYMOUS

### LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW

My love he built me a bonny bower,

And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;

A brawer bower ye ne'er did see

Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day;

He spied his sport, and went away;

And brought the king that very night,

Who brake my bower, and slew my knight

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;

He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;

My servants all for life did flee,

And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;  
I watched the corpse, myself alane;  
I watched his body, night and day;  
No living creature came that way.

I tuk his body on my back,  
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;  
I digged a grave, and laid him in,  
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?  
Oh think na ye my heart was wae,  
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,  
Since that my lovely knight is slain;  
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair  
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

ANONYMOUS.

## FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies;  
Night and day on me she cries.  
Oh that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirconnell lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me!

Oh think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair?  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirconnell lee.

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide—  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell lee—

lighted down my sword to draw;  
I hacked him in pieces sma'—  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,  
I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die!

Oh that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise—  
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee I were blest,  
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me.

ANONYMOUS.

## SONG.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land.  
And never home came she.

"Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress o' golden hair,  
O' drowned maiden's hair—  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—  
The cruel, crawling foam,  
The cruel, hungry foam—  
To her grave beside the sea;  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle  
home  
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

## AN EPISODE.

AND the first gray of morning filled the east,  
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream;  
But all the Tartar camp along the stream  
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged  
in sleep.

Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night along  
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;  
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,  
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,  
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his  
tent,

And went abroad into the cold wet fog,  
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he passed,  
which stood,

Clustering like bee-hives, on the low flat  
strand

Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow  
When the sun melts the snows in high Pa-  
mere:

Through the black tents he passed, o'er that  
low strand,

And to a hillock came, a little back  
From the stream's brink, the spot where first  
a boat,

Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the  
land.

The men of former times had crowned the  
top

With a clay fort. But that was fallen; and  
now

The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,  
A dome of laths; and o'er it felts were  
spread.

And Sohrab came there, and went in, and  
stood

Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,  
And found the old man sleeping on his bed  
Of rugs and felts; and near him lay his arms.  
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step  
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's  
sleep;

And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:

"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear  
dawn.

Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:  
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa; it is I.  
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe  
Sleep; but I sleep not. All night long I lie  
Tossing and wakeful; and I come to thee.  
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek  
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,  
In Samarcand, before the army marched;  
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.  
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first  
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,  
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,  
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.  
This, too, thou know'st, that while I still  
bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through the  
world,

And beat the Persians back on every field,  
I seek one man, one man, and one alone.  
Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, should  
greet,

Should one day greet upon some well-fought  
field

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.

So I long hoped, but him I never find.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what  
ask.

Let the two armies rest to-day; but I  
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords  
To meet me, man to man. If I prevail,  
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—  
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.  
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,  
Where host meets host, and many names are  
sunk;

But of a single combat fame speaks clear."

He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand  
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and  
said:

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!

Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,  
And share the battle's common chance with  
us

Who love thee, but must press for ever first,  
In single fight incurring single risk,  
To find a father thou hast never seen?

That were far best, my son, to stay with us  
Unmurmuring—in our tents, while it is war;  
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's  
towns.

But, if this one desire indeed rules all,

To seek out Rustum—seek him not through  
fight;

Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms—  
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!

But far hence seek him; for he is not here.

For now it is not as when I was young,

When Rustum was in front of every fray;

But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,

In Siestan, with Zal, his father old;

Whether that his own mighty strength at last

Feels the abhorred approaches of old age;

Or in some quarrel with the Persian king.

There go;—Thou wilt not? yet my heart  
forebodes

Danger or death awaits thee on this field.

Fain would I know thee safe and well, though  
lost

To us—fain therefore send thee hence, in  
peace

To seek thy father, not seek single fights

In vain. But who can keep the lion's cub

From ravening? and who govern Rustum's  
son?

Go! I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and  
left

His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;

And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat

He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,

And threw a white cloak round him; and he  
took

In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;

And on his head he placed his sheep-skin  
cap—

Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul;

And raised the curtain of his tent, and called

His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and cleared the  
fog

From the broad Oxus and the glittering  
sands;

And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed

Into the open plain: so Haman bade—

Haman, who, next to Peran-Wisa, ruled

The host, and still was in his lusty prime.

From their black tents, long files of horse,  
they streamed:

As when, some grey November morn, the  
files,

In marching order spread, of long-necked  
cranes,

Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes  
Of Elburz, from the A:alian estuaries,

Or some froze Caspian reed-bed—southward  
bound

For the warm Persian sea-board: so they  
streamed—

The Tartars of the Oxus, the king's guard,

First, with black sheep-skin caps, and with  
long spears;

Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara  
come,

And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.

Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the  
south,

The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,

And those from Attruck and the Caspian  
sands—

Light men, and on light steeds, who only  
drink

The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.

And then a swarm of wandering horse, who  
came

From far, and a more doubtful service  
owned—

The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks

Of the Jaxartes—men with scanty beards

And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder  
herdes

Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern  
waste,

Kalmuks and unkemped Kuzzaks, tribes who  
stray

Nearest the pole; and wandering Kirghizes,

Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.

These all filed out from camp into the plain.

And on the other side the Persians formed:

First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they  
seemed,

The Hyats of Khorassan; and behind,

The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,

Marshall'd battalions bright in burnished  
steel.

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came

Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,

And with his staff kept back the foremost  
ranks.

And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw

That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,

He took his spear, and to the front he came

And checked his ranks, and fixed them where  
they stood.

And the old Tartar came upon the sand  
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and  
said :—

“Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars,  
hear!

Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.  
But choose a champion from the Persian lords  
To fight our champion, Sohrab, man to man.”

As, in the country, on a morn in June,  
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,  
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—  
Só, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,  
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran,  
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they  
loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,  
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,  
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk  
snow,

Winding so high, that, as they mount, they  
pass

Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the  
snow,

Choked by the air; and scarce can they  
themselves

Slake their parched throats with sugared  
mulberries—

In single file they move, and stop their breath,  
For fear they should dislodge the o’erhanging  
snows—

So the pale Persians held their breath with  
fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up  
To counsel. Gudurz and Zoarrah came;  
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host  
Second, and was the uncle of the king;  
These came and counselled; and then Gudurz  
said :—

“Ferood, shame bids us take their chal-  
lenge up,

Yet champion have we none to match this  
youth;

He has the wild stag’s foot, the lion’s heart.  
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits,  
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart:  
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear

The Tartar challenge, and this young man’s  
name.

Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.

Stand forth the while, and take their chal-  
lenge up.”

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and  
said :—

“Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.

Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.”

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode  
Back through the opening squadrons to his  
tent.

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,  
And crossed the camp which lay behind, and  
reached,

Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum’s tents.  
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,  
Just pitched. The high pavilion in the midst  
Was Rustum’s; and his men lay camped  
around.

And Gudurz entered Rustum’s tent, and found  
Rustum. His morning meal was done; but  
still

The table stood beside him, charged with  
food—

A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,  
And dark green melons. And there Rustum  
sate

Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,  
And played with it; but Gudurz came and  
stood

Before him; and he looked and saw him  
stand;

And with a cry sprang up, and dropped the  
bird,

And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and  
said :—

“Welcome! these eyes could see no better  
sight.

What news? But sit down first, and eat and  
drink.”

But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and  
said :—

“Not now. A time will come to eat and  
drink,

But not to-day: to-day has other needs.

The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;  
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought  
To pick a champion from the Persian lords  
To fight their champion—and thou know’st  
his name—

Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.

O Rustum, like thy might is this young  
man’s!

He has the wild stag’s foot, the lion’s heart.

And he is young, and Iran’s chiefs are old,

Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.  
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."

He spoke. But Rustum answered with a smile:—

"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I  
Am older. If the young are weak, the king  
Errs strangely; for the king, for Kai Khos-  
roo,

Himself is young, and honors younger men,  
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.  
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the  
young—

The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.  
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's  
fame?

For would that I myself had such a son,  
And not that one slight helpless girl I have—  
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,  
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,  
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,  
And clip his borders short, and drive his  
herds;

And he has none to guard his weak old age.  
There would I go, and hang my armor up,  
And with my great name fence that weak old  
man,

And spend the goodly treasures I have got,  
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,  
And leave to death the hosts of thankless  
kings,

And with these slaughterous hands draw  
sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made  
reply:—

"What then, O Rustum, will men say to  
this,  
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and  
seeks

Thee most of all; and thou, whom most he  
seeks,

Hidest thy face? Take heed, lest men should  
say,

*Like some old miser Rustum hoards his fame,  
And shuns to peril it with younger men."*

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made  
reply:—

"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such  
words?

Thou knowest better words than this to say.  
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,  
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?

Are not they mortal? Am not I myself?  
But who for men of nought would do great  
deeds?

Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his  
fame.

But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;  
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched  
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned,  
and ran

Back quickly through the camp in fear and  
joy—

Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.  
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and  
called

His followers in, and bade them bring his  
arms,

And clad himself in steel. The arms he  
chose

Were plain, and on his shield was no device;  
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold;  
And from the fluted spine, atop, a plume  
Of horse-hair waved, a scarlet horse-hair  
plume.

So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his  
horse,

Followed him, like a faithful hound, at  
heel—

Ruksh, whose renown was noised through  
all the earth—

The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once  
Did in Bokhara by the river find,

A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,  
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty  
crest,

Dight with a saddle-cloth of brodered green  
Crusted with gold; and on the ground were  
worked

All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters  
know.

So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed  
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.  
And all the Persians knew him, and with  
shouts

Hailed: but the Tartars knew not who he  
was.

And dear as the wet diver to the eyes  
Of his pale wife, who waits and weeps on  
shore,

By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf—  
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,



Having made up his tale of precious pearls,  
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—  
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced:  
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and  
came.

And as a-field the reapers cut a swathe  
Down through the middle of a rich man's  
corn,

And on each side are squares of standing  
corn,

And in the midst a stubble, short and bare:  
So on each side were squares of men, with  
spears

Bristling; and in the midst, the open sand.  
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast  
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw  
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he  
came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,  
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor  
drudge

Who with numb-blackened fingers makes her  
fire—

At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,  
When the frost flowers the whitened window  
panes—

And wonders how she lives, and what the  
thoughts

Of that poor drudge may be: so Rustum  
eyed

The unknown adventurous youth, who from  
afar

Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth  
All the most valiant chiefs. Long he perused  
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.  
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;  
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and  
straight,

Which in a queen's secluded garden throws  
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,  
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—  
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.  
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul  
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,  
And beckoned to him with his hand, and  
said:

"Oh, thou young man, the air of heaven  
is soft,

And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is  
cold.

Heaven's air is better than the cold dead  
grave.

Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,  
And tried; and I have stood on many a field  
Of blood, and I have fought with many a  
foe;

Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.  
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?  
Be governed: quit the Tartar host, and come  
To Iran, and be as my son to me,  
And fight beneath my banner till I die.  
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly. Sohrab heard his  
voice,

The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw  
His giant figure planted on the sand—  
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief  
Has builded on the waste in former years  
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,  
Streaked with its first gray hairs. Hope filled  
his soul;

And he ran forward and embraced his knees,  
And clasped his hand within his own and  
said:—

"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own  
soul!

Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not  
he?"

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling  
youth,

And turned away, and spoke to his own soul;  
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may  
mean.

False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.  
For if I now confess this thing he asks,  
And hide it not, but say—*Rustum is here*—  
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,  
But he will find some pretext not to fight,  
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous  
gifts—

A belt or sword perhaps—and go his way.  
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,  
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—  
'I challenged once, when the two armies  
camped

Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords  
To cope with me in single fight; but they  
Shrank; only Rustum dared. Then he and I  
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms  
away.'

So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.

Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:

"Rise! Wherefore dost thou vainly question thus

If Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called

By challenge forth. Make good thy vaunt, or yield.

Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight? Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee. For well I know, that did great Rustum stand

Before thy face this day, and were revealed, There would be then no talk of fighting more.

But being what I am, I tell thee this— Do thou record it in thine inmost soul— Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield;

Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds

Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods, Oxus in summer, wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:

"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.

I am no girl, to be made pale by words. Yet this thou hast said well: did Rustum stand

Here on this field, there were no fighting then.

But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here. Begin! Thou art more vast, more dread, than I;

And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—

But yet success aways with the breath of heaven.

And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure

Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know. For we are all, like swimmers in the sea, Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate, Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall;

And whether it will heave us up to land, Or whether it will roll us out to sea— Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death—

We know not, and no search will make us know;

Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spake; and Rustum answered not, but hurled

His spear. Down from the shoulder, down it came—

As on some partridge in the corn, a hawk, That long has towered in the airy clouds, Drops like a plummet. Sohrab saw it come, And sprang aside, quick as a flash. The spear Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,

Which it sent flying wide. Then Sohrab threw

In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield. Sharp rang,

The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.

And Rustum seized his club, which none but he

Could wield—an unlapped trunk it was, and huge,

Still rough; like those which men, in treeless plains,

To build them boats, fish from the flooded rivers,

Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time

Has made in Himalayan forests wrack, And strewn the channels with torn boughs— so huge

The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck

One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside, Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came

Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.

And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand.

And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,

And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay

Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;

But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword;

But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:

"Thou strik'st too hard; that club of thine will float

Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.  
But rise, and be not wrath; not wroth am I.  
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.

Thou sayest thou art not Rustum; be it so.  
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?

Boy as I am, I have seen battles too;  
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,  
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;  
But never was my heart thus touched before.  
Are they from heaven, these softenings of the heart?

O thou old warrior, let us yield to heaven!  
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,

And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,  
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends;

And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.  
There are enough foes in the Persian host  
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;

Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou  
May'st fight: fight them, when they confront thy spear.

But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased. But while he spake, Rustum had risen,

And stood erect, trembling with rage. His club

He left to lie, but had regained his spear,  
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand

Blazed bright and baleful—like that autumn star,

The baleful sign of fevers. Dust had soiled  
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.

His breast heaved; his lips foamed; and twice his voice

Was choked with rage. At last these words broke away:—

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!

Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!

Fight! let me hear thy hateful voice no more!

Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now  
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;

But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance  
Of battle, and with me, who make no play  
Of war. I fight it out, and hand to hand.  
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!

Remember all thy valor; try thy feints  
And cunning; all the pity I had is gone;  
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts,

With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,

And he too drew his sword. At once they rushed

Together; as two eagles on one prey  
Come rushing down together from the clouds,  
One from the east, one from the west. Their shields

Dashed with a clang together; and a din  
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters  
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,  
Of hewing axes, crashing trees; such blows  
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.

And you would say that sun and stars took part

In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud  
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darkened the sun

Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose  
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,

And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.  
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;

For both the on-looking hosts on either hand  
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,  
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.  
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes

And laboring breath. First Rustum struck the shield

Which Sohrab held stiff out. The steel-spiked spear

Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin:

And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.

Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,

Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest

He shored away; and that proud horsehair plume,

Never till now defiled, sunk to the dust;

And Rustum bowed his head. But then the gloom

Grew blacker; thunder rumbled in the air, And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,

Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry.

No horse's cry was that, most like the roar

Of some pained desert lion, who all day

Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,

And comes at night to die upon the sand.

The two hosts heard the cry, and quaked for fear;

And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.

But Sohrab heard, and quailed not—but rushed on,

And struck again; and again Rustum bowed His head. But this time all the blade, like glass,

Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,

And in his hand the hilt remained alone.

Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes

Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,

And shouted "Rustum!" Sohrab heard that shout,

And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,

And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;

And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped

His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.

He reeled, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.

And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,

And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all

The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—

Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet, And Sohrab wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—

"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill

A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse, And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent;

Or else that the great Rustum would come down

Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.

And then all the Tartar host would praise

Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,

To glad thy father in his weak old age.

Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!

Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,

Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied:—

"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!

No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.

For were I matched with ten such men as thou,

And I were he who till to-day I was,

They should be lying here, I standing there.

But that beloved name unnerved my arm—

That name, and something, I confess, in thee, Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield

Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarmed foe.

And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.

But hear thou this, fierce man—tremble to hear!

The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!

My father, whom I seek through all the world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

As when some hunter in the spring hath found

A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,

Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,

And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,

And followed her to find her where she fell

Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back

From hunting, and a great way off describes



His huddling young left sole; at that, he  
checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps  
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams  
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she  
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
In some far stony gorge out of his ken—  
A heap of fluttering feathers. Never more  
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;  
Never the black and dripping precipices  
Echo her stormy scream, as she sails by.  
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his  
loss—

So Rustum knew not his own loss; but stood  
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he  
said:

"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?  
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:  
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.  
Surely the news will one day reach his ear—  
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries  
long,

Somewhere, I know not where, but far from  
here;

And pierce him like a stab, and make him  
leap

To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee—  
Fierce man, bethink thee—for an only son!  
What will that grief, what will that vengeance  
be!

Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!  
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,  
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells  
With that old king, her father, who grows  
gray

With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.  
Her most I pity, who no more will see  
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,  
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.  
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,  
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;  
And then will that defenceless woman learn  
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;  
But that in battle with a nameless foe,  
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased he wept aloud,  
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.  
He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in  
thought.

Nor did he yet believe it was his son  
Who spoke, although he called back names  
he knew;

For he had had sure tidings that the babe,  
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,  
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:  
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear  
Rustum should take the boy, to train in  
arms;

And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,  
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;  
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.  
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in  
thought;

And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide  
Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore  
At the full moon. Tears gathered in his  
eyes;

For he remembered his own early youth,  
And all its bounding rapture. As, at dawn,  
The shepherd from his mountain lodge des-  
cries

A far bright city, smitten by the sun,  
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw  
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her  
bloom;

And that old king, her father, who loved wel  
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair  
child

With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,  
They three, in that long-distant summer-  
time—

The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt  
And hound, and morn on those delightful  
hills

In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,  
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,  
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand.  
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the  
scythe

Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,  
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,  
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,  
On the mown, dying grass: so Sohrab lay,  
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.  
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and  
said:

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son  
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might wel  
have loved!

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men

Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.

For Rustum had no son. One child he had—  
But one—a girl; who with her mother now  
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of  
us;

Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor  
war."

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for  
now

The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew  
fierce,

And he desired to draw forth the steel,  
And let the blood flow free, and so to die.  
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;  
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:

"Man, who art thou, who dost deny my  
words?

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men;  
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from  
mine.

I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear  
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,  
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's  
cheeks;

And his knees tottered; and he smote his  
hand

Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,  
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud;  
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,  
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could  
not lie.

If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's  
son."

Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab  
loosed

His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,  
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points  
Pricked. As a cunning workman, in Pekin,  
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain  
vase,

An emperor's gift; at early morn he paints,  
And all day long; and, when night comes,  
the lamp

Lights up his studious forehead and thin  
hands:

So delicately pricked the sign appeared  
On Sohrab's arm—the sign of Rustum's seal.  
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,

Rustum's great father, whom they left to  
die,

A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.  
Him that kind creature found, and reared,  
and loved;

Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.  
And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,  
And himself scanned it long with mournful  
eyes,

And then he touched it with his hand and  
said:

"How sayest thou? Is that sign the  
proper sign

Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"

He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed,  
and stood

Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp  
cry—

"O, boy—Thy father!"—and his voice chok-  
ed there.

And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,  
And his head swam, and he sank down to  
earth.

But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and  
cast

His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,  
And with fond, faltering fingers stroked his  
cheeks,

Trying to call him back to life. And life  
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,  
And they stood wide with horror; and he  
seized

In both his hands the dust which lay around,  
And threw it on his head, and smirched his  
hair—

His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering  
arms;

And strong, convulsive groanings shook his  
breast,

And his sobs choked him; and he clutched  
his sword

To draw it, and for ever let life out.

But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his  
hands;

And with a soothing voice he spoke, and  
said:

"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day

The doom that at my birth was written down  
In heaven, and thou art heaven's uncon-  
scious hand.

Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,

When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,  
 I know it. But fate trod those promptings down  
 Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged  
 The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.  
 But let us speak no more of this—I find  
 My father; let me feel that I have found.  
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take  
 My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,  
 And wash them with thy tears, and say,  
 'My son!'  
 Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,  
 And swift; for like the lightning to this field  
 I came, and like the wind I go away—  
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.  
 But it was writ in heaven that this should be."

So said he: and his voice released the heart  
 Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast  
 His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,  
 And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts  
 When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,  
 With his head bowing to the ground, and mane  
 Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe,  
 First to the one then to the other moved  
 His head, as if enquiring what their grief  
 Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,  
 The big, warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.  
 But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:

"Ruksh, now thou grieve'st; but, O Ruksh, thy feet  
 Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,  
 When first they bore thy master to this field."  
 But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said;  
 "Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,

My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed—  
 My terrible father's terrible horse! and said  
 That I should one day find thy lord and thee.  
 Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.  
 O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;  
 For thou hast gone where I shall never go,  
 And snuffed the breezes of my father's home,  
 And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,  
 And seen the river of Helmund, and the lake  
 Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself  
 Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food—  
 Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine—  
 And said—'O, Ruksh! bear Rustum well!'  
 But I  
 Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,  
 Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,  
 Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;  
 But lodged among my father's foes, and seen  
 Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,  
 Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,  
 And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk  
 The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,  
 Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,  
 The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream—  
 The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."  
 And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied:  
 "Oh that its waves were flowing over me!  
 Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt  
 Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"  
 And, with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab replied:  
 "Desire not that, my father! Thou must live;  
 For some are born to do great deeds, and live;  
 As some are born to be obscured, and die.  
 Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,  
 And reap a second glory in thine age;  
 Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.  
 But come! thou seest this great host of men  
 Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!

Let me entreat for them—what have they done?

They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.

But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,

But carry me with thee to Seistan,  
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me—  
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.

And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,  
And heap a stately mound above my bones,  
And plant a far-seen pillar over all;  
That so the passing horseman on the waste  
May see my tomb a great way off, and say:  
*Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,  
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—  
And I be not forgotten in my grave.*"

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:

"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,

So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,  
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,

And carry thee away to Seistan,  
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,  
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,  
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,  
And plant a far-seen pillar over all;  
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave;  
And I will spare thy host—yea, let them go—

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.  
What should I do with slaying any more?  
For would that all whom I have ever slain  
Might be once more alive—my bitterest foes,  
And they who were called champions in their time,

And through whose death I won that fame I have—

And I were nothing but a common man,  
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown;  
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!  
Or rather, would that I, even I myself,  
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,  
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,

Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;  
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;  
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;

And say—*O son, I weep thee not too sore,  
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!*—

But now in blood and battles was my youth,  
And full of blood and battles is my age;  
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—

"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!  
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,  
Not yet. But thou shalt have it on that day  
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,  
Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,  
Returning home over the salt, blue sea,  
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face, and said:—

"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!  
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke: and Sohrab smiled on him, and took

The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased

His wound's imperious anguish. But the blood

Came welling from the open gash, and life  
Flowed with the stream; all down his cold white side

The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soiled—

Like the soiled tissue of white violets  
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank  
By romping children, whom their nurses call  
From the hot fields at noon. His head drooped low;

His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—

White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,

Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,

Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,  
And fixed them feebly on his father's face.

Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs

Unwillingly the spirit fled away,  
Regretting the warm mansion which it left.



And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.  
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak

Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.  
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared

By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear  
His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,

Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—  
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,

And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,  
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,  
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,  
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires  
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now  
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;

The Persians took it on the open sands  
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge.  
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,  
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,

Under the solitary moon. He flowed  
Right for the polar star, past Orgunje,  
Brimming, and bright, and large. Then  
sands begin

To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,

And split his currents—that for many a league

The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along  
Through beds of sand, and matted, rushy isles—

Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had  
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere—  
A foiled, circuitous wanderer. Till at last  
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide

His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars

Emerge, and shine upon the Aral sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the king  
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:

"O father! I am young and very happy.  
I do not think the pious Calchas heard  
Distinctly what the goddess spake;—old age  
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew  
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,  
While I was resting on her knee both arms,  
And hitting it to make her mind my words,  
And looking in her face, and she in mine,  
Might not lie, also, hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"  
The father placed his cheek upon her head,  
And tears dropt down it; but the king of men

Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.

"O father! sayest thou nothing? Hearest thou not

Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,  
Listened to fondly, and awakened me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,  
When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
And the down deadened it within the nest?"  
He moved her gently from him, silent still;  
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,

Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:

"I thought to have laid down my hair before  
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed  
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;  
I thought to have selected the white flowers  
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each

By name, and with no sorrowful regret,  
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,

I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;  
And (after these who mind us girls the most)  
Adore our own Athene, that she would  
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—  
But, father, to see you no more, and see  
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"  
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back  
Bending his lofty head far over hers;

And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.

He turned away—not far, but silent still.

She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,  
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,

And like it. Once again she raised her voice:  
“O father! if the ships are now detained,  
And all your vows move not the gods above,  
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer

The less to them; and purer can there be  
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter’s prayer

For her dear father’s safety and success?”  
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.  
An aged man now entered, and without  
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist

Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw  
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.  
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried:

“O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail.”

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



### THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts  
are barred,

At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a  
trampling heard;

There is a trampling heard, as of horses tread-  
ing slow,

And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy  
sound of woe.

What tower is fallen? what star is set? what  
chief comes these bewailing?

“A tower is fallen, a star is set! Alas! alas  
for Celin!”

Three times they knock—three times they  
cry—and wide the doors they throw;

Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;  
In gloomy lines they, mustering, stand be-  
neath the hollow porch,

Each horseman grasping in his hand a black  
and flaming torch;

Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around  
is wailing,

For all have heard the misery.—“Alas! alas  
for Celin!”

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencer-  
raje’s blood—

’Twas at the solemn jousting—around the  
nobles stood;

The nobles of the land were by, and ladies  
bright and fair

Looked from their latticed windows, the  
haughty sight to share;

But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are  
bewailing—

For he was Granada’s darling knight—“Alas!  
alas for Celin!”

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by  
two,

With ashes on their turbans spread, most piti-  
ful to view;

Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in  
sable veil,

Between the tambour’s dismal strokes take  
up their doleful tale;

When stops the muffled drum ye hear their  
brotherless bewailing,

And all the people, far and near, cry—“Alas!  
alas for Celin!”

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the  
purple pall,—

The flower of all Granada’s youth, the love-  
liest of them all;

His dark, dark eyes are closed; his rosy lip is  
pale;

The crust of blood lies black and dim upon  
his burnished mail;

And ever more the hoarse tambour breaks in  
upon their wailing—

Its sound is like no earthly sound—“Alas!  
alas for Celin!”

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the  
Moor stands at his door;

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one  
is weeping sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and  
ashes black they strew

Upon their brodered garments of crimson  
green and blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still—then  
bursts the loud bewailing  
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas!  
alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she  
hears the people cry—  
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her  
glazed eye:  
'T was she that nursed him at her breast—  
that nursed him long ago;  
She knows not whom they all lament, but  
soon she well shall know!  
With one deep shriek, she through doth break,  
when her ears receive their wailing—  
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas  
for Celin!"

MOORISH BALLAD.

Translation of J. G. LOCKHART.

### A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.

ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,  
WHICH, IN THE ARABIC LANGUAGE, IS  
TO THE FOLLOWING PURPORT:

THE Moorish king rides up and down  
Through Granada's royal town;  
From Elvira's gates to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama's city fell:  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,  
And through the street directs his course;  
Through the street of Zacatin  
To the Alhambra spurring in.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

When the Alhambra's walls he gained,  
On the moment he ordained  
That the trumpet straight should sound  
With the silver clarion round.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

And when the hollow drums of war  
Beat the loud alarm afar,  
That the Moors of town and plain  
Might answer to the martial strain.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

Then the Moors, by this aware  
That bloody Mars recalled them there,  
One by one, and two by two,  
To a mighty squadron grew.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

Out then spake an aged Moor,  
In these words the king before:  
"Wherefore call on us, O king?  
What may mean this gathering?"

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know  
Of a most disastrous blow—  
That the Christians, stern and bold,  
Have obtained Alhama's hold."

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
With his beard so white to see:  
"Good king! thou art justly served—  
Good king! this thou hast deserved.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower:  
And strangers were received by thee,  
Of Cordova the chivalry.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"And for this, O king! is sent  
On thee a double chastisement;  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone."

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes  
The monarch's wrath began to rise:

Because he answered, and because  
He spake exceeding well of laws.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—  
Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!  
Though thy beard so hoary be,  
The king hath sent to have thee seized,  
For Alhama's loss displeased—

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
That this for thee should be the law,  
And others tremble when they saw.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"Cavalier, and man of worth!  
Let these words of mine go forth;  
Let the Moorish monarch know  
That to him I nothing owe.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
And on my inmost spirit preys;  
And if the king his land hath lost,  
Yet others may have lost the most.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost; another, wealth or fame.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

"I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
And think her ransom cheap that day."

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They severed from the trunk his head;  
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed  
'T was carried, as the king decreed.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls;  
The king weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.

*Wo is me, Alhama!*

Translation of LORD BYRON. ANONYMOUS (Spanish)

### THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the  
west—

Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him  
the best,

And the children stood watching them out  
of the town;

For men must work, and women must weep;  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went  
down;

And they looked at the squall, and they  
looked at the shower,

And the rack it came rolling up, ragged  
and brown;

But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands

In the morning gleam as the tide went  
down,

And the women are watching and wringing  
their hands,

For those who will never come back to  
the town;

For men must work, and women must  
weep—

And the sooner it's over, the sooner to  
sleep—

And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!  
 Brightest in dungeons, liberty, thou art,  
 For there thy habitation is the heart—  
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—  
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless  
 gloom—  
 Their country conquers with their martyr-  
 dom,  
 And freedom's fame finds wings on every  
 wind.  
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod  
 Until his very steps have left a trace,  
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
 By Bonnivard!—May none those marks ef-  
 face!  
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

## I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
 Nor grew it white  
 In a single night,  
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;  
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,  
 But rusted with a vile repose;  
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
 And mine has been the fate of those  
 To whom the goodly earth and air  
 Are banned and barred—Forbidden fare.  
 But this was for my father's faith  
 I suffered chains and courted death.  
 That father perished at the stake  
 For tenets he would not forsake;  
 And for the same his lineal race  
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.  
 We were seven, who now are one—  
 Six in youth, and one in age,  
 Finished as they had begun,  
 Proud of persecution's rage;  
 One in fire, and two in field,  
 Their belief with blood have sealed—  
 Dying as their father died,  
 For the God their foes denied;  
 Three were in a dungeon cast,  
 Of whom this wreck is left the last

## II.

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould,  
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;  
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,  
 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—  
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
 And through the crevice and the cleft  
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left -  
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp;  
 And in each pillar there is a ring,  
 And in each ring there is a chain;  
 That iron is a cankering thing,  
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
 With marks that will not wear away  
 Till I have done with this new day,  
 Which now is painful to these eyes,  
 Which have not seen the sun so rise  
 For years—I cannot count them o'er;  
 I lost their long and heavy score  
 When my last brother drooped and died.  
 And I lay living by his side.

## III.

They chained us each to a column stone;  
 And we were three—yet, each alone.  
 We could not move a single pace;  
 We could not see each other's face,  
 But with that pale and livid light  
 That made us strangers in our sight;  
 And thus together, yet apart—  
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;  
 'T was still some solace, in the dearth  
 Of the pure elements of earth,  
 To hearken to each other's speech,  
 And each turn comforter to each—  
 With some new hope, or legend old,  
 Or song heroically bold;  
 But even these at length grew cold.  
 Our voices took a dreary tone,  
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,  
 A grating sound—not full and free,  
 As they of yore were wont to be;  
 It might be fancy—but to me  
 They never sounded like our own.

## IV.

I was the eldest of the three,  
 And to uphold and cheer the rest  
 I ought to do, and did, my best—  
 And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—

For him my soul was sorely moved ;  
And truly might it be distress  
To see such bird in such a nest ;  
For he was beautiful as day

(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles, being free),  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone—

Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun :

And thus he was, as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for naught but other's ills ;  
And then they flowed like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhorred to view below.

## V.

The other was as pure of mind,  
But formed to combat with his kind ;  
Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,  
And perished in the foremost rank

With joy ; but not in chains to pine.  
His spirit withered with their clank ;  
I saw it silently decline—

And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine !  
But yet I forced it on, to cheer  
Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,  
Had followed there the deer and wolf ;  
To him this dungeon was a gulf,  
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

## VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls.  
A thousand feet in depth below,  
Its massy waters meet and flow ;  
Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
Which round about the wave enthrals ;  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made—and like a living grave,  
Below the surface of the lake  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay ;  
We heard it ripple night and day ;

Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.  
And I have felt the winter's spray

Wash through the bars when winds were  
high,  
And wanton in the happy sky ;  
And then the very rock hath rocked,  
And I have felt it shake, unshocked ;  
Because I could have smiled to see  
The death that would have set me free.

## VII.

I said my nearer brother pined ;  
I said his mighty heart declined.  
He loathed and put away his food ;  
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunter's fare,  
And for the like had little care.  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat ;  
Our bread was such as captives' tears  
Have moistened many a thousand years,  
Since man first pent his fellow-men,  
Like brutes, within an iron den.  
But what were these to us or him ?  
These wasted not his heart or limb ;  
My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain's side.  
But why delay the truth ?—he died.  
I saw, and could not hold his head,  
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,  
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
He died—and they unlocked his chain,  
And scooped for him a shallow grave  
Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
I begged them, as a boon, to lay  
His corse in dust whereon the day  
Might shine—it was a foolish thought ;  
But then within my brain it wrought,  
That even in death his freeborn breast  
In such a dungeon could not rest.  
I might have spared my idle prayer—  
They coldly laughed, and laid him there,  
The flat and turfless earth above  
The being we so much did love ;  
His empty chain above it leant—  
Such murder's fitting monument !

## VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
Most cherished since his natal hour,

His mother's image in fair face,  
 The infant love of all his race,  
 His martyred father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care—for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free—  
 He, too, who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired—  
 He, too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was withered on the stalk away.  
 O God! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood:  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood;  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of sin, delirious with its dread;  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmixed with such—but sure and slow.  
 He faded, and so calm and meek,  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray—  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur, not  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot—  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise;  
 For I was sunk in silence—lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most.  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less.  
 I listened, but I could not hear—  
 I called, for I was wild with fear;  
 I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished;  
     called, and thought I heard a sound—  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rushed to him: I found him not.  
 I only stirred in this black spot;  
 I only lived—I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;  
 The last, the sole, the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,

Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.  
 One on the earth, and one beneath—  
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.  
 I took that hand which lay so still—  
 Alas! my own was full as chill;  
 I had not strength to stir or strive,  
 But felt that I was still alive—  
 A frantic feeling, when we know  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
     I know not why  
     I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death.

## IX.

What next befell me then and there  
     I know not well—I never knew.  
 First came the loss of light and air,  
     And then of darkness too.  
 I had no thought, no feeling—none:  
 Among the stones I stood a stone;  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;  
 It was not night—it was not day;  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight;  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness, without a place;  
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,  
 No check, no change, no good, no crime;  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death—  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

## X.

A light broke in upon my brain—  
     It was the carol of a bird;  
 It ceased, and then it came again—  
     The sweetest song ear ever heard;  
 And mine was thankful till my eyes  
 Ran over with the glad surprise,  
 And they that moment could not see  
 I was the mate of misery;  
 But then, by dull degrees came back  
 My senses to their wonted track:  
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
 Close slowly round me as before;

I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done;  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perched as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree—  
A lovely bird with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seemed to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before—  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.  
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate;  
And it was come to love me when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,  
Or broke its cage to perch on mine;  
But knowing well captivity,  
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine—  
Or if it were, in winged guise,  
A visitant from Paradise;

For—heaven forgive that thought, the while  
Which made me both to weep and smile!—  
I sometimes deemed that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me;  
But then at last away it flew,  
And then 't was mortal well I knew;  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone—  
Lone as the corse within its shroud,  
Lone as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

## XI.

A kind of change came in my fate—  
My keepers grew compassionate.  
I know not what had made them so—  
They were inured to sights of woe;  
But so it was—my broken chain  
With links unfastened did remain;  
And it was liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk begun—

Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod.  
For if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed,  
My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

## XII.

I made a footing in the wall:  
It was not therefrom to escape,  
For I had buried one and all  
Who loved me in a human shape;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me;  
No child, no sire, no kin had I,  
No partner in my misery.  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad.  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barred windows, and to bend  
Once more upon the mountains high  
The quiet of a loving eye.

## XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same;  
They were not changed, like me, in frame:  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high—their wide, long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;  
I saw the white-walled distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile—  
The only one in view;  
A small, green isle, it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing  
Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seemed joyous, each and all;  
The eagle rode the rising blast—  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seemed to fly;  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled, and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain;



And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load ;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save ;  
And yet my glance, too much oppress,  
Had almost need of such a rest.

## XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—  
I kept no count, I took no note—  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
And clear them of their dreary mote ;  
At last came men to set me free,  
I asked not why, and recked not where ;  
It was at length the same to me,  
Fettered or fetterless to be ;  
I learned to love despair.  
And thus, when they appeared at last,  
And all my bonds aside were cast,  
These heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage—and all my own !  
And half I felt as they were come  
To tear me from a sacred home.  
With spiders I had friendship made,  
And watched them in their sullen trade ;  
Had seen the mice by moonlight play—  
And why should I feel less than they ?  
We were all inmates of one place,  
And I, the monarch of each race,  
Had power to kill ; yet, strange to tell !  
In quiet we had learned to dwell.  
My very chains and I grew friends,  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are :—even I  
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

## THE SEA.

Through the night, through the night,  
In the saddest unrest,  
Wrapt in white, all in white,  
With her babe on her breast,  
Walks the mother so pale,  
Staring out on the gale  
Through the night !

Through the night, through the night,  
Where the sea lifts the wreck,  
Land in sight, close in sight,  
On the surf-flooded deck  
Stands the father so brave,  
Driving on to his grave  
Through the night !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king  
(Hurry !)  
That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
And pined for the comfort his voice would  
bring ;  
(Oh ! ride as though you were flying !)  
Better he loves each golden curl  
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl  
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl ;  
And his rose of the isles is dying !  
Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;  
(Hurry !)  
Each one mounting a gallant steed  
Which he kept for battle and days of need ;  
(Oh ! ride as though you were flying !)  
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;  
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;  
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst ;  
But ride as they would, the king rode first,  
For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;  
(Hurry !)  
They have fainted, and faltered, and home-  
ward gone ;  
His little fair page now follows alone,  
For strength and for courage trying !  
The king looked back at that faithful child ;  
Wan was the face that answering smiled ;  
They passed the drawbridge with clattering  
din,  
Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in  
Where his rose of the isles lay dying !  
The king blew a blast on his bugle horn ;  
(Silence !)  
No answer came ; but faint and forlorn  
An echo returned on the cold grey morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.  
The castle portal stood grimly wide;  
None welcomed the king from that weary  
ride;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,  
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,  
The thick sobs choking in his breast;  
And, that dumb companion eyeing,  
The tears gushed forth which he strove to  
check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:  
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,  
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain  
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

#### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready.  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men—  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her—  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing—  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and  
shade  
His child he did discover;  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in  
grief,  
"Across this stormy water;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'T was vain:—the loud waves lashed the  
shore,  
Return or aid preventing.  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

## ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

Toll for the brave—  
The brave that are no more!  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was upset—  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
His last sea-fight is fought,  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
No tempest gave the shock;  
She sprang no fatal leak;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes!  
And mingle with our cup  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again,  
Full charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone—  
His victories are o'er;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the waves no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea—  
The ship was still as she might be;  
Her sails from heaven received no motion;  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock,  
On the waves of the storm it floated and  
swung,  
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell;  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay—  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,  
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring—  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess;  
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float:  
Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat;  
And row me to the Inchcape rock,  
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;  
The bubbles rose, and burst around.

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to  
the rock  
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the rover sailed away—  
He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,  
They could not see the sun on high ;  
The wind had blown a gale all day ;  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand ;  
So dark it is, they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?  
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.  
Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along ;  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—  
O Christ ! it is the Inchcape rock !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm ;  
His pipe was in his mouth ;  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish main :  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !"  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the northeast ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daugh-  
ter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring ;  
Oh say, what may it be ?"  
"T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;  
Oh say, what may it be ?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light ;  
Oh say, what may it be ?"  
But the father answered never a word—  
A frozen corpse was he.



Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
 With his face turned to the skies,  
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming  
 snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and  
 prayed

That saved she might be;  
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the  
 wave

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and  
 drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,  
 A sound came from the land;

It was the sound of the trampling surf  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;  
 She drifted a dreary wreck;

And a whooping billow swept the crew,  
 Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool;

But the cruel rocks they gored her side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,

With the mast went by the board;  
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—  
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair,  
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
 In the midnight and the snow;  
 Christ save us all from a death like this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;  
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of  
 the wind;

But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew  
 away,  
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his  
 mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native  
 bowers,

And pleasures that waited on life's merry  
 morn;

While memory stood sideways half covered  
 with flowers,

And restored every rose, but secreted its  
 thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy  
 rise;

Now far, far behind him the green waters  
 glide,

And the cot of his forefathers blesses his  
 eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the  
 thatch,

And the swallow chirps sweet from her  
 nest in the wall;

All trembling with transport, he raises the  
 latch,

And the voices of loved ones reply to his  
 call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of de-  
 light;

His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm  
 tear;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom  
 holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his  
 breast;

Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem  
 o'er;

And a murmur of happiness steals through  
his rest—

"O God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no  
more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts  
on his eye?

Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms  
on his ear?

'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell  
on the sky!

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of  
the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to  
the deck;

Amazement confronts him with images  
dire;

Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel  
a wreck;

The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are  
on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously  
swell;

In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to  
save;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings  
o'er the wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work  
of bliss.

Where now is the picture that fancy touched  
bright—

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's  
honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes  
repay;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the  
main,

Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for  
thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merciless  
surge,

But the white foam of waves shall thy wind-  
ing-sheet be,  
And winds in the midnight of winter thy  
dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall  
be laid—

Around thy white bones the red coral shall  
grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be  
made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle  
away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall  
roll;

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—

O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy  
soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

### HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!

How's my boy—my boy?"

"What's your boy's name, good wife,  
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—

He that went to sea—

What care I for the ship, sailor?

My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,

And not know my John?

I might as well have asked some lands-  
man,

Yonder down in the town.

There's not an ass in all the parish

But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?

And unless you let me know

I'll swear you are no sailor,

Blue jacket or no—

Brass buttons or no, sailor,

Anchor and crown or no—

Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'—  
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,  
About my own boy John?  
If I was loud as I am proud  
I'd sing him over the town!  
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—  
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the ship, sailor—  
I was never aboard her.  
Be she afloat or be she aground,  
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound  
Her owners can afford her!  
I say, how's my John?"—  
"Every man on board went down,  
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the men, sailor?  
I'm not their mother—  
How's my boy—my boy?  
Tell me of him and no other!  
How's my boy—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL

#### TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling—  
For death has broached him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty;  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below, he did his duty;  
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed—  
His virtues were so rare;  
His friends were many and true-hearted;  
His Poll was kind and fair.  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—  
Ah, many's the time and oft!  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He, who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches  
In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
For, though his body's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

#### THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

THE moon was a-waning,  
The tempest was over;  
Fair was the maiden,  
And fond was the lover;  
But the snow was so deep  
That his heart it grew weary;  
And he sunk down to sleep,  
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed  
She had made for her lover,  
White were the sheets  
And embroidered the cover;  
But his sheets are more white,  
And his canopy grander;  
And sounder he sleeps  
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,  
What sorrows attend you!  
I see you sit shivering,  
With lights at your window;  
But long may you wait  
Ere your arms shall enclose him.  
For still, still he lies,  
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task  
The sad tidings to tell you!—  
An orphan you were  
Ere this misery befell you;  
And far in yon wild,  
Where the dead-tapers hover,  
So cold, cold and wan,  
Lies the corpse of your lover!

JAMES HOGG.

## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'T WAS in the prime of summer time,  
 An evening calm and cool,  
 And four-and-twenty happy boys  
 Came bounding out of school;  
 There were some that ran and some that  
 leapt,  
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds  
 And souls untouched by sin;  
 To a level mead they came, and there  
 They drave the wickets in:  
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
 And shouted as they ran—  
 Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
 As only boyhood can;  
 But the usher sat remote from all,  
 A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze;  
 For a burning thought was in his brow,  
 And his bosom ill at ease;  
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and  
 read  
 The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
 Nor ever glanced aside;  
 For the peace of his soul he read that book  
 In the golden eventide;  
 Much study had made him very lean,  
 And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;  
 With a fast and fervent grasp  
 He strained the dusky covers close,  
 And fixed the brazen hasp:  
 'O, God! could I so close my mind  
 And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
 Some moody turns he took—

Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
 And past a shady nook—  
 And, lo! he saw a little boy  
 That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—  
 Romance or fairy fable?  
 Or is it some historic page,  
 Of kings and crowns unstable?"  
 The young boy gave an upward glance—  
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,  
 As smit with sudden pain—  
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
 Then slowly back again;  
 And down he sat beside the lad,  
 And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
 Whose deeds tradition saves;  
 And lonely folk cut off unseen,  
 And hid in sudden graves;  
 And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,  
 And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men  
 Shriek upward from the sod;  
 Aye, how the ghostly hand will point  
 To show the burial clod;  
 And unknown facts of guilty acts  
 Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth  
 Beneath the curse of Cain—  
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
 And flames about their brain;  
 For blood has left upon their souls  
 Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for  
 truth,  
 Their pangs must be extreme—  
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe—  
 Who spill life's sacred stream!  
 For why? Methought, last night I wrought  
 A murder, in a dream!



"One that had never done me wrong—  
 A feeble man and old;  
 I led him to a lonely field—  
 The moon shone clear and cold:  
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
 And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
 And one with a heavy stone,  
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife—  
 And then the deed was done:  
 There was nothing lying at my feet  
 But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
 That could not do me ill;  
 And yet I feared him all the more,  
 For lying there so still:  
 There was a manhood in his look,  
 That murder could not kill!

'And, lo! the universal air  
 Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—  
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
 Were looking down in blame;  
 I took the dead man by his hand,  
 And called upon his name!

'O God! it made me quake to see  
 Such sense within the slain!  
 But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
 The blood gushed out again!  
 For every clot a burning spot  
 Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal—  
 My heart as solid ice;  
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
 Was at the devil's price.  
 A dozen times I groaned—the dead  
 Had never groaned but twice!

"And now from forth the frowning sky,  
 From the heaven's topmost height,  
 I heard a voice—the awful voice  
 Of the blood-avenging sprite:  
 'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,  
 And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,  
 And cast it in a stream—  
 The sluggish water, black as ink,  
 The depth was so extreme:  
 My gentle boy, remember! this  
 Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow  
 plunge,  
 And vanished in the pool;  
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
 And washed my forehead cool,  
 And sat among the urchins young,  
 That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,  
 And mine so black and grim!  
 I could not share in childish prayer,  
 Nor join in evening hymn;  
 Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
 'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all  
 And each calm pillow spread;  
 But guilt was my grim chamberlain,  
 That lighted me to bed,  
 And drew my midnight curtains round  
 With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,  
 In anguish dark and deep;  
 My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
 But stared aghast at sleep;  
 For sin had rendered unto her  
 The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,  
 From weary chime to chime;  
 With one besetting horrid hint,  
 That racked me all the time—  
 A mighty yearning, like the first  
 Fierce impulse unto crime—

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
 All other thoughts its slave!  
 Stronger and stronger every pulse  
 Did that temptation crave—  
 Still urging me to go and see  
 The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accursed pool  
With a wild misgiving eye;  
And I saw the dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dew-drop from its wing;  
But I never marked its morning flight—  
I never heard it sing;  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran;  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began—  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was other where;  
As soon as the mid-day task was done,  
In secret I was there—  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep—  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones!  
Aye, though he's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh—  
The world shall see his bones!

'O God! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake!  
Again—again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mould allow;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul—  
It stands before me now!"  
The fearful boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin's eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn  
Through the cold and heavy mist;  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

### YOUNG AIRLY.

KEN ye aught of brave Lochiel?  
Or ken ye aught of Airly?  
They have belted on their bright broad swords,  
And off and awa' wi' Charlie.  
Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,  
And bring it red and yarely—  
At mirk midnight there flashed a light  
O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,  
Which gleams so red and rarely?  
By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,  
It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!  
Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,  
And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;  
Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe  
Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

Oh, yon fair tower's my native tower!  
Nor will it soothe my mourning,  
Were London palace, tower, and town,  
As fast and brightly burning.  
It's no my hame—my father's hame,  
That reddens my cheek sae sairly—  
But my wife, and twa sweet babes I left  
To smoor in the smoke of Airly.

ANONYMOUS

## A SNOW-STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

## I.

'T is a fearful night in the winter time,  
 As cold as it ever can be;  
 The roar of the blast is heard like the chime  
 Of the waves on an angry sea.  
 The moon is full; but her silver light  
 The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;  
 And over the sky from south to north  
 Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth  
 In the strength of a mighty glee.

## II.

All day had the snow come down—all day  
 As it never came down before;  
 And over the hills, at sun-set, lay  
 Some two or three feet, or more;  
 The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;  
 The windows blocked and the well-curbs  
 gone;  
 The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,  
 And the wood-pile looked like a monster  
 drift,  
 As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,  
 While the air grows sharp and chill,  
 And the warning roar of a fearful blow  
 Is heard on the distant hill;  
 And the norther, see! on the mountain peak  
 In his breath how the old trees writhe and  
 shriek!

He shouts on the plain, ho-ho! ho-ho!  
 He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,  
 And growls with a savage will.

## III.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,  
 In the drifts and the freezing air,  
 Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,  
 With the snow in his shaggy hair.  
 He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;  
 He lifts his head, and moans and howls;  
 Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,  
 His nose is pressed on his quivering feet—  
 Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain—  
 But he lost the travelled way;  
 And for hours he trod with might and main  
 A path for his horse and sleigh;  
 But colder still the cold winds blew,  
 And deeper still the deep drifts grew,  
 And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,  
 At last in her struggles floundered down,  
 Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,  
 She plunged in the drifting snow,  
 While her master urged, till his breath grew  
 short,  
 With a word and a gentle blow;  
 But the snow was deep, and the tugs were  
 tight;  
 His hands were numb and had lost their  
 might;  
 So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,  
 And strove to shelter himself till day,  
 With his coat and the buffalo.

## IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,  
 To rouse up his dying steed;  
 And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain  
 For help in his master's need.  
 For a while he strives with a wistful cry  
 To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,  
 And wags his tail if the rude winds flap  
 The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,  
 And whines when he takes no heed

## V.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er—  
 'T is the hour of midnight, past;  
 The old trees writhe and bend no more  
 In the whirl of the rushing blast.  
 The silent moon with her peaceful light  
 Looks down on the hills with snow all white  
 And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,  
 The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,  
 Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log  
 Are they who came from the town—  
 The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,  
 And his beautiful Morgan brown—

In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,  
With his cap on his head and the reins in his  
hand—

The dog with his nose on his master's feet,  
And the mare half seen through the crusted  
sleet,

Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

### THE HUNTER'S VISION.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,  
Rose from the mountain's breast,  
A weary hunter of the deer  
Had sat him down to rest,  
And bared to the soft summer air  
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,  
With dimmer vales between;  
And rivers glimmered on their way,  
By forests faintly seen;  
While ever rose a murmuring sound,  
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear  
A strain, so soft and low  
That whether in the mind or ear  
The listener scarce might know;  
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,  
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,  
"Thou faint with toil and heat,  
The pleasant land of rest is spread  
Before thy very feet,  
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see  
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky  
Amid the noontide haze,  
A shadowy region met his eye,  
And grew beneath his gaze,  
As if the vapors of the air  
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers  
Showed bright on rocky bank,  
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,  
Where deer and pheasant drank.  
He saw the glittering streams; he heard  
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,  
There lived and walked again;  
And there was one who many a year  
Within her grave had lain,  
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—  
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came  
Right towards his resting place,  
And stretched her hand and called his name,  
With that sweet smiling face.  
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,  
The hunter leaned in act to rise:

Forward he leaned—and headlong down  
Plunged from that craggy wall;  
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown  
An instant, in his fall—  
A frightful instant, and no more;  
The dream and life at once were o'er.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,  
Gentle death!  
Let her leave thee with no strife,  
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!  
She hath seen her happy day—  
She hath had her bud and blossom;  
Now she pales and shrinks away,  
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,  
Angels dear!  
Bear her perfect soul above,  
Seraph of the skies—sweet love!  
Good she was, and fair in youth;  
And her mind was seen to soar,  
And her heart was wed to truth:  
Take her, then, for evermore—  
For ever—evermore!

BARRY CORNWALL



## THE MAY QUEEN.

## I.

You must wake and call me early, call me  
early, mother dear;  
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the  
glad new-year—  
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the mad-  
dest, merriest day;  
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be queen o' the May.

## II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say,  
but none so bright as mine;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate  
and Caroline;  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land,  
they say:  
So I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be queen o' the May.

## III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall  
never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day be-  
gins to break;  
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds,  
and garlands gay;  
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye  
should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the  
hazel-tree?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave  
him yesterday,—  
But I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was  
all in white;  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a  
flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not  
what they say,  
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## VI.

They say he's dying all for love—but tha  
can never be;  
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what  
is that to me?  
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any  
summer day;  
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to  
the green,  
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me  
made the queen;  
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come  
from far away;  
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven  
its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint  
sweet cuckoo-flowers;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire  
in swamps and hollows gray;  
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon  
the meadow-grass,  
And the happy stars above them seem to  
brighten as they pass;  
There will not be a drop of rain the whole o'  
the livelong day;  
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm  
to be queen o' the May.

## X.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green  
and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over  
all the hill.

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,  
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## XI.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year:  
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,  
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,  
I'm to be queen o' the May.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

## I.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.  
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see—  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

## II.

To-night I saw the sun set—he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;  
And the new-year's coming up, mother; but I shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

## III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day—  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me queen of May;  
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

## IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills—the frost is on the pane;  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high—  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

## V.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

## VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,  
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm up on the hill—  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

## VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light  
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

## VIII.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

## IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll  
 forgive me now ;  
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my  
 cheek and brow ;  
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your  
 grief be wild ;  
 You should not fret for me, mother—you  
 have another child.

## X.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out  
 my resting-place ;  
 Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall  
 look upon your face ;  
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken  
 what you say,  
 And be often, often with you when you think  
 I'm far away.

## XI.

Good-night! good-night! when I have said  
 good-night for evermore,  
 And you see me carried out from the threshold  
 of the door,  
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave  
 be growing green—  
 She'll be a better child to you than ever I  
 have been.

## XII.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary  
 floor.  
 Let her take 'em—they are hers ; I shall never  
 garden more.  
 But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the  
 rose-bush that I set  
 About the parlor-window, and the box of  
 mignonette.

## XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother! Call me before  
 the day is born.  
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at  
 morn ;  
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad  
 new-year—  
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me early,  
 mother dear.

## CONCLUSION.

## I.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive  
 I am ;  
 And in the fields all round I hear the bleating  
 of the lamb.  
 How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of  
 the year !  
 To die before the snowdrop came, and now  
 the violet's here.

## II.

Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath  
 the skies ;  
 And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me  
 that cannot rise ;  
 And sweet is all the land about, and all the  
 flowers that blow ;  
 And sweeter far is death than life, to me that  
 long to go.

## III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave  
 the blessed sun,  
 And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yet,  
 His will be done !  
 But still I think it can't be long before I find  
 release ;  
 And that good man, the clergyman, has told  
 me words of peace.

## IV.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on his  
 silver hair !  
 And blessings on his whole life long, until he  
 meet me there !  
 Oh blessings on his kindly heart and on his  
 silver head !  
 A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt be-  
 side my bed.

## V.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught  
 me all the sin ;  
 Now, though my lamp was lighted late,  
 there's One will let me in.  
 Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if  
 that could be ;  
 For my desire is but to pass to Him that died  
 for me.

## VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the  
death-watch beat—  
There came a sweeter token when the night  
and morning meet;  
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your  
hand in mine,  
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell  
the sign.

## VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the  
angels call—  
It was when the moon was setting, and the  
dark was over all;  
The trees began to whisper, and the wind be-  
gan to roll,  
And in the wild March-morning I heard them  
call my soul.

## VIII.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and  
Effie dear;  
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer  
here;  
With all my strength I prayed for both—and  
so I felt resigned,  
And up the valley came a swell of music on  
the wind.

## IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in  
my bed;  
And then did something speak to me—I know  
not what was said;  
For great delight and shuddering took hold  
of all my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music on  
the wind.

## X.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not  
for them—it's mine;"  
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take  
it for a sign.  
And once again it came, and close beside the  
window-bars—  
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and  
die among the stars.

## XI.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is.  
I know  
The blessed music went that way my soul  
will have to go.  
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-  
day;  
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am  
past away.

## XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him  
not to fret;  
There's many worthier than I would make  
him happy yet.  
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have  
been his wife;  
But all these things have ceased to be, with  
my desire of life.

## XIII.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens  
are in a glow;  
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of  
them I know.  
And there I move no longer now, and there  
his light may shine—  
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands  
than mine.

## XIV.

Oh sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere  
this day is done  
The voice that now is speaking may be be-  
yond the sun—  
For ever and for ever with those just souls  
and true—  
And what is life, that we should moan? why  
make we such ado?

## XV.

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home,  
And there to wait a little while till you and  
Effie come—  
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon  
your breast—  
And the wicked cease from troubling, and  
the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



### THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive  
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,  
Them any harm; alas! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wished them ill—  
Nor do I for all this, nor will;  
But, if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears,  
Rather than fail. But, oh my fears!  
It cannot die so. Heaven's king  
Keeps register of every thing;  
And nothing may we use in vain;  
Even beasts must be with justice slain—  
Else men are made their deodands.  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
From thine and wound me to the heart,  
Yet could they not be clean—their stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain;  
There is not such another in  
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio! when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,  
One morning (I remember well),  
Tied in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me; nay, and I know  
What he said then—I'm sure I do:  
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear!"  
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled—  
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;  
And, quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth, I set myself to play  
My solitary time away,  
With this; and, very well content,  
Could so mine idle life have spent.  
For it was full of sport, and light  
Of foot and heart, and did invite  
Me to its game. It seemed to bless  
Itself in me; how could I less  
Than love it? Oh I cannot be  
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know  
Whether it, too, might have done so  
As Sylvio did—his gifts might be  
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.  
For I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time espy,  
Thy love was far more better than  
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first  
I it at mine own fingers nursed;  
And as it grew, so every day  
It waxed more white and sweet than they.  
It had so sweet a breath! and oft  
I blushed to see its foot more soft  
And white—shall I say than my hand?  
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'T was on those little silver feet!  
With what a pretty, skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race!  
And when 't had left me far away,  
'T would stay, and run again, and stay;  
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,  
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own—  
But so with roses overgrown,  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness;  
And all the spring-time of the year  
It only loved to be there.  
Among the beds of lilies I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;  
Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it, although before mine eyes;  
For in the flaxen lilies' shade  
It like a bank of lilies laid.  
Upon the roses it would feed,  
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed;  
And then to me 't would boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still  
On roses thus itself to fill;  
And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lilies without, roses within.

Oh help! oh help! I see it faint,  
And die as calmly as a saint!  
See how it weeps! the tears do come,  
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.  
So weens the wounded balsam; so

The holy frankincense doth flow;  
The brotherless Heliades  
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will  
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill  
It, till it do o'erflow, with mine;  
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to  
Whither the swans and turtles go;  
In fair Elysium to endure,  
With milk-white lambs, and ermins pure.  
Oh do not run too fast! for I  
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall  
Be cut in marble; and withal,  
Let it be weeping too! But there  
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,  
For I so truly thee bemoan  
That I shall weep though I be stone;  
Until my tears, still drooping, wear  
My breast, themselves engraving there.  
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
Of purest alabaster made;  
For I would have thine image be  
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

# LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side  
On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
When first you were my bride;  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high;  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;  
The day is bright as then;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again;  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath, warm on my cheek;  
And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
You never more will speak.

Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near—

The church where we were wed, Mary;  
I see the spire from here.  
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest—  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary—  
For the poor make no new friends;  
But, oh! they love the better still  
The few our Father sends!  
And you were all I had, Mary—  
My blessin' and my pride:  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength was gone;  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break—  
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,  
And you hid it for my sake;  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true!  
But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm goin' to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies;  
And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springin' corn, and the bright May  
morn,  
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFEIN.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care!  
Fashioned so slenderly—  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements,  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly—  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny,  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb—  
Her fair auburn tresses—  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed—  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled—  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it!  
Picture it—think of it!  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly—  
Lift her with care!  
Fashioned so slenderly—  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest!  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP!—The ghostly winds are blowing!  
No moon abroad—no star is glowing;  
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing  
To the land where you and I are going!

We are going afar,  
Beyond moon or star,  
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,  
(‘T was melted away by his looks of fire)—  
Forgot my God, and my father’s ire,  
All for the sake of a man’s desire;

But now we’ll go  
Where the waters flow,  
And make us a bed where none shall  
know.

The world is cruel—the world is untrue;  
Our foes are many, our friends are few;  
No work, no bread, however we sue!  
What is there left for me to do,

But fly—fly  
From the cruel sky,  
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It’s oh! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work  
Till the brain begins to swim!  
Work—work—work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam—  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

“O men, with sisters dear!  
O men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you’re wearing out,  
But human creatures’ lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt!

“But why do I talk of death—  
That phantom of grisly bone?  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw  
A crust of bread—and rags,



That shattered roof—and this naked floor—  
 A table—a broken chair—  
 And a wall so blank my shadow I thank  
 For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!  
 From weary chime to chime!  
 Work—work—work—  
 As prisoners work for crime!  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Seam, and gusset, and band—  
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,  
 As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work  
 In the dull December light!  
 And work—work—work,  
 When the weather is warm and bright!—  
 While underneath the eaves  
 The brooding swallows cling,  
 As if to show me their sunny backs,  
 And twit me with the Spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath  
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
 With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet!  
 For only one short hour  
 To feel as I used to feel,  
 Before I knew the woes of want  
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour—  
 A respite however brief!  
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
 But only time for grief!  
 A little weeping would ease my heart;  
 But in their briny bed  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—  
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

THOMAS HOOD.

## SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

Into the silent land!  
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather  
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand  
 Who leads us with a gentle hand  
 Thither, oh, thither!  
 Into the silent land?

Into the silent land!  
 To you, ye boundless regions  
 Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions  
 Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and  
 band!  
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand  
 Shall bear hope's tender blossoms  
 Into the silent land!

O land! O land!  
 For all the broken-hearted  
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted  
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
 To lead us with a gentle hand  
 Into the land of the great departed—  
 Into the silent land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS. (German.)  
 Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

TREAD softly! bow the head—  
 In reverent silence bow!  
 No passing bell doth toll;  
 Yet an immortal soul  
 Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,  
 With lowly reverence bow!  
 There's one in that poor shed—  
 One by that paltry bed—  
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
 Lo! Death doth keep his state!  
 Enter!—no crowds attend—  
 Enter!—no guards defend  
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold  
 No smiling courtiers tread ;  
 One silent woman stands,  
 Lifting with meagre hands  
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—  
 An infant wail alone ;  
 A sob suppressed—again  
 That short deep gasp—and then  
 The parting groan !

Oh ! change—oh ! wondrous change !  
 Burst are the prison bars !  
 This moment there, so low,  
 So agonized—and now  
 Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !  
 There lies the soulless clod !  
 The sun eternal breaks ;  
 The new immortal wakes—  
 Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

### THE LAST JOURNEY.

SLOWLY, with measured tread,  
 Onward we bear the dead  
 To his lone home ;  
 Short grows the homeward road—  
 On with your mortal load !—  
 O grave ! we come.

Yet, yet—ah ! hasten not  
 Past each remembered spot  
 Where he hath been—  
 Where late he walked in glee,  
 These from henceforth to be  
 Never more seen !

Rest ye—set down the bier !  
 One he loved dwelleth here ;  
 Let the dead lie  
 A moment that door beside,  
 Wont to fly open wide  
 Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken !—he speaketh yet !—  
 “O friend ! wilt thou forget  
 (Friend—more than brother !)  
 How hand in hand we’ve gone,  
 Heart with heart linked in one—  
 All to each other ?

“O friend ! I go from thee—  
 Where the worm feasteth free,  
 Darkly to dwell ;  
 Giv’st thou no parting kiss ?  
 Friend ! is it come to this ?  
 O friend, farewell !”

Uplift your load again !  
 Take up the mourning strain—  
 Pour the deep wail !  
 Lo ! the expected one  
 To his place passeth on—  
 Grave ! bid him hail !

Yet, yet—ah ! slowly move  
 Bear not the form we love  
 Fast from our sight—  
 Let the air breathe on him,  
 And the sun beam on him  
 Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe ;  
 Lay the departed low,  
 Even at his gate !  
 Will the dead speak again—  
 Uttering proud boasts, and vain  
 Last words of hate ?

Lo ! the cold lips unclose—  
 List ! list ! what sounds are those,  
 Plaintive and low ?  
 “O thou, mine enemy !  
 Come forth and look on me,  
 Ere hence I go.

“Curse not thy foemen now—  
 Mark ! on his pallid brow  
 Whose seal is set !  
 Pardoning I pass thy way ;  
 Then wage not war with clay—  
 Pardon—forget !”

Now all his labor's done!  
 Now, now the goal is won!  
 O grave, we come!  
 Seal up the precious dust—  
 Land of the good and just,  
 Take the soul home!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

### THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly  
 round trot—  
 To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;  
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no  
 springs;  
 And hark to the dirge which the mad driver  
 sings:  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*  
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are  
 none—  
 He has left not a gap in the world, now he's  
 gone—  
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or  
 man;  
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you  
 can:  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*  
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing,  
 and din!  
 The whip how it cracks! and the wheels, how  
 they spin!  
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges  
 is hurled!—  
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the  
 world!  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*  
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some ap-  
 proach  
 To gentility, now that he's stretched in a  
 coach!

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;  
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*  
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother  
 conveyed—  
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!  
 And be joyful to think, when by death you're  
 laid low,  
 You've a chance to the grave like a gemman  
 to go!  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*  
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is  
 sad,  
 To think that a heart in humanity clad  
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate  
 end,  
 And depart from the light without leaving a  
 friend!  
*Bear soft his bones over the stones!*  
*Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker*  
*yet owns!*

THOMAS NOEL.

### THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied—  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
 Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through glory's morning-gate,  
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?

PEACE! what can tears avail?  
She lies all dumb and pale,  
And from her eye  
The spirit of lovely life is fading—  
And she must die!  
Why looks the lover wroth—the friend up-  
braiding?  
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long  
'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?  
Then why not die?  
Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,  
And hopeless lie?  
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-mor-  
row?  
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,  
In all her stainless charins!  
And with her fly  
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in bright-  
ness,  
The angels lie!  
Wilt bear her there, O death! in all her  
whiteness?  
Reply, reply!

BARRY CORNWALL.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their placé ye may not well supply.  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call:—if 't was not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool;  
But she was trained in nature's school—  
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore!  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day—  
A bliss that would not go away—  
A sweet fore-warning?

CHARLES LAMB



## LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing  
year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due;  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth  
spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain; and coy excuse;  
So may some gentle muse  
With lucky words favor my destined urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;  
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and  
rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear-  
ed  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of  
night,  
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his  
westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the oaten flute;  
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven  
heel  
From the glad song would not be absent long,  
And old Dametas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art  
gone—  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert  
caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-  
grown,

And all their echoes, mourn;  
The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that  
graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe  
wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.  
. Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-  
morseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous druids,  
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard  
stream—

Ay me! I fondly dream,  
Had ye been there; for what could that have  
done?

What could the muse herself that Orpheus  
bore,

The muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous  
roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth  
raise

(That last infirmity of noble minds)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred  
shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. But not the  
praise,

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling  
ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored  
flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal  
reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood;  
But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea;  
He asked the waves, and asked the felon  
winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle  
swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged winds  
That blows from off each beaked promontory;  
They knew not of his story;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon  
strayed;

The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses  
dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing  
slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,  
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with  
woe.

Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest  
pledge?

Last came, and last did go,  
The pilot of the Galilean Lake;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
How well could I have spared for thee, young  
swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know  
how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the  
least

That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
What recks it them? what need they? they  
are sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy  
songs

Grate on their scarnel pipes of wretched  
straw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swollen with wind and the rank mist  
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;  
But that two-handed engine at the door,  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no  
more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian  
muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing  
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely  
looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied show-  
ers,

And purple all the ground with vernal flow-  
ers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with  
jet,

The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-  
bine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive  
head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears.  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-  
mise.

Am ye! whilst thee the shores and sounding  
seas

Wash far away where'er thy bones are hurled,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the welming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward angel now, and melt with  
ruth!

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!  
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no  
more!

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled  
ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked  
the waves,

Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks  
and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals  
gray;

He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.  
And now the sun had stretched out all the  
hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

# IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE HON. EDWARD ERNEST VILLIERS.

## I.

A GRACE though melancholy, manly too,  
Moulded his being; pensive, grave, serene,  
O'er his habitual bearing and his mien  
Unceasing pain, by patience tempered, threw  
A shade of sweet austerity. But seen  
In happier hours and by the friendly few,  
That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,  
And fancy light and playful as a fawn,  
And reason impeded with inquisition keen,  
Knowledge long sought with ardor ever new,  
And wit love-kindled, showed in colors true  
What genial joys with sufferings can consist.  
Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist  
Touched by the brightness of the golden  
dawn,  
Aërial heights disclosing, valleys green;  
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts be  
tween,  
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

## II.

And even the stranger, though he saw not  
these,  
Saw what would not be willingly passed by.  
In his deportment, even when cold and shy,  
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,  
A simple grace and gentle dignity,  
That failed not at the first accost to please;  
And as reserve relented by degrees,  
So winning was his aspect and address,  
His smile so rich in sad felicities,  
Accordant to a voice which charmed no less,  
That who but saw him once remembered  
long,  
And some in whom such images are strong  
Have hoarded the impression in their heart  
Fancy's fond dreams and memory's joys  
among,  
Like some loved relic of romantic song,  
Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art.

## III.

His life was private; safely led, aloof  
From the loud world,—which yet he under  
stood

Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.  
 For he by privilege of his nature proof  
 Against false glitter, from beneath the roof  
 Of privacy, as from a cave, surveyed  
 With steadfast eye its flickering light and  
 shade,

And gently judged for evil and for good.  
 But whilst he mixed not for his own behoof  
 In public strife, his spirit glowed with zeal,  
 Not shorn of action, for the public weal,—  
 For truth and justice as its warp and woof,  
 For freedom as its signature and seal.  
 His life thus sacred from the world, discharged  
 From vain ambition and inordinate care,  
 In virtue exercised, by reverence rare  
 Lifted, and by humility enlarged,  
 Became a temple and a place of prayer.  
 In latter years he walked not singly there;  
 For one was with him, ready at all hours  
 His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to  
 share,  
 Who buoyantly his burthens helped to bear,  
 And decked his altars daily with fresh flowers.

## IV.

But farther may we pass not; for the ground  
 Is holier than the muse herself may tread;  
 Nor would I it should echo to a sound  
 Less solemn than the service for the dead.  
 Mine is inferior matter,—my own loss,—  
 The loss of dear delights for ever fled,  
 Of reason's converse by affection fed,  
 Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across  
 Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.  
 Friend of my youth! though younger yet my  
 guide,

How much by thy unerring insight clear  
 I shaped my way of life for many a year,  
 What thoughtful friendship on thy death-bed  
 died!

Friend of my youth! whilst thou wast by my  
 side

Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;  
 How like a charm thy life to me supplied.  
 All waste and injury of time and tide,  
 How like a disenchantment was thy death!

HENRY TAYLOR.

## ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!  
 The muckle devil wi' a woodie  
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,  
 O'er hurcheon hides,  
 And like stockfish come o'er his studdie  
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,  
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!  
 Thee, Matthew, nature's sel' shall mourn  
 By wood and wild,  
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,  
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,  
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!  
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,  
 Where echo slumbers!  
 Come join, ye nature's sturdiest bairns,  
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!  
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!  
 Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,  
 Wi' todlin' din,  
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,  
 Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells owre the lea;  
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;  
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,  
 In scented bowers;  
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,  
 The first o' flowers!

At dawn, when every grassy blade  
 Droops with a diamond at his head.  
 At even, when beans their fragrance shed  
 I' th' rustling gale,  
 Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade.  
 Come, join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood  
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;  
 Ye curlews calling through a clud;  
 Ye whistling plover;  
 And mourn, ye whirring patrick brood;  
 He's gane for ever!



Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;  
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels;  
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels  
     Circling the lake;  
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,  
     Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,  
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay!  
 And when ye wing your annual way  
     Frae our cauld shore,  
 Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,  
     Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bower,  
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,  
 What time the moon, wi' silent glower,  
     Sets up her horn,  
 Wail through the weary midnight hour  
     Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!  
 Oft have ye heard my cantie strains;  
 But now, what else for me remains  
     But tales of woe;  
 And frae my een the drapping rains  
     Maun ever flow!

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!  
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear;  
 Thou, simmer, while each corny spear  
     Shoots up his head,  
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,  
     For him that's dead!

Then autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,  
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear!  
 Thou, winter, hurling through the air  
     The roaring blast,  
 Wide o'er the naked world declare  
     The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!  
 Mourn, empress of the silent night!  
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,  
     My Matthew mourn!  
 For through your orbs he's taen his flight,  
     Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!  
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever?  
 And hast thou crossed that unknown river,  
     Life's dreary bound?  
 Like thee, where shall I find another,  
     The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,  
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!  
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait  
     Thou man of worth!  
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate  
     E'er lay in earth.

ROBERT BURNS.

### A FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread!  
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour!  
 In honor of th' approaching dead,  
     Around your awful terrors pour.  
 Yes, pour around,  
 On this pale ground,  
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,  
 The sober thought,  
 The tear untaught,  
 Those meekest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near  
 To this last mansion of mankind,  
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,  
 In holy musings wrap the mind!  
     And while their beam,  
     With trembling stream,  
 Attending tapers faintly dart,  
 Each mouldering bone,  
 Each sculptured stone,  
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now, let the sacred organ blow,  
 With solemn pause, and sounding slow;  
 Now, let the voice due measure keep,  
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep  
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,  
 Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul—

To lift it to the Maker's praise,  
 Who first informed our frame with breath  
 And, after some few stormy days,  
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.  
     No king of fears  
     In him appears,  
 Who shuts the scene of human woes;  
     Beneath his shade  
     Securely laid,  
 The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,  
 To One, supremely good and wise,  
 Raise hallelujahs! God is just,  
 And man most happy when he dies!  
 His winter past,  
 Fair spring at last  
 Receives him on her flowery shore,  
 Where pleasure's rose  
 Immortal blows,  
 And sin and sorrow are no more!

DAVID MALLETT.

### GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

GANE were but the winter cauld,  
 And gane were but the snaw,  
 I could sleep in the wild woods,  
 Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,  
 And cauld at my feet,  
 And the finger o' death's at my een,  
 Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,  
 Or my mither sae dear;  
 I'll meet them baith in heaven  
 At the spring o' the year.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
 But on thy turf shall roses rear  
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by you blue gushing stream  
 Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,  
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
 And lingering pause and lightly tread—  
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the  
 dead.

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress:

Will this unteach us to complain?  
 Or make one mourner weep the less?  
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON

### CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font re-appearing  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow;  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow!  
 The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing,  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.  
 Fleet foot on the corrie,  
 Sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber!  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH! breathe not his name! let it sleep in the  
 shade,  
 Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.  
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,  
 As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er  
 his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence  
 it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where  
 he sleeps;  
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret  
 it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

## A DIRGE.

## I.

Now is done thy long day's work;  
Fold thy palms across thy breast—  
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk  
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

## II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;  
Nothing but the small cold worm  
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander  
O'er the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

## III.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;  
Chanteth not the brooding bee  
Sweeter tones than calumny?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head  
From the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

## IV.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;  
The woodbine and eglare  
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree  
O'er the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

## V.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep  
Bramble roses, faint and pale,  
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep  
Through the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

## VI.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine,  
The frail bluebell peerèth over  
Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,  
As the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

## VII.

Wild words wander here and there;  
God's great gift of speech abused  
Makes thy memory confused—

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear  
In the green that folds thy grave.  
Let them rave.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great—  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak.  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

SHAKESPEARE.

## DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!  
 O paragon, and pearl of praise!  
 O virgin-martyr, ever blest  
     Above the rest  
 Of all the maiden traine! We come,  
 And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round  
 Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground;  
 And as we sing thy dirge, we will  
     The daffodill,  
 And other flowers, lay upon  
 The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids, rest here—  
 Of daughters all, the deerest deere;  
 The eye of virgins; nay, the queen  
     Of this smooth green,  
 And all sweet meades from whence we get  
 The primrose and the violet.

Too soone, too deere, did Jephthah buy,  
 By thy sad losse, our liberty;  
 His was the bond and cov'nant, yet  
     Thou paid'st the debt;  
 Lamented maid! he won the day,  
 But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along  
 The olive branch, and victor's song;  
 He slew the Ammonites we know—  
     But to thy woe;  
 And in the purchase of our peace  
 The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine  
 We offer here, before thy shrine,  
 Our sighs for storax, tears for wine;  
     And, to make fine  
 And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here  
 Four times bestrew thee every yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears;  
 Receive this offering of our haire;  
 Receive these christall vials, filled  
     With tears distilled

From teeming eyes; to these we bring,  
 Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe; besides, these caules,  
 These laces, ribbands, and these faules—  
 These veiles, wherewith we use to hide  
     The bashfull bride,  
 When we conduct her to her groome;  
 All, all we lay upon thy tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,  
 Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;  
 No more, at yeerly festivalls,  
     We cowslip balls,  
 Or chaines of columbines, shall make  
 For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no! our maiden pleasures be  
 Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee;  
 'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave;  
     Or if we have  
 One seed of life left, 'tis to keep  
 A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,  
 And make this place all paradise;  
 May sweets grow here, and smoke from  
     hence  
     Fat frankincense;  
 Let balme and cassia send their scent  
 From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir  
 A wing about thy sepulchre;  
 No boysterous winds or storms come hither,  
     To starve or wither  
 Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a spring,  
 Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,  
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers  
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,  
     Male incense burn  
 Upon thine altar; then return,  
 And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

ROBERT HERRICK.



## DIRGE.

"Oh dig a grave, and dig it deep,  
Where I and my true-love may sleep!"  
*We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,  
Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!*

"And let it be five fathom low,  
Where winter winds may never blow!"  
*And it shall be five fathoms low,  
Where winter winds shall never blow!*

"And let it be on yonder hill,  
Where grows the mountain daffodil!"  
*And it shall be on yonder hill,  
Where grows the mountain daffodil!*

"And plant it round with holy briers,  
To fright away the fairy fires!"  
*We'll plant it round with holy briers,  
To fright away the fairy fires!*

"And set it round with celandine,  
And nodding heads of columbine!"  
*We'll set it round with celandine,  
And nodding heads of columbine!*

"And let the ruddock build his nest  
Just above my true-love's breast!"—  
*The ruddock he shall build his nest  
Just above thy true-love's breast!*

"And warble his sweet wintry song  
O'er our dwelling all day long!"  
*And he shall warble his sweet song  
O'er your dwelling all day long.*

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,  
And lay me out for Jesus' sake!"  
*And we will now thy garments take,  
And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!*

"And lay me by my true-love's side,  
That I may be a faithful bride!"  
*We'll lay thee by thy true-love's side,  
That thou may'st be a faithful bride!*

"When I am dead, and buried be,  
Pray to God in heaven for me!"  
*Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,  
And pray to God in heaven for thee!*  
*Benedicite!*

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER  
FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen—  
No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid

When howling winds and beating rain  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Beloved till life can charm no more,  
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

## DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart—  
Then sleep, dear, sleep!  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart—  
Then die, dear, die!  
'T is deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

BRIDAL SONG AND DIRGE.

A OYPRESS-BOUGH and a rose-wreath sweet,  
A wedding-robe and a winding-sheet,  
A bridal-bed and a bier!  
Thine be the kisses, maid,  
And smiling love's alarms;  
And thou, pale youth, be laid  
In the grave's cold arms:  
Each in his own charms—  
Death and Hymen both are here.  
So up with scythe and torch,  
And to the old church porch,  
While all the bells ring clear;  
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,  
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

Now tremble dimples on your cheek—  
Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,  
For he who kisses is near:  
By her the bridegroom fair,  
In youthful power and force;  
By him the grizzard bare,  
Pale knight on a pale horse,  
To woo him to a corse—  
Death and Hymen both are here.  
So up with scythe and torch,  
And to the old church porch,  
While all the bells ring clear;  
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,  
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

DIRGE.

I.

SOFTLY!  
She is lying  
With her lips apart.  
Softly!  
She is dying of a broken heart

II.

Whisper!  
She is going  
To her final rest.  
Whisper!  
Life is growing  
Dim within her breast.

III.

Gently!  
She is sleeping;  
She has breathed her last.  
Gently!  
While you are weeping,  
She to heaven has past!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,  
Dark and drear,  
Sleepeth one who left, in dying  
Sorrow here.  
  
Yes, they're ever bending o'er her  
Eyes that weep;  
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her  
Vigils keep.  
  
When the summer moon is shining  
Soft and fair,  
Friends she loved in tears are twining  
Chaplets there  
  
Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,  
Throned above—  
Souls like thine with God inherit  
Life and love!

JAMES T. FIELDS

## A BRIDAL DIRGE.

WEAVE no more the marriage chain !  
 All unmated is the lover ;  
 Death has ta'en the place of pain ;  
 Love doth call on love in vain ;  
 Life and years of hope are over !

No more want of marriage bell !  
 No more need of bridal favor !  
 Where is she to wear them well ?  
 You beside the lover, tell !  
 Gone—with all the love he gave her !

Paler than the stone she lies—  
 Colder than the winter's morning !  
 Wherefore did she thus despise  
 (She with pity in her eyes)  
 Mother's care, and lover's warning ?

Youth and beauty—shall they not  
 Last beyond a brief to-morrow ?  
 No—a prayer and then forgot !  
 This the truest lover's lot,  
 This the sum of human sorrow !

BARRY CORNWALL.

## DIRGE.

WHERE shall we make her grave ?  
 Oh, where the wild-flowers wave  
 In the free air !  
 When shower and singing bird  
 'Midst the young leaves are heard—  
 There—lay her there !

Harsh was the world to her—  
 Now may sleep minister  
 Balm for each ill ;  
 Low on sweet nature's breast  
 Let the meek heart find rest,  
 Deep, deep and still !

Murmur, glad waters, by !  
 Faint gales, with happy sigh,  
 Come wandering o'er  
 That green and mossy bed,  
 Where, on a gentle head,  
 Storms beat no more !

What though for her in vain  
 Falls now the bright spring-rain,  
 Plays the soft wind ?  
 Yet still, from where she lies,  
 Should blessed breathings rise,  
 Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew,  
 Thence, in the heart renew  
 Life's vernal glow !  
 And o'er that holy earth  
 Scents of the violet's birth  
 Still come and go !

Oh, then, where wild-flowers wave,  
 Make ye her mossy grave  
 In the free air !  
 Where shower and singing-bird  
 'Midst the young leaves are heard—  
 There, lay her there !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

## THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,  
 In the old, familiar seat ;  
 And shade and sunshine chase each other  
 O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled  
 upwards  
 In the summers that are past,  
 And the willow trails its branches lower  
 Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly  
 From out the haunted room—  
 To fill the house, that once was joyful,  
 With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces  
 Within the doorway come—  
 Voices, that wake the sweeter music  
 Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,  
 The songs she loved to hear ;  
 They braid the rose in summer garlands,  
 Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,  
Her blushes at the door,  
Her timid words of maiden welcome,  
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,  
Unmindful of my pain,  
I think she has but newly left me,  
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,  
To dress her dark-brown hair;  
I hear the rustle of her garments—  
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,  
Lest eyes profane should see  
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture  
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper  
Beyond the open door—  
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,  
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,  
The vine whose shadow strays;  
And my patient heart must still await her,  
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary wait-  
ing,

As many a time before:  
Her foot is ever at the threshold,  
Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

# EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDEST thou heare what man can say  
In a little?—reader, stay!  
Underneath this stone doth lye  
As much beauty as could dye;  
Which in life did harbor give  
To more vertue than doth live.  
If at all she had a fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.  
One name was Elizabeth—  
Th' other, let it sleep with death:  
Fitter, where it dyed to tell,  
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

BEN JONSON.

## ICHABOD.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
For evermore!

Reville him not—the tempter hath  
A snare for all!  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb is passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn! Would the angels laugh, to mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
Insult him now;  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
Save power remains—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



## THE LOST LEADER.

## I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us ;  
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.  
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out  
 silver,  
 So much was theirs who so little allowed.  
 How all our copper had gone for his service !  
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been  
 proud !  
 We that had loved him so, followed him, hon-  
 ored him,  
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
 Learned his great language, caught his clear  
 accents,  
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !  
 Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch  
 from their graves !  
 He alone breaks from the van and the free-  
 men ;  
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

## II.

We shall march prospering—not through his  
 presence ;  
 Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre ;  
 Deeds will be done—while he boasts his  
 quiescence,  
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade  
 aspire.  
 Blot out his name, then—record one lost soul  
 more,  
 One task more declined, one more footpath  
 untrod,  
 One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for  
 angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more insult  
 to God !  
 Life's night begins ; let him never come back  
 to us !  
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of  
 twilight,  
 Never glad, confident morning again !

Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike  
 gallantly,  
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his  
 own ;  
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and  
 wait us,  
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the  
 throne !

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES  
THE FIRST,

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

The castle clock had tolled midnight.  
 With mattock and with spade—  
 And silent, by the torches' light—  
 His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name ; that those  
 Of other years might know,  
 When earth its secrets should disclose,  
 Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead !" no children sung,  
 Slow pacing up the nave ;  
 No prayers were read, no knell was rung,  
 As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,  
 In many a sullen gust,  
 As o'er the open grave inclined,  
 We murmured, "Dust to dust !"

A moonbeam from the arch's height  
 Streamed, as we placed the stone ;  
 The long aisles started into light,  
 And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then  
 That shook along the walls,  
 Whilst the sad shades of mailed men  
 Were gazing on the stalls.

'T is gone !—Again on tombs defaced  
 Sits darkness more profound ;  
 And only by the torch we traced  
 The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air  
Without blew long and loud;  
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,  
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,—  
No name, no trace appears!  
And when we closed the sounding door,  
We thought of him with tears.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

### BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sod with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the  
dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er  
his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retir-  
ing;  
And we knew by the distant random gun,  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

### ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE.

I saw him last on this terrace proud,  
Walking in health and gladness,  
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd  
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green—  
Blithely the birds were singing;  
The cymbals replied to the tambourine,  
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,  
When not a word was spoken—  
When every eye was dim with a tear,  
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour  
To the muffled drums, deep rolling,  
While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,  
Drowned the death-bells' tolling.

The time—since he walked in his glory thus,  
To the grave till I saw him carried—  
Was an age of the nightiest change to us,  
But to him a night unvaried.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,  
And a son's sole child, have perished;  
And sad was each heart, save only the one  
By which they were fondest cherished;

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was  
dark,  
And he sat in his age's lateness—  
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark  
Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread  
Unvexed by life's commotion,  
Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed  
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,  
 Though the stream of life kept flowing;  
 When they spoke of our king, 't was but to  
     say  
 The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,  
 By weakness rent asunder,  
 A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,  
 To the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in the dust,  
 Death's hand his slumbers breaking;  
 For the confined sleep of the good and just  
 Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;  
 And should sculptured stone be denied him,  
 There will his name be found, when in turn  
 We lay our heads beside him.

HORACE SMITH.

#### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A mist was driving down the British chan-  
     nel;  
 The day was just begun;  
 And through the window-panes, on floor and  
     panel,  
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pen-  
     non,  
 And the white sails of ships;  
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black  
     cannon  
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and  
     Dover,  
 Were all alert that day,  
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over  
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
 Their cannon, through the night,  
 Holding their breath, had watched in grim  
     defiance  
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared, at drum-beat, from  
     their stations  
 On every citadel;  
 Each answering each, with morning saluta-  
     tions,  
 That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up the burden.  
 Replied the distant forts—  
 As if to summon from his sleep the warden  
 And lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of  
     azure,  
 No drum-beat from the wall,  
 No morning gun from the black forts' embra-  
     zure,  
 Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartia.  
 The long line of the coast,  
 Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal  
 Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
 In sombre harness mailed,  
 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the destroyer,  
 The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper—  
 The dark and silent room;  
 And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dissemble,  
 But smote the warden hoar—  
 Ah! what a blow!—that made all England  
     tremble  
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited  
 The sun rose bright o'erhead—  
 Nothing in nature's aspect intimated  
 That a great man was dead!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF  
THOMAS HOOD.

## I.

TAKE back into thy bosom, earth,  
 This joyous, May-eyed morrow,  
 The gentlest child that ever mirth  
 Gave to be reared by sorrow!  
 'T is hard—while rays half green, half gold,  
 Through vernal bowers are burning,  
 And streams their diamond-mirrors hold  
 To summer's face returning—  
 To say we're thankful that his sleep  
 Shall never more be lighter,  
 In whose sweet-tongued companionship  
 Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

## II.

But all the more intensely true  
 His soul gave out each feature  
 Of elemental love—each hue  
 And grace of golden nature—  
 The deeper still beneath it all  
 Lurked the keen jags of anguish;  
 The more the laurels clasped his brow  
 Their poison made it languish.  
 Seemed it that like the nightingale  
 Of his own mournful singing,  
 The tenderer would his song prevail  
 While most the thorn was stinging.

## III.

So never to the desert-worn  
 Did fount bring freshness deeper,  
 Than that his placid rest this morn  
 Has brought the shrouded sleeper.  
 That rest may lap his weary head  
 Where charnels choke the city,  
 Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed  
 The wren shall wake its ditty;  
 But near or far, while evening's star  
 Is dear to hearts regretting,  
 Around that spot admiring thought  
 Shall hover, unforgetting.

## IV.

And if this sentient, seething world  
 Is, after all, ideal,  
 Or in the immaterial furled  
 Alone resides the real,

Freed one! there's a wail for thee this hour  
 Through thy loved elves' dominions;  
 Hushed is each tiny trumpet-flower,  
 And droopeth Ariel's pinions;  
 Even Puck, dejected, leaves his swing,  
 To plan, with fond endeavor,  
 What pretty buds and dewes shall keep  
 Thy pillow bright for ever.

## V.

And higher, if less happy, tribes—  
 The race of early childhood—  
 Shall miss thy whims of frolic wit,  
 That in the summer wild-wood,  
 Or by the Christmas hearth, were hailed,  
 And hoarded as a treasure  
 Of undecaying merriment  
 And ever-changing pleasure.  
 Things from thy lavish humor flung  
 Profuse as scents, are flying  
 This kindling morn, when blooms are born  
 As fast as blooms are dying.

## VI.

Sublimar art owned thy control—  
 The minstrel's mightiest magic,  
 With sadness to subdue the soul,  
 Or thrill it with the tragic.  
 Now listening Aram's fearful dream,  
 We see beneath the willow  
 That dreadful thing, or watch him steal,  
 Guilt-lighted, to his pillow.  
 Now with thee roaming ancient groves,  
 We watch the woodman felling  
 The funeral elm, while through its boughs  
 The ghostly wind comes knelling.

## VII.

Dear worshipper of Dian's face  
 In solitary places,  
 Shalt thou no more steal, as of yore,  
 To meet her white embraces?  
 Is there no purple in the rose  
 Henceforward to thy senses?  
 For thee have dawn and daylight's close  
 Lost their sweet influences?  
 No!—by the mental night untamed  
 Thou took'st to death's dark portal,  
 The joy of the wide universe  
 Is now to thee immortal!



## VIII.

How fierce contrasts the city's roar  
 With thy new-conquered quiet!—  
 This stunning hell of wheels that pour  
 With princes to their riot!  
 Loud clash the crowds—the busy clouds  
 With thunder-noise are shaken,  
 While pale, and mute, and cold, afar  
 Thou liest, men-forsaken.  
 Hot life reeks on, nor recks that one  
 —The playful, human-hearted—  
 Who lent its clay less earthiness,  
 Is just from earth departed.

B. SIMMONS.

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD, RED  
 EARTH AM SLEEPING.

WHEN I beneath the cold, red earth am sleep-  
 ing,

Life's fever o'er,  
 Will there for me be any bright eye weeping  
 That I'm no more?  
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping  
 Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless for-  
 ests rushing,  
 Like full hearts break—  
 When the swoll'n streams, o'er crag and gully  
 gushing,  
 Sad music make—  
 Will there be one, whose heart despair is  
 crushing,  
 Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shin-  
 ing  
 With purest ray,  
 And the small flowers, their buds and blos-  
 soms twining,  
 Burst through that clay—  
 Will there be one still on that spot repining  
 Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample  
 sweeping  
 Of her dark pall,

The world and all its manifold creation sleep-  
 ing—

The great and small—  
 Will there be one, even at that dread hour,  
 weeping  
 For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory  
 On that low mound,  
 And wintry storms have with their ruins  
 hoary  
 Its loneliness crowned,  
 Will there be then one versed in misery's  
 story  
 Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow  
 To ask such meed—  
 A weakness and a wickedness, to borrow  
 From hearts that bleed  
 The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow  
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,  
 Thou gentle heart!  
 And, though thy bosom should with grief be  
 swelling,  
 Let no tear start;  
 It were in vain—for time hath long been  
 knelling—  
 Sad one, depart!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies—  
 The poet of the poor.  
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
 The meadow and the moor;  
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
 The tyrant and the slave,  
 The street, the factory, the jail,  
 The palace—and the grave!  
 Sin met thy brother every where!  
 And is thy brother blamed?  
 From passion, danger, doubt, and care,  
 He no exemption claimed.  
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm.

He feared to scorn or hate;  
 But, honoring in a peasant's form  
 The equal of the great,  
 He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes  
 The poor man's little, more;  
 Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes  
 From plundered labor's store.  
 A hand to do, a head to plan,  
 A heart to feel and dare—  
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man  
 Who drew them as they are.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

## SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low  
 That makes this silent tear to flow;  
 It is not grief that bids me moan;  
 It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,  
 When the tired hedger hies him home;  
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
 When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs  
 With hallowed airs and symphonies,  
 My spirit takes another tone,  
 And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead—  
 It floats upon the water's bed;  
 I would not be a leaf, to die  
 Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,  
 Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
 I've none to smile when I am free,  
 And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
 That thinks on me, and loves me too,  
 I start, and when the vision's flown,  
 I weep that I am all alone.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,  
 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 Swifter far than happy night,  
 Art thou come and gone;  
 As the earth when leaves are dead,  
 As the night when sleep is sped,  
 As the heart when joy is fled,  
 I am left lone, alone.

The swallow, summer, comes again;  
 The owlet, night, resumes her reign;  
 But the wild swan, youth, is fain  
 To fly with thee, false as thou.  
 My heart each day desires the morrow;  
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;  
 Vainly would my winter borrow  
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,  
 Roses for a matron's head,  
 Violets for a maiden dead—  
 Pansies let my flowers be;  
 On the living grave I bear,  
 Scatter them without a tear,  
 Let no friend, however dear,  
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O life! O time!  
 On whose last steps I climb,  
 Trembling at that where I had stood before,  
 When will return the glory of your prime?  
 No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night  
 A joy has taken flight;  
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar  
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with  
 delight  
 No more—oh, never more!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"CALM IS THE NIGHT."

CALM is the night, and the city is sleeping—  
Once in this house dwelt a lady fair;  
Long, long ago, she left it, weeping;  
But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,  
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case;  
He turns to the moonlight, his countenance  
baring—  
Oh, heaven! he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing!  
Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight  
cold,  
The sorrows which here once vexed my being,  
Many a night in the days of old?

HENRY HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
That castle by the sea?  
Golden and red, above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,  
That castle by the sea—  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly;  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets  
The king and his royal bride?  
And the wave of their crimson mantles?  
And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there—  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride;  
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;  
No maiden was by their side!"

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Translation of HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN—AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA. 1861.

I.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the  
east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the  
sea.  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the  
feast  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at me!

II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men  
said.  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her  
head  
For ever instead.

III.

What art can a woman be good at? oh, vain!  
What art is she good at, but hurting her  
breast  
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at  
the pain?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong  
as you pressed,  
And I, proud by that test.

IV.

What art's for a woman! To hold on her  
knees  
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round  
her throat

Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees  
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat  
little coat!  
To dream and to dote.

## v.

To teach them. . . It stings there. I made  
them indeed  
Speak plain the word "country," I taught  
them no doubt  
That a country's a thing men should die for  
at need.  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant turned out.

## vi.

And when their eyes flashed. . . O my beau-  
tiful eyes! . .  
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the  
wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the  
surprise,  
When one sits quite alone!—Then one  
weeps, then one kneels!  
—God! how the house feels!

## vii.

At first happy news came, in gay letters  
moiled  
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory,  
and how  
They both loved me, and soon, coming home  
to be spoiled,  
In return would fan off every fly from my  
brow  
With their green laurel-bough.

## viii.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was  
free!"  
And some one came out of the cheers in  
the street  
With a face pale as stone, to say something  
to me.  
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his  
feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

## ix.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief  
looked sublime  
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained

To be leant on and walked with, recalling the  
time  
When the first grew immortal, while both  
of us strained  
To the height he had gained.

## x.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more  
strong,  
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to  
faint.  
One loved me for two . . would be with me  
ere long:  
And 'viva Italia' he died for, our saint,  
Who forbids our complaint."

## xi.

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and  
aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . .  
was imprest  
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could  
bear,  
And how 't was impossible, quite dis-  
possessed,  
To live on for the rest."

## xii.

On which without pause up the telegraph  
line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:  
—"Shot.  
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their"  
mother; not "mine."  
No voice says "my mother" again to me.  
What!  
You think Guido forgot?

## xiii.

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with  
heaven,  
They drop earth's affections, conceive not  
of woe?  
I think not. Themselves were too lately for-  
given  
Through that love and sorrow which recon-  
ciled so  
The above and below.



## XIV.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst  
 through the dark  
 To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,  
 How we common mother! stand desolate,  
 mark,  
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with  
 eyes turned away,  
 And no last word to say!

## XV.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature;  
 We all  
 Have been patriots, yet each house must  
 always keep one.  
 'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.  
 And when Italy's made, for what end is it  
 done,  
 If we have not a son?

## XVI.

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?  
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more  
 at her sport  
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out  
 of men?  
 When your guns at Cavalli with final retort  
 Have cut the game short.—

## XVII.

When Venice and Rome keep their new  
 jubilee,  
 When your flag takes all heaven for its  
 white, green, and red,  
 When you have your country from mountain  
 to sea,  
 When King Victor has Italy's crown on  
 his head,  
 (And I have my dead,)

## XVIII.

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring  
 your bells low,  
 And burn your lights faintly!—My country  
 is there,  
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of  
 snow,  
 My Italy's there,—with my brave civic  
 pair,  
 To disfranchise despair.

## XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in  
 strength,  
 And bite back the cry of their pain in self-  
 scorn.  
 But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us  
 at length  
 Into such wail as this!—and we sit on  
 forlorn  
 When the man-child is born.

## XX.

Dead! one, of them shot by the sea in the  
 west,  
 And one of them shot in the east by the  
 sea!  
 Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast  
 You want a great song for your Italy free,  
 Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## THE FISHING SONG,

Down in the wide, gray river  
 The current is sweeping strong;  
 Over the wide, gray river  
 Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,  
 The song falls with the oar;  
 And an echo in both is ringing,  
 I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current  
 The song brings back to me  
 A cry from mortal silence  
 Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,  
 Love that had died of wrong,  
 Hearts that are dead in living,  
 Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,  
 Just as they leafed before;  
 The green grass comes no greener  
 Down to the very shore—

With the rude strain swelling, sinking  
 In the cadence of days gone by,  
 As the oar, from the water drinking,  
 Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner;  
 Its past returns no more,  
 But in echoes, that answer the minor  
 Of the boat-song, from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness;  
 His judgment waiteth long;  
 He breaks the heart of a woman  
 With a fisherman's careless song.

ROSE TERRY.

— — —  
 "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

BREAK, break, break  
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy  
 That he shouts with his sister at play!  
 Oh well for the sailor lad  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,  
 To the haven under the hill;  
 But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break  
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they  
 mean.

Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail  
 That brings our friends up from the under-  
 world;

Sad as the last which reddens over one  
 That sinks with all we love below the verge  
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer  
 dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering  
 square:  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,  
 O death in life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



## PART VIII.

### POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

---

I know more than Apollo;  
For oft, when he lies sleeping,  
I behold the stars  
At mortal wars,  
And the rounded welkin weeping.  
The moon embraces her shepherd;  
And the queen of love her warrior;  
While the first doth horn  
The stars of the morn,  
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a host of furious fancies,  
Whereof I am commander—  
With a burning spear,  
And a horse of air,  
To the wilderness I wander;  
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,  
I summoned am to tourney,  
Ten leagues beyond  
The wide world's end—  
Methinks 't is no journey!

TOM O' BEDLAM,





## POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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### KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

On Trinity Mondaye in the morne,  
This sore battayle was doom'd to be,  
Where manye a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye!—  
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,  
When as the kinge in his bed laye,  
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye:

“Nowe, as you are mine uncle deare,  
And as you prize your life, this daye  
Oh meet not with your foe in fighte;  
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye!

“For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,  
And with him many an hardye knighte,  
Who will within this moneth be backe,  
And will assiste yee in the fighte.”

The kinge then called his nobles all,  
Before the breakinge of the daye,  
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsaile gave:  
That, earlye in the morning, hee  
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,  
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,  
The best of all that with him were,  
To parley with the foe in field,  
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste  
In readinesse there for to bee;  
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,  
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe  
The beste of all his companye,  
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste  
In readinesse there for to bee;  
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durste not his uncle truste,  
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell;  
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,  
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,  
And both to faire accordance broughte,  
And a month's league betweene them sette,  
Before the battayle sholde be foughte,

An addere crepte forth of a bushe,  
Stunge one o' the king's knightes on the  
knee;  
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,  
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,  
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there,  
His sworde he from his scabberde drew—  
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde  
They joynd battayle instantlye;  
Till of so manye noble knightes  
On one side there were left but three.

For all were alaine that durst abide,  
And but some fewe that fled awaye;  
Ah mee! it was a bloodye field,  
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye  
Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn, duke of Gloster, free—  
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes  
All dead and scattered on the molde,  
The teares fast trickled downe his face—  
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

"Nowe reste yee all, brave knightes," he  
said—

"Soe true and faithful to your trust!  
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts,  
Be left to moulder into dust?

"Most loyal have yee been to mee,  
Most true and faithful unto deathe;  
And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,  
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

"But see, the traitor's yet alive!  
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!  
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby, e  
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh staye, my liege!" then sayd the duke;  
"Oh staye for love and charitie!  
Remember what the vision spake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"Oh staye mee not, thou worthy wight!  
This debt my loyal knights I owe;  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then strait he grasped his trusty speare,  
And on his horse then mounted hee:  
As his butler holpe him to his horse  
His bowels gushed to his knee.

"Alas!" then sayd the noble king,  
"That I should live this sight to see!—  
To see this good knight here be slaine,  
All for his love in helping mee!"

He put his speare into his reste,  
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye:  
"Nowe sette thyself upon thy guarde!  
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye!"

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,  
And fierce to meet the king ran hee,  
The king his speare he through him thrust—  
A fathom thorow his bodle.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded soe,  
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimlye dyed Sir Mordered,  
Presentlye upon that tree;  
And bloody streames ranne from the kiuge,  
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake:  
"Sir knight, thou hast been faithfule  
tryde;  
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,  
That hangs so freelye by my syde—

"Oh take my sworde Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe;  
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe.

"And fare thee well, thou trustye sword!  
A better neer had valiant knight;  
With thee full ofte, and many a daye,  
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

"With this good fauchion in my hande,  
Oft have I reaped the bloodye feelde;  
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,  
That never more I may thee weelde."

The duke to the river side he went,  
And there his owne sword in threwe he  
But he kept back Excalibar—  
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,  
 And all the hilde of precious stone :  
 "And ever alacke!" then sayd the knyghte,  
 "Must such a sword awaye be throwne?"

Then backe he came unto the kinge,  
 Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee  
 see?"—  
 "Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
 Blewe oer the waters faire and free."

"Oh goe againe," then said the kinge,  
 "O good Syr Lukyn, goe againe!  
 Into the rivere throwe my sword,  
 Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the river went,  
 And the king's scabbard in threwe hee;  
 But hee kept backe Excalibar,  
 And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
 Who sayde, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?"  
 "Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde  
 Nowe with the angrie waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the kinge,  
 "Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye!  
 Alacke! whom may wee ever truste,  
 When suche a knyghte soe false can bee?"

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,  
 All for a sword that wins thine eye?  
 Now goe againe, and throwe it in,  
 Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,  
 No aunswere made unto the kinge;  
 But to the rivere tooke the sworde,  
 And threwe it far as he could flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,  
 And flourished threë times in the air;  
 Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,  
 And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke—  
 He stood as still as still mote bee;  
 Then hastend backe to tell the kinge—  
 But he was gone from under the treë.

But to what place he cold not tell,  
 For never after hee did him see;  
 But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,  
 And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the kinge were there or not,  
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde;  
 For from that sad and direfulle daye  
 Hee never more was seene on molde.

ANONYMOUS.

## THOMAS THE RHYMER.

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank;  
 A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;  
 And there he saw a ladye bright,  
 Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass green silk,  
 Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;  
 At ilka tett of her horse's mane  
 Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled aff his cap,  
 And louted lów down to his knee;  
 "All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!  
 For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"Oh no, oh no, Thomas!" she said,  
 "That name does not belang to me;  
 I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
 That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said  
 "Harp and carp along wi' me!  
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
 Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
 That weird shall never daunt on me."  
 Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,  
 All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said—  
 "True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
 And ye maun serve me seven years,  
 Thro' weal or wee as may chance to be."



She mounted on her milk-white steed;  
 She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;  
 And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,  
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

And they rade on, and farther on—  
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind;  
 Until they reached a desert wide,  
 And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,  
 And lean your head upon my knee!  
 Abide and rest a little space,  
 And I will shew you ferlies three.

"Oh see ye not yon narrow road,  
 So thick beset with thorns and briers?  
 That is the path of righteousness,  
 Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid, braid road,  
 That lies across that lily leven?  
 That is the path of wickedness—  
 Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,  
 That winds about the fernie brae?  
 That is the road to fair Elfland,  
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
 Whatever ye may hear or see;  
 For, if you speak word in Elfyn land,  
 Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

Oh they rade on, and farther on,  
 And they waded through rivers aboon the  
 knee;

And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
 But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae  
 stern light,

And they waded through red blude to the  
 knee;

For a' the blude that's shed on earth  
 Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,

And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:

"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas—

It will give thee the tongue that can never  
 lie."

"My tongue is mine ain;" true Thomas said;  
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!  
 I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
 At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—  
 "Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,  
 "For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
 And a pair of shoes of velvet green;  
 And till seven years were gane and past,  
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE WEE WEE MAN.

As I was walking by my lane,  
 Atween a water and a wa,  
 There sune I spied a wee, wee man—  
 He was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scant a shathmont's length,  
 And sma and limber was his thie;  
 Between his een there was a span,  
 Betwixt his shoulders there were ells three

He has tane up a meikle stane,  
 And flang 't as far as I cold see;  
 Ein though I had been Wallace wicht,  
 I dought na lift it to my knie.

"O wee, wee man, but ye be strang!  
 Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?"  
 "I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir—  
 Oh will ye gae wi me and see?"

On we lap, and awa we rade,  
 Till we cam to a bonny green;  
 We lichted syne to bait our steid,  
 And out there cam a lady sheen—

Wi four and twentie at her back,  
 A comely cled in glistering green,  
 Though there the king of Scots had stude,  
 The warst micht weil hae been his queen.

On syne we past wi wondering cheir,  
 Till we cam to a bonny ha;  
 The roof was o' the beaten gowd,  
 The flure was o' the crystal a'.

When we cam there, wi wee, wee knights  
 War ladies dancing, jimp and sma;  
 But in the twinkling of an eie  
 Baith green and ha war clein awa.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,  
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,  
 Mad Robin, I, at his command,  
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
 What revell rout  
 Is kept about  
 In every corner where I go,  
 I will o'ersee,  
 And merrie be,  
 And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I flye  
 About the aery welkin soone,  
 And in a minute's space descrye  
 Each thing that's done belowe the moone.  
 There's not a hag  
 Or ghost shall wag,  
 Or cry 'ware goblins! where I go;  
 But Robin, I,  
 Their feates will spy,  
 And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,  
 As from their night-sports they trudge home,  
 With counterfeiting voice I greete,  
 And call them on with me to roame.  
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,  
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes,  
 Or else unseene, with them I go—  
 All in the nicke,  
 To play some tricke,  
 And frolic it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man—  
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;  
 And to a horse I turn me can,  
 To trip and trot about them round;  
 But, if to ride,  
 My backe they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I goe;  
 O'er hedge and lands,  
 Through pools and ponds,  
 I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,  
 With possets, and with junkets fine,  
 Unseene of all the company,  
 I eat their cakes, and sip their wine;  
 And to make sport,  
 I fume and snort,  
 And out the candles I do blow.  
 The maids I kiss;  
 They shrieke, Who's this?  
 I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
 At midnight I card up their wooll;  
 And while they sleepe and take their ease,  
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
 I grind at mill  
 Their malt up still;  
 I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.  
 If any wake,  
 And would me take,  
 I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,  
 I pinch the maidens black and blue;  
 The bedd-clothes from the bedd pull I,  
 And in their ear I bawl too-who!  
 'Twixt sleepe and wake  
 I do them take,  
 And on the clay-cold floor them throw  
 If out they cry,  
 Then forth I fly,  
 And loudly laugh out ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought,  
 We lend them what they do require;  
 And for the use demand we naught—  
 Our owne is all we do desire.  
 If to repay  
 They do delay,

Abroad amongst them then I go;  
 And night by night  
 I them affright,  
 With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do  
 But study how to cog and lye,  
 To make debate and mischief too,  
 'Twixt one another secretly,  
     I marke their gloze,  
     And it disclose  
 To them whom they have wronged so.  
     When I have done  
     I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set  
 In loope holes, where the vermine creepe,  
 Who from their foldes and houses get  
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes and  
     sheepe,  
     I spy the gin,  
     And enter in,  
 And seeme a vermin taken so;  
     But when they there  
     Approach me neare,  
 I leap out laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,  
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;  
 And to our fairye kinge and queene  
 We chaunt our moon-lighte minstrelsies.  
     When larkes gin singe  
     Away we flinge,  
 And babes new-born steale as we go;  
     And shoes in bed  
     We leave instead,  
 And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I  
 Thus nightly revelled to and fro;  
 And, for my pranks, men call me by  
 The name of Robin Good-Fellow.  
     Friends, ghosts, and sprites  
     Who haunt the nightes,  
 The hags and goblins, do me know;  
     And beldames old  
     My feates have told—  
 So *vale, vale!* Ho, ho, ho!

ANONYMOUS.

## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Come, follow, follow me—  
 You, fairy elves that be,  
 Which circle on the green—  
 Come, follow Mab, your queen!  
 Hand in hand let's dance around,  
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest,  
 Unheard and unespied,  
 Through keyholes we do glide;  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul  
 With platter, dish, or bowl,  
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
 And find the sluts asleep;  
 There we pinch their arms and thighs—  
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And duly she is paid;  
 For we use, before we go,  
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
 Our table cloth we spread;  
 A grain of rye or wheat  
 Is manchet, which we eat;  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
 In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
 With unctuous fat of snails,  
 Between two cockles stewed,  
 Is meat that's easily chewed;  
 Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
 Serve us for our minstrelsy;  
 Grace said, we dance a while,  
 And so the time beguile;  
 And if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed

On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk;  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE FAIRIES' SONG.

WE dance on hills above the wind,  
And leave our footsteps there behind;  
Which shall to after ages last,  
When all our dancing days are past.

Sometimes we dance upon the shore,  
To whistling winds and seas that roar;  
Then we make the wind to blow,  
And set the seas a-dancing too.

The thunder's noise is our delight,  
And lightnings make us day by night;  
And in the air we dance on high,  
To the loud music of the sky.

About the moon we make a ring,  
And falling stars we wanton fling,  
Like squibs and rockets, for a toy;  
While what frights others is our joy.

But when we'd hunt away our cares,  
We boldly mount the galloping spheres;  
And, riding so from east to west,  
We chase each nimble zodiac beast.

Thus, giddy grown, we make our beds,  
With thick, black clouds to rest our heads,  
And flood the earth with our dark showers,  
That did but sprinkle these our bowers.

Thus, having done with orbs and sky,  
Those mighty spaces vast and high,  
Then down we come and take the shapes,  
Sometimes of cats, sometimes of apes.

Next, turned to mites in cheese, forsooth,  
We get into some hollow tooth;  
Wherein, as in a Christmas hall,  
We frisk and dance, the devil and all.

Then we change our wily features  
Into yet far smaller creatures,  
And dance in joints of gouty toes,  
To painful tunes of groans and wopes.

ANONYMOUS.

## SONG OF THE FAIRY.

OVER hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green;  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see:  
These be rubies, fairy favors—  
In those freckles live their savors.  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

SHAKESPEARE

## FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear! oh shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Weep no more! oh weep no more!  
Young buds sleep in the root's white core,  
Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!  
For I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies—  
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!  
'Mong the blossoms white and red—  
Look up, look up! I flutter now  
On this fresh pomegranate bough.  
See me! 'tis this silvery bill  
Ever cures the good man's ill.  
Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!  
I vanish in the heaven's blue—  
Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS



## SONG OF FAIRIES.

WE the fairies, blithe and antic,  
Of dimensions not gigantic,  
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,  
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;  
Stolen kisses much completer;  
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:  
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,  
Then 's the time for orchard-robbing;  
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling  
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. (Latin.)

Translation of LEIGH HUNT.

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

## A BALLAD.

## I.

OH what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

## II.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

## III.

I see a lily on thy brow,  
With anguish moist and fever dew;  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

## IV.

I met a lady in the mead—  
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

## V.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone:  
She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

## VI.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long;  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A fairy song.

## VII.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew;  
And sure in language strange she said—  
"I love thee true."

## VIII.

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sighed full sore;  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

## IX.

And there she lulled me asleep;  
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dreamed  
On the cold hill's side.

## X.

I saw pale kings and princes too—  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—"La belle dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

## XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gapéd wide;  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.

## XII.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the  
lake,  
And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS

## KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
 But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,  
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
 And pu' the cress-flower round the spring—  
 The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,  
 And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree;  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',  
 And lang may she seek i' the green-wood  
 shaw;  
 Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
 When the bedes-man had prayed, and the  
 dead-bell rung;  
 Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,  
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain—  
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
 Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came  
 hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
 Lang hae we sought both holt and den—  
 By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree;  
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.  
 Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?  
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green?  
 And these roses, the fairest that ever was  
 seen?  
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
 As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not  
 declare;

Kilmeny had been where the cock never  
 crew,  
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never  
 blew;  
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had  
 rung,  
 And the airs of heaven played round her  
 tongue,  
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had  
 seen,  
 And a land where sin had never been—  
 A land of love, and a land of light,  
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;  
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
 And the light a pure celestial beam:  
 The land of vision it would seem,  
 A still, an everlasting dream.  
 In yon green-wood there is a waik,  
 And in tha' waik there is a wene,  
 And in that wene there is a maik,  
 That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;  
 And down in yon green-wood he walks his  
 lane.

In that green wene, Kilmeny lay,  
 Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;  
 But the air was soft, and the silence deep,  
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;  
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,  
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae  
 slim,  
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;  
 And lovely beings around were rife,  
 Who erst had travelled mortal life;  
 And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:  
 "What spirit has brought this mortal here!"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"  
 A meek and reverend fere replied;  
 "Baith night and day I have watched the  
 fair  
 Eident a thousand years and mair.  
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
 Wherever blooms femenitye;  
 But sinless virgin, free of stain,  
 In mind and body, fand I nane.  
 Never, since the banquet of time,  
 Found I a virgin in her prime,

Till late this bonny maiden I saw,  
As spotless as the morning snaw.  
Full twenty years she has lived as free  
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie.  
I have brought her away frae the snares of  
men,

That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair;  
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her  
hair;

And round came many a blooming fere,  
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;  
Women are freed of the littand scorn;  
Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!  
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,  
Many a lang year through the world we've  
gane,

Commissioned to watch fair womankind,  
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.  
We have watched their steps as the dawning  
shone,

And deep in the green-wood walks alone;  
By lily bower and silken bed  
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;  
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
Or left the couch of love to weep.  
We have seen! we have seen! but the time  
must come,

And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind  
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,  
That kindred spirits their motions see,  
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,  
And grieve for the guilt of humanity!  
Oh, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,  
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!  
And dear to heaven the words of truth  
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!  
And dear to the viewless forms of air,  
The minds that kythe as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,  
If ever you seek the world again—  
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear—  
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;  
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;  
Of the times that are now, and the times that  
shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;  
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw  
her lie

In the stream of life that wandered by.  
And she heard a song—she heard it sung,  
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn—  
"Oh! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!  
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;  
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun—  
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;  
And the angels shall miss them, travelling  
the air.

But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
When the sun and the world have dyed  
away,  
When the sinner has gane to his waesome  
doom,  
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,  
For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
But so swift they wained her through the  
light,

'T was like the motion of sound or sight;  
They seemed to split the gales of air,  
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
Unnumbered groves below them grew;  
They came, they past, and backward flew,  
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
In moment seen, in moment gone.  
Oh, never vales to mortal view  
Appeared like those o'er which they flew  
That land to human spirits given,  
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;  
From whence they can view the world below,  
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires  
glow—

More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
To see what mortal never had seen;  
And they seated her high on a purple sward,  
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
And note the changes the spirits wrought;  
For now she lived in the land of thought.—  
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;  
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light;  
And radiant beings went and came,  
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame;  
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing by;  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains gray;  
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,  
Which heaved and trembled, and gently  
swung;  
On every shore they seemed to be hung;  
For there they were seen on their downward  
plain  
A thousand times and a thousand again;  
In winding lake and placid firth—  
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of  
earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
For she found her heart to that land did  
cleave;  
She saw the corn wave on the vale;  
She saw the deer run down the dale;  
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
And the brows that the badge of freedom  
bore;  
And she thought she had seen the land be-  
fore.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!  
A lion licked her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leish of silk,

And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and melting ee—  
Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,  
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedes-man came,  
And hundit the lion on his dame;  
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,  
She dropped a-tear, and left her knee;  
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,  
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay  
dead;  
A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain.  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turned away, and could look nae  
mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girnéd amain,  
And they trampled him down—but he rose  
again;  
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom  
dear;  
And, weening his head was danger-preef  
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,  
He growled at the carle, and chased him  
away  
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.  
He growled at the carle, and he gecked at  
heaven;  
But his mark was set, and his arles given  
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurled,  
One half of all the glowing world,  
Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,  
To bound the aims of sinful man.  
She saw a people fierce and fell,  
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew;  
And she herked on her ravening crew,  
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a  
blaze,  
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and  
the seas.  
The widows they wailed, and the red blood  
ran,  
And she threatened an end to the race of  
man.



She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.  
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,  
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;  
But flew she north, or flew she south,  
She met wi' the growl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
The eagle sought her eiry again;  
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,  
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
Before she sey another flight,  
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
So far surpassing nature's law,  
The singer's voice wad sink away,  
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.  
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,  
And all was love and harmony;  
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
The friends she had left in her own countrie,  
To tell of the place where she had been,  
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
To warn the living maidens fair,  
The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,  
That all whose minds unmeled remain  
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;  
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,  
All happed with flowers in the green-wood  
wene.

When seven long years had come and fled;  
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;  
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's  
name,

Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!  
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her ee!  
Such beauty bard may never declare,  
For there was no pride nor passion there;  
And the soft desire of maidens' een,  
In that mild face could never be seen.  
Her seymar was the lily flower,  
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower.

And her voice like the distant melodye  
That floats along the twilight sea.  
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,  
And keepest afar frae the haunts of men;  
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.  
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;  
The wolf played blythely round the field,  
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;  
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,  
And cowered aneath her lily hand.  
And when at even the woodlands rung,  
When hymns of other worlds she sung  
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
Oh, then the glen was all in motion!  
The wild beasts of the forest came,  
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
And goved around, charmed and amazed;  
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
And murmured and looked with anxious pain,  
For something the mystery to explain.  
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,  
The corby left her houf in the rock;  
The black-bird along wi' the eagle flew;  
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;  
The wolf and the kid their raikie began;  
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret  
ran;  
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their  
young;  
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:  
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come and  
gane,  
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;  
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
But oh, the words that fell from her mouth,  
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!  
But all the land were in fear and dread,  
For they kend na whether she was living or  
dead.  
It wasna her hame, and she couldna re-  
main;  
She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
And returned to the land of thought again.

## THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

## A MIDSUMMER LEGEND

"AND where have you been, my Mary,  
And where have you been from me?"  
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,  
The midsummer-night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon Low?"  
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,  
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon hill?"  
"I heard the drops of the water made,  
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary—  
All, all that ever you know;  
For you must have seen the fairies,  
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;  
And listen, mother of mine:  
A hundred fairies danced last night,  
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily  
To their dancing feet so small;  
But oh! the words of their talking  
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,  
That then you heard them say?"  
"I'll tell you all, my mother;  
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,  
And rolled it down the hill;  
And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn  
The poor old miller's mill;

"For there has been no water  
Ever since the first of May;  
And a busy man will the miller be  
At dawning of the day.

"Oh! the miller, how he will laugh  
When he sees the mill-dam rise!  
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh  
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds  
That sounded over the hill;  
And each put a horn unto his mouth,  
And blew both loud and shrill;

"And there,' they said, 'the merry winds  
go  
Away from every horn;  
And they shall clear the mildew dank  
From the blind, old widow's corn.

"Oh! the poor, blind widow,  
Though she has been blind so long,  
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's  
gone,  
And the corn stands tall and strong."

"And some they brought the brown lint-  
seed,  
And flung it down from the Low;  
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,  
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"Oh! the poor, lame weaver,  
How will he laugh outright  
When he sees his dwindling flax-field  
All full of flowers by night!"

"And then outspoke a brownie,  
With a long beard on his chin;  
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,  
'And I want some more to spin.

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,  
And I want to spin another;  
A little sheet for Mary's bed,  
And an apron for her mother.

"With that I could not help but laugh,  
And I laughed out loud and free;  
And then on the top of the Caldon Low  
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low  
The mists were cold and gray,  
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones  
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,  
I heard afar below,  
How busy the jolly miller was;  
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,  
And, sure enough, were seen  
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,  
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,  
To see if the flax were sprung;  
And I met the weaver at his gate,  
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,  
And all that I did see;  
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,  
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

#### OH! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

Oh! where do fairies hide their heads,  
When snow lies on the hills—  
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,  
And crystallized their rills?  
Beneath the moon they cannot trip  
In circles o'er the plain;  
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,  
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells,  
They plunge beneath the waves,  
Inhabiting the wreathed shells  
That lie in coral caves.  
Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,  
Carousals they maintain;  
And cheer their little spirits thus,  
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth,  
And music in the air,  
And fairy wings upon the earth,  
And mischief every where.  
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,  
Will bar the doors in vain;  
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,  
When green leaves come again.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

#### THE CULPRIT FAY.

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo!  
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing valcs,  
I see old fairy land's miraculous show!  
Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,  
Her oups that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,  
And fairies, swarming ———."

TENNANT'S ANSTER FAIR.

#### I.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—  
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;  
Naught is seen in the vault on high  
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloud  
less sky,  
And the flood which rolls its milky Lue.  
A river of light on the welkin blue.  
The moon looks down on old Cronest;  
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast  
And seems his huge gray form to throw  
In a silver cone on the wave below;  
His sides are broken by spots of shade,  
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,  
And through their clustering branches dark  
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—  
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break  
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's  
rack.

#### II.

The stars are on the moving stream,  
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,  
A burnished length of wavy beam  
In an eel-like, spiral line below;  
The winds are whist, and the owl is still;  
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;  
And nought is heard on the lonely hill  
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill  
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;  
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,  
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,  
Ever a note of wail and woe,  
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

#### III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:  
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;  
He has counted them all with click and stroke  
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,  
And he has awakened the sentry elfe  
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree

To bid him ring the hour of twelve,  
 And call the fays to their revelry ;  
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—  
 ('T was made of the white snail's pearly  
   shell—)  
 "Midnight comes, and all is well !  
 Hither, hither, wing your way !  
 'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

## IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,  
 They creep from the mullen's velvet screen ;  
   Some on the backs of beetles fly  
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,  
   Where they swung in their cobweb ham-  
   mocks high,  
 And rocked about in the evening breeze ;  
   Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—  
 They had driven him out by elfin power,  
   And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow  
   breast,  
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;  
   Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,  
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;  
   And some had opened the four-o'clock,  
 And stole within its purple shade.  
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,  
 Above—below—on every side,  
   Their little minim forms arrayed  
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride !

## V.

They come not now to print the lea,  
 In freak and dance around the tree,  
 Or at the mushroom board to sup,  
 And drink the dew from the buttercup ;—  
 A scene of sorrow waits them now,  
 For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow ;  
 He has loved an earthly maid,  
 And left for her his woodland shade ;  
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,  
 And sunned him in her eye of blue,  
 Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,  
 Played in the ringlets of her hair,  
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,  
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.  
 For this the shadowy tribes of air  
   To the elfin court must haste away :—  
 And now they stand expectant there,  
   To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

## VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,  
 Of spice-wood and of sassafras ;  
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell  
   Hung the burnished canopy—  
 And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell  
   Of the tulip's crimson drapery.  
 The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,  
   On his brow the crown imperial shone,  
 The prisoner fay was at his feet,  
   And his peers were ranged around the  
   throne.  
 He waved his sceptre in the air,  
   He looked around and calmly spoke ;  
 His brow was grave and his eye severe,  
   But his voice in a softened accent broke .

## VII.

"Fairy! fairy! list and mark :  
   Thou hast broke thine elfin chain ;  
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and  
   dark,  
   And thy wings are dyed with a deadly  
   stain—  
 Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity  
   In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye ;  
 Thou hast scorned our dread decree,  
   And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.  
 But well I know her, sinless mind  
   Is pure as the angel forms above,  
 Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,  
   Such as a spirit well might love ;  
 Fairy! had she spot or taint,  
 Bitter had been thy punishment :  
 Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;  
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings ;  
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell  
   With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;  
 Or every night to writhe and bleed  
   Beneath the tread of the centipede ;  
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,  
 Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,  
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie  
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered  
   fly :  
 These it had been your lot to bear,  
 Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.  
 Now list, and mark our mild decree—  
 Fairy, this your doom must be :



## VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand  
 Where the water bounds the elfin land;  
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine  
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moon-  
 shine,  
 Then dart the glistening arch below,  
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.  
 The water-sprites will wield their arms  
 And dash around, with roar and rave,  
 And vain are the woodland spirits' charms;  
 They are the imps that rule the wave.  
 Yet trust thee in thy single might:  
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,  
 Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

## IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,  
 The stain of thy wing is washed away;  
 But another errand must be done  
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye:  
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,  
 Thou must reillumine its spark.  
 Mount thy steed and spur him high  
 To the heaven's blue canopy;  
 And when thou seest a shooting star,  
 Follow it fast, and follow it far—  
 The last faint spark of its burning train  
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.  
 Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;  
 Hence! to the water-side, away!"

## X.

The goblin marked his monarch well;  
 He spake not, but he bowed him low,  
 Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,  
 And turned him round in act to go.  
 The way is long, he cannot fly,  
 His soiled wing has lost its power,  
 And he winds adown the mountain high,  
 For many a sore and weary hour.  
 Through dreary beds of tangled fern,  
 Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,  
 Over the grass and through the brake,  
 Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;  
 Now o'er the violet's azure flush  
 He skips along in lightsome mood;  
 And now he thrids the bramble-bush,  
 Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.

He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the  
 brier,

He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,  
 Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,  
 And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.

He had fallen to the ground outright,  
 For rugged and dim was his onward track,  
 But there came a spotted toad in sight,  
 And he laughed as he jumped upon her  
 back;

He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,  
 He lashed her sides with an osier thong;

And now, through evening's dewy mist,  
 With leap and spring they bound along,  
 Till the mountain's magic verge is past,  
 And the beach of sand is reached at last.

## XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,  
 Moveless still the glassy stream;  
 The wave is clear, the beach is bright  
 With snowy shells and sparkling stones;  
 The shore-surge comes in ripples light,  
 In murmurings faint and distant moans;  
 And ever afar in the silence deep  
 Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,  
 And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—  
 A glittering arch of silver sheen,  
 Spanning the wave of burnished blue,  
 And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

## XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,  
 As he lighted down from his courser toad,  
 Then round his breast his wings he wound,  
 And close to the river's brink he strode;  
 He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,  
 Above his head his arms he threw,  
 Then tossed a tiny curve in air,  
 And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

## XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,  
 From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves;  
 With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,  
 They speed their way through the liquid  
 waste;  
 Some are rapidly borne along  
 On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong;

Some on the blood-red leeches glide  
 Some on the stony star-fish ride,  
 Some on the back of the lancing squab,  
 Some on the sideling soldier-crab;  
 And some on the jellied quarl, that flings  
 At once a thousand streamy stings;  
 They cut the wave with the living oar,  
 And hurry on to the moonlight shore,  
 To guard their realms and chase away  
 The footsteps of the invading fay.

## XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,  
 His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;  
 He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,  
 And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;  
 His locks of gold on the waters shine,  
 At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,  
 His back gleams bright above the brine,  
 And the wake-line foam behind him lies.  
 But the water-sprites are gathering near  
 To check his course along the tide;  
 Their warriors come in swift career  
 And hem him round on every side;  
 On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,  
 The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,  
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,  
 And the squab has thrown his javelin;  
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,  
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw;  
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain;  
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain;  
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,  
 Fairy! naught is left but flight.

## XV.

He turned him round, and fled amain  
 With hurry and dash to the beach again;  
 He twisted over from side to side,  
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;  
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,  
 And with all his might he flings his feet,  
 But the water-sprites are round him still,  
 To cross his path and work him ill.  
 They bade the wave before him rise;  
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes;  
 And they stunned his ears with the scallop-  
   stroke,  
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish  
   croak.

Oh! but aweary wight was he  
 When he reached the foot of the dogwood  
   tree.

—Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,  
 He laid him down on the sandy shore;  
 He blessed the force of the charmed line,  
 And he banned the water-goblin's spite,  
 For he saw around in the sweet moonshine  
 Their little wee faces above the brine,  
 Giggling and laughing with all their might  
 At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

## XVI.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew  
 From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;  
 Over each wound the balm he drew,  
 And with cobweb lint he stanch'd the  
   blood.

The mild west wind was soft and low,  
 It cooled the heat of his burning brow;  
 And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,  
 As he drank the juice of the calamus root;  
 And now he treads the fatal shore,  
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

## XVII.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:  
 'T is the middle wane of night;  
 His task is hard, his way is far,  
 But he must do his errand right  
 Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,  
 And rolls her chariot wheels of light;  
 And vain are the spells of fairy-land—  
 He must work with a human hand.

## XVIII.

He cast a saddened look around;  
 But he felt new joy his bosom swell,  
 When, glittering on the shadowed ground,  
 He saw a purple muscle-shell;  
 Thither he ran, and he bent him low,  
 He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the  
   bow,  
 And he pushed her over the yielding sand,  
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.  
 She was as lovely a pleasure-boat  
 As ever fairy had paddled in,  
 For she glowed with purple paint without,  
 And shone with silvery pearl within;

A sculler's notch in the stern he made,  
An oar he shaped of the bootle blade;  
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,  
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

## XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave;  
They had no power above the wave;  
But they heaved the billow before the prow,  
And they dashed the surge against her side,  
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,  
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.  
She whimpled about to the pale moonbeam,  
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed  
stream;  
And momentarily athwart her track  
The quarl upreared his island back,  
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,  
And patter the water about the boat;  
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,  
And he kept her trimmed with a wary  
tread,  
While on every side like lightning fell  
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

## XX.

Onward still he held his way,  
Till he came where the column of moonshine  
lay,  
And saw beneath the surface dim  
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim;  
Around him were the goblin train—  
But he sculled with all his might and main,  
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,  
Till he saw him upward point his head;  
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,  
And held his colen-goblet up  
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

## XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin  
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,  
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,  
He sprung above the waters blue.  
Instant as the star-fall light,  
He plunged him in the deep again,  
But he left an arch of silver bright,  
The rainbow of the moony main.  
't was a strange and lovely sight  
To see the puny goblin there;

He seemed an angel form of light,  
With azure wing and sunny hair,  
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,  
Circled with blue and edged with white,  
And sitting at the fall of even  
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

## XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell;  
But ere it met the billow blue,  
He caught within his crimson bell  
A droplet of its sparkling dew—  
Joy to thee, fay! thy task is done,  
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—  
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,  
And haste away to the elfin shore.

## XXIII.

He turns, and, lo! on either side  
The ripples on his path divide;  
And the track o'er which his boat must pass  
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.  
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,  
With snowy arms half-swelling out,  
While on the glossed and gleamy wave  
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;  
They swim around with smile and song;  
They press the bark with pearly hand,  
And gently urge her course along,  
Toward the beach of speckled sand;  
And, as he lightly leaped to land,  
They bade adieu with nod and bow;  
Then gayly kissed each little hand,  
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

## XXIV.

A moment stayed the fairy there;  
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer;  
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,  
And on to the elfin court he flew;  
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,  
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,  
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,  
It mingles with the hues of heaven;  
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,  
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,  
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,  
Till lost in the shades of fading night:  
So rose from earth the lovely fay—  
So vanished, far in heaven away!

\* \* \* \* \*

Up, fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,  
The cricket has called the second hour;  
Twice again, and the lark will rise  
To kiss the streaking of the skies—  
Up! thy charmed armor don,  
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

## XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;  
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;  
The corslet plate that guarded his breast  
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;  
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,  
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;  
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,  
Studs of gold on a ground of green;  
And the quivering lance which he brandished  
bright,

Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.  
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;

He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;  
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,  
And away like a glance of thought he flew,  
To skim the heavens, and follow far  
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

## XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,  
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;  
The katy-did forgot its lay,  
The prowling gnat fled fast away,  
The fell mosquito checked his drone  
And folded his wings till the fay was gone,  
And the wily beetle dropped his head,  
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;  
They crouched them close in the darksome  
shade,

They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,  
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,  
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;  
Many a time, on a summer's night,  
When the sky was clear, and the moon was  
bright,

They had been roused from the haunted  
ground

By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;

They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,  
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk  
string,

When the vine-twig bows were tightly  
drawn,

And the needle-shaft through air was  
borne,  
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's  
wing.

And now they deemed the courier oupbe,  
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;  
And they watched till they saw him mount  
the roof

That canopies the world around;  
Then glad they left their covert lair,  
And freaked about in the midnight air.

## XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament  
His path the fire-fly courser bent,  
And at every gallop on the wind,  
He flung a glittering spark behind;  
He flies like a feather in the blast  
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.  
But the shapes of air have begun their  
work,

And a drizzly mist is round him cast;  
He cannot see through the mantle murk;  
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;  
Through storm and darkness, sleet and  
shade,

He lashes his steed, and spurs amain—  
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,  
And flame-shot tongues around him played,  
And near him many a fiendish eye  
Glared with a fell malignity,  
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,  
Came screaming on his startled ear.

## XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,  
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,  
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's  
glare,  
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's  
blare.

But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,

He thrust before and he struck behind,  
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,  
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind:

Howling the misty spectres flew,  
They rend the air with frightful cries;  
For he has gained the welkin blue,

And the land of clouds beneath him lies.



## XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,  
 In breathless motion fast,  
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,  
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,  
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,  
 The sphered moon is past,  
 The earth but seems a tiny blot  
 On a sheet of azure cast.  
 Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,  
 To tread the starry plain of even!  
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,  
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven!  
 But the elfin made no stop or stay  
 Till he came to the bank of the milky-way;  
 Then he checked his courser's foot,  
 And watched for the glimpse of the planet-  
 shoot.

## XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide  
 That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,  
 The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,  
 Attired in sunset's crimson pall;  
 Around the fay they weave the dance,  
 They skip before him on the plain,  
 And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,  
 And one upholds his bridle-rein;  
 With warblings wild they lead him on  
 To where, through clouds of amber seen,  
 Studded with stars, resplendent shone  
 The palace of the sylphid queen.  
 Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,  
 Were streamers of the northern light;  
 Its curtain's light and lovely flush  
 Was of the morning's rosy blush;  
 And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,  
 The white and feathery fleece of noon.

## XXXI.

But, oh! how fair the shape that lay  
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright;  
 She seemed to the entranced fay  
 The loveliest of the forms of light;  
 Her mantle was the purple rolled  
 At twilight in the west afar;  
 'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,  
 And buttoned with a sparkling star.  
 Her face was like the lily roon  
 That veils the vestal planet's hue;  
 Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,  
 Set floating in the welkin blue.

Her hair is like the sunny beam,  
 And the diamond gems which round it gleam  
 Are the pure drops of dewy even  
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

## XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,  
 And they leaped with smiles; for well I  
 ween  
 Never before in the bowers of light  
 Had the form of an earthly fay been seen.  
 Long she looked in his tiny face;  
 Long with his butterfly cloak she played;  
 She smoothed his wings of azure lace,  
 And handled the tassel of his blade;  
 And as he told, in accents low,  
 The story of his love and woe,  
 She felt new pains in her bosom rise,  
 And the tear-drop started in her eyes.  
 And "O, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,  
 "Return no more to your woodland height  
 But ever here with me abide  
 In the land of everlasting light!  
 Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,  
 We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;  
 And all the jewels of the sky  
 Around thy brow shall brightly beam!  
 And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream  
 That rolls its whitening foam aboon,  
 And ride upon the lightning's gleam,  
 And dance upon the orb'd moon!  
 We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,  
 We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,  
 And I will bid my sylphs to sing  
 The song that makes the dew-mist melt;  
 Their harps are of the umber shade  
 That hides the blush of waking day,  
 And every gleamy string is made  
 Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;  
 And thou shalt pillow on my breast,  
 While heavenly breathings float around,  
 And, with the sylphs of ether blest,  
 Forget the joys of fairy ground."

## XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see  
 And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;  
 But lovelier far, and still more fair,  
 The earthly form imprinted there;  
 Naught he saw in the heavens above  
 Was half so dear as his mortal love.

For he thought upon her looks so meek,  
And he thought of the light flush on her  
cheek;

Never again might he bask and lie  
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;  
But in his dreams her form to see,  
To clasp her in his revelry,  
To think upon his virgin bride,  
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

## XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,  
On the word of a fairy-knight,  
To do my sentence-task aright;  
My honor scarce is free from stain—  
I may not soil its snows again;  
Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
Its mandate must be answered now."  
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,  
The tear was in her drooping eye;  
But she led him to the palace gate,

And called the sylphs who hovered there,  
And bade them fly and bring him straight,  
Of clouds condensed, a sable car.  
With charm and spell she blessed it there,  
From all the fiends of upper air;  
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,  
And tied his steed behind the cloud;  
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly  
Far to the verge of the northern sky,  
For by its wane and wavering light  
There was a star would fall to-night.

## XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,  
Northward away, he speeds him fast,  
And his courser follows the cloudy wain  
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.  
The clouds roll backward as he flies,  
Each flickering star behind him lies,  
And he has reached the northern plain,  
And backed his fire-fly steed again,  
Ready to follow in its flight  
The streaming of the rocket-light.

## XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,  
But it rocks in the summer gale;  
And now 't is fitful and uneven,  
And now 't is deadly pale;

And now 't is wrapped in sulphur-smoke,  
And quenched is its rayless beam;  
And now with a rattling thunder-struck  
It bursts in flash and flame.  
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance  
That the storm-spirit flings from high,  
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,  
As it fell from the sheeted sky.  
As swift as the wind in its train behind  
The elfin gallops along:

The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,  
But the sylphid charm is strong;  
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,  
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;  
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,  
And rides in the light of its rays.  
But he drove his steed to the lightning's  
speed,  
And caught a glimmering spark;  
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,  
And sped through the midnight dark.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!  
Elf of eve! and starry fay!  
Ye that love the moon's soft light,  
Hither—hither wend your way;  
Twine ye in a jocund ring,  
Sing and trip it merrily,  
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again  
With dance and song, and lute and lyre;  
Pure his wing and strong his chain,  
And doubly bright his fairy fire.  
Twine ye in an airy round,  
Brush the dew and print the lea;  
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,  
He flies about the haunted place,  
And if mortal there be found,  
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;  
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,  
The owl's eyes our lanterns be;  
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Rat, hark! from tower on tree-top high,  
 The sentry-elf his call has made;  
 A streak is in the eastern sky,  
 Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!  
 The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,  
 The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,  
 The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,  
 The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

### THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen;  
 We dare n't go a hunting  
 For fear of little men;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
 Some make their home—  
 They live on crispy pancakes  
 Of yellow tide-foam;  
 Some in the reeds  
 Of the black mountain-lake,  
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
 The old king sits;  
 He is now so old and gray  
 He's nigh lost his wits.  
 With a bridge of white mist  
 Columbkille he crosses,  
 On his stately journeys  
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
 Or going up with music  
 On cold, starry nights,  
 To sup with the queen  
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
 For seven years long;  
 When she came down again  
 Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,  
 Between the night and morrow;  
 They thought that she was fast asleep  
 But she was dead with sorrow.  
 They have kept her ever since  
 Deep within the lakes,  
 On a bed of flag-leaves,  
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,  
 Through the mosses bare,  
 They have planted thorn-trees  
 For pleasure here and there.  
 Is any man so daring  
 To dig one up in spite,  
 He shall find the thornies set  
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We dare n't go a hunting  
 For fear of little men;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies!  
 Good housewives now may say;  
 For now foule sluts in dairies  
 Doe fare as well as they;  
 And though they sweep their hearths no  
 less  
 Than mayds were wont to doe,  
 Yet who of late for cleanness  
 Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeyes,  
 The fairies' lost command!  
 They did but change priests' babies,  
 But some have changed your land;  
 And all your children, stoln from thence,  
 Are now grown Puritanes,  
 Who live as changelings ever since,  
 For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both  
 You merry were and glad;  
 So little care of sleepe and sloth  
 Thesè prettie ladies had.  
 When Tom came home from labor,  
 Or Ciss to milking rose,  
 Then merrily went their tabour,  
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness, those rings and roundelays  
 Of theirs, which yet remaine,  
 Were footed in Queen Marie's dayes  
 On many a grassy playne.  
 But since of late Elizabeth,  
 And later James, came in  
 They never danced on any heath  
 As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the faeries  
 Were of the old profession;  
 Their songs were *Ave-Maries*,  
 Their dances were procession.  
 But, now, alas! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or farther for religion fled;  
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure;  
 And whoso kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punished sure;  
 It was a just and Christian deed  
 To pinch such blacke and blue:  
 Oh how the commonwelth doth need  
 Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters,  
 A register they have,  
 Who can preserve their charters—  
 A man both wise and grave.  
 An hundred of their merry pranks,  
 By one that I could name,  
 Are kept in store; con twenty thanks  
 To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire  
 Give laud and praises due,  
 Who, every meale, can mend your cheare  
 With tales both old and true;  
 To William all give audience,  
 And pray yee for his hiddle;  
 For all the faeries' evidence  
 Were lost if it were addle.

RICHARD CORBETT.

## THE GREEN GNOME.

A MELODY.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
 Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales  
 and dells!  
 Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath  
 bells!  
 Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and  
 fells!

And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey  
 white as milk,  
 My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk  
 was of the silk;  
 My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to  
 my shoe,  
 My eyes were like two harebells bathed in  
 little drops of dew;  
 My palfrey, never stopping, made a music  
 sweetly blent  
 With the leaves of autumn dropping all around  
 me as I went;  
 And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far be-  
 hind me peal and play,  
 Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to  
 die away;  
 And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap  
 of sand,  
 I saw the green gnome sitting, with his cheek  
 upon his hand.  
 Then he started up to see me, and he ran with  
 cry and bound,  
 And drew me from my palfrey white and set  
 me on the ground.  
 Oh crimson, crimson were his locks, his face  
 was green to see,  
 But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are  
 bound to marry me!"  
 He clasped me round the middle small, he  
 kissed me on the cheek,  
 He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I  
 could not stir or speak;  
 He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but  
 when he kissed again,  
 I called aloud upon the name of Him who  
 died for men.

Sing, sing! ring, ring! pleasant Sabbath bells  
 Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales  
 and dells!



Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

Oh faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,  
So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far away;

And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,

The ugly green green gnome became a tall and comely man:

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;

A pensive light from Faëryland still lingered on his cheek,

His voice was like the running brook, when he began to speak:

"Oh you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me,

Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free.

Oh I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,

And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I behind,

And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind;

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,

As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,

And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,

And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## ARIEL'S SONGS.

### I.

COME unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands;  
Court'sied when you have, and kissed,  
(The wild waves whist!)  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!

*Bough, wough.*

The watch-dogs bark—

*Bough, wough.*

Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

### II.

Full fathoms five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
Nothing of him doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

*Ding-dong.*

Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

### III.

Where the bee sucks there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKESPEARE

## SONG.

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
Lest a blacker charm compel!  
So shall the midnight breezes swell  
With thy deep, long, lingering knell

And at evening evermore,  
In a chapel on the shore,  
Shall the chanter, sad and saintly,  
Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
Doleful masses chaunt for thee—  
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away  
On the quiet moonlight sea;  
The boatmen rest their oars and say,  
Miserere Domine!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE LORELEI.

I know not what it presages,  
This heart with sadness fraught:  
'Tis a tale of the olden ages,  
That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles;  
The Rhine flows calmly on;  
The mountain summit sparkles  
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,  
A maiden wondrous fair;  
With golden raiment shining,  
And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it;  
And combing, low singeth she—  
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,  
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him,  
The strain comes floating by;  
He sees not the cliffs before him—  
He only looks on high.

Ah! round him the dark waves, flinging  
Their arms draw him slowly down—  
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,  
The Lorelei has done.

HENRY HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

### THE WATER LADY.

#### I.

Alas, that moon should ever beam  
To show what man should never see!—  
I saw a maiden on a stream,  
And fair was she!

#### II.

I staid awhile, to see her throw  
Her tresses back, that all beset  
The fair horizon of her brow  
With clouds of jet.

#### III.

I staid a little while to view  
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,  
The bloom of water—tender blue,  
Daintily spread.

#### IV.

I staid to watch, a little space,  
Her parted lips, if she would sing;  
The waters closed above her face  
With many a ring.

#### V.

And still I staid a little more—  
Alas! she never comes again!  
I throw my flowers from the shore,  
And watch in vain.

#### VI.

I know my life will fade away—  
I know that I must vainly pine;  
For I am made of mortal clay,  
But she 's divine!

THOMAS HOOD

### THE WATER FAY.

The night comes stealing o'er me,  
And clouds are on the sea;  
While the wavelets rustle before me  
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing  
Before me, fair and pale;  
And snow-white breasts were springing,  
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,  
Till I wished her arms away:  
"Why hast thou so caressed me,  
Thou lovely water fay?"

"Oh, thou need'st not alarm thee,  
That thus thy form I hold;  
For I only seek to warm me,  
And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,  
The moonlight is fading away;  
And tears down thy cheek are falling,  
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,  
And the moonlight grows dim on the  
rocks;  
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,  
'Tis the water which drips from my  
locks."

"The ocean is heaving and sobbing,  
The sea-mews scream in the spray;  
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,  
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,  
And it beats in burning truth;  
For I love thee, past all telling—  
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

HENRY HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

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### SONG.

#### I.

A LAKE and a fairy boat,  
To sail in the moonlight clear—  
And merrily we would float  
From the dragons that watch us here!

#### II.

Thy gown should be snow-white silk;  
And strings of orient pearls,  
Like gossamers dipped in milk,  
Should twine with thy raven curls!

#### III.

Red rubies should deck thy hands,  
And diamonds should be thy dower—  
But fairies have broke their wands,  
And wishing has lost its power!

THOMAS HOOD.

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## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

### PART I.

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky,  
And through the field the road runs by  
To many-towered Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below—  
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten; aspens quiver;  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Through the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river,  
Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers;  
And the silent isle imbowers  
The lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,  
Slide the heavy barges, trailed  
By slow horses; and, unhailed,  
The shallop flitteth, silken-sailed.  
Skimming down to Camelot,  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land—  
The lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river, winding clearly  
Down to towered Camelot;  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy  
Lady of Shalott."

### PART II.

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be;  
 And so she weaveth steadily,  
 And little other care hath she—  
     The lady of Shalott.

And, moving through a mirror clear  
 That hangs before her all the year,  
 Shadows of the world appear.  
 There she sees the highway near,  
     Winding down to Camelot;  
 There the river eddy whirls;  
 And there the surly village-churls,  
 And the red cloaks of market-girls,  
     Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
 An abbot on an ambling pad—  
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
 Or long-haired page, in crimson clad,  
     Goes by to towered Camelot;  
 And sometimes through the mirror blue  
 The knights come riding, two and two:  
 She hath no loyal knight and true—  
     The lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
 To weave the mirror's magic sights;  
 For often, through the silent nights,  
 A funeral, with plumes and lights  
     And music, went to Camelot;  
 Or, when the moon was overhead,  
 Came two young lovers lately wed;  
 "I am half-sick of shadows," said  
     The lady of Shalott.

## PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves  
 He rode between the barley sheaves;  
 The sun came dazzling through the leaves,  
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
     Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
 A red-cross knight for ever kneeled  
 To a lady in his shield,  
 That sparkled on the yellow field,  
     Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,  
 Like to some branch of stars we see

Hung in the golden galaxy.  
 The bridle bells rang merrily,  
     As he rode down to Camelot;  
 And, from his blazoned baldric slung,  
 A mighty silver bugle hung;  
 And as he rode his armor rung,  
     Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
 Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather;  
 The helmet and the helmet-feather  
 Burned like one burning flame together,  
     As he rode down to Camelot.  
 As often, through the purple night,  
 Below the starry clusters bright,  
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
     Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;  
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;  
 From underneath his helmet flowed  
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
     As he rode down to Camelot.  
 From the bank and from the river  
 He flashed into the crystal mirror:  
 "Tirra lirra," by the river,  
     Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom;  
 She made three paces through the room;  
 She saw the water-lily bloom;  
 She saw the helmet and the plume;  
     She looked down to Camelot:  
 Out flew the web, and floated wide;  
 The mirror cracked from side to side;  
 "The curse is come upon me," cried  
     The lady of Shalott.

## PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
 The pale yellow woods were waning—  
 The broad stream in his banks complaining  
 Heavily the low sky raining  
     Over towered Camelot;  
 Down she came, and found a boat,  
 Beneath a willow left afloat;  
 And round about the prow she wrote  
     *The lady of Shalott.*



And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away—  
The lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white,  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Through the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot;  
And as the boat-head wound along,  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song—  
The lady of Shalott—

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly—  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
Turned to towered Camelot;  
For ere she reached, upon the tide,  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing, in her song she died—  
The lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape, she floated by—  
A corse between the houses high—  
Silent, into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame;  
And round the prow they read her name—  
*The lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the royal palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they crossed themselves for fear—  
All the knights at Camelot;  
But Lancelot mused a little space:  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy lend her grace—  
The lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## COMUS, A MASK.

### THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit  
of THYESIS.  
COMUS, with his crew.  
The LADY.  
First BROTHER.  
Second BROTHER.  
SABRINA, the Nymph.

### THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

*The attendant SPIRIT descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call earth, and, with low-thoughted  
care

Confined, and pestered in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true ser-  
vants,

Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.  
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of eternity.  
To such my errand is; and, but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.  
But to my task: Neptune, besides the  
sway

Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep;  
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
By course commits to several government,  
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire  
crowns,

And wield their little tridents. But this isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;  
And all this tract, that fronts the falling sun,  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to  
guide

An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;

Where his fur offspring, nursed in princely  
 lore,

Are coming to attend their father's state,  
 And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way  
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear  
 wood,

The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 But that, by quick command from sovereign  
 Jove,

I was despatched for their defence and guard;  
 And listen why—for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple  
 grape

Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds  
 listed,

On Circe's island fell. Who knows not Circe,  
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup  
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?  
 This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering  
 locks

With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe  
 youth,

Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more;  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus  
 named;

Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbrow-  
 ered,

Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as  
 they taste,

For most do taste through fond intemp'rate  
 thirst)

Soon as the potion works, their human coun-  
 tenance,

Th express resemblance of the gods, is  
 changed

Into some brutish form, of wolf, or bear,  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog or bearded goat—

All other parts remaining as they were;  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than be-  
 fore;

And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore, when any favored of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous  
 glade,

Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe con-  
 voy—

As now I do. But first I must put off  
 These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied  
 song,

Well knows to still the wild winds when they  
 roar,

And hush the waving woods; nor of less  
 faith,

And, in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid,  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters, with a charming rod in one  
 hand, his glass in the other; with him a  
 rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts  
 of wild beasts—but otherwise like men and  
 women, their apparel glistening; they come  
 in making a riotous and unruly noise, with  
 torches in their hands.*

COMUS. The star that bids the shepherd fold  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold;

And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream;  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Facing toward the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.

Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,  
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
 Topsy Dance and Jollity.

Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
 Rigor now is gone to bed,

And Advice with scrupulous head;  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny  
 drove,

Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove;  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come! let us our rites begin—  
 'T is only daylight that makes us sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veiled Cotytto! t' whom the secret  
 flame

Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,  
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon  
 womb

Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air;  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and be-  
 friend

Us, thy vowed priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabined loophole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our concealed solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round!

#### THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and  
 trees;

Our number may affright some virgin sure,  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art),  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my  
 charms,

And to my wily trains; I shall ere long  
 Be well stocked, with as fair a herd as grazed  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments; lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight—  
 Which must not be, for that's against my  
 course.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well placed words of glozing courtesy,  
 Baited with reasons not unplausible,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her  
 eye

Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up, about his country gear  
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here

#### THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true—  
 My best guide now; methought it was the  
 sound

Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose, unlettered hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges  
 full,

In wanton dance they praise the bounteous  
 Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be  
 loath

To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence  
 Of such late wassailers; yet oh! where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
 Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me, then, when the gray-hooded  
 even,

Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus'  
 wain.

But where they are, and why they came not  
back,

Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis like-  
liest

They had engaged their wandering steps too  
far;

And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish  
night,

Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious  
end,

In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their  
lamps

With everlasting oil, to give due light

To the misled and lonely traveller?

This is the place, as well as I may guess,

Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth

Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;

Yet nought but single darkness do I find.

What might this be? A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory,

Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows  
dire,

And airy tongues, that syllable men's names

On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

These thoughts may startle well, but not as-  
tound

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended

By a strong-siding champion, conscience.

O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed  
hope—

Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings—

And thou, unblemished form of chastity!

I see ye visibly, and now believe

That he, the supreme good, t' whom all  
things ill

Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,

Would send a glistening guardian, if need  
were,

To keep my life and honor unassailed.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

I did not err, there does a sable cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night,

And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

I cannot halloo to my brothers; but

Such noise as I can make, to be heard far-  
thest,

I'll venture, for my new-enlivened spirits

Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off

## SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph—that livest  
unseen

Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet-embroidered vale

Where the love-lorn nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well—

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair

That liketh thy Narcissus are?

Oh, if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the  
sphere!

So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all heaven's  
harmonies.

*Enter COMUS.*

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's  
mould

Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,

And with these raptures moves the vocal air

To testify his hidden residence.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night—

At every fall smoothing the raven down

Of darkness till it smiled! I oft have heard

My mother Circe with the sirens three,

Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades

Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,

Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned  
soul,

And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,

And chid her barking waves into attention,

And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause

Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,

And in sweet madness robbed it of itself.

But such a sacred and home-felt delight,

Such sober certainty of waking bliss,

I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,

And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign  
wonder!

Whom, certain, these rough shades did never  
breed,

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine

Dwellest here with Pan or Silvan, by blest  
song



Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall  
wood!

LAD. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that  
praise

That is addressed to unattending ears;  
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
How to regain my severed company,  
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo,  
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COM. What chance, good 'ady, hath bereft  
you thus?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy laby-  
rinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near ush-  
ering guides?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy? or why?

LAD. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly  
spring.

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded,  
lady?

LAD. They were but twain, and purposed  
quick return.

COM. Perhaps forestalling night prevented  
them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present  
need?

LAD. No less than if I should my brothers  
lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youth-  
ful bloom?

LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored  
lips.

COM. Two such I saw, what time the la-  
bored ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat;  
I saw them, under a green mantling vine  
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.  
Their port was more than human, as they  
stood;

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colors of the rainbow live,

And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-  
struck;

And as I passed, I worshipped. If those you  
seek,

It were a journey like the path to heaven  
To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that  
place?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby  
point.

LAD. To find that out, good shepherd, I  
suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COM. I know each lane, and every alley  
green,

Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side—  
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;  
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodged,  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
From her thatched pallet rouse; if otherwise,  
I can conduct you, lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
Till further quest.

LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
And courts of princes, where it first was  
named,

And yet is most pretended; in a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my  
trial

To my proportioned strength. Shepherd.  
lead on!

*Enter The Two BROTHERS.*

1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars! and thou,  
fair moon,

That won't st to love the traveller's benison,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber  
cloud,

And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades;  
Or if your influence be quite dammed up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush candle from the wicker-hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us

With thy long-levelled rule of streaming  
light;

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian cynosure.

2 Br. Or if our eyes

Be barred that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded flocks penned in their wattled  
cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery  
dames,

'T would be some solace yet, some little cheer-  
ing

In this close dungeon of innumerable bongs,  
But oh that hapless virgin, our lost sister!  
Where may she wander now, whither betake  
her

From the chill dew, among rude burs and  
thistles?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now;  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad  
fears;

What if in wild amazement and affright,  
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 Br. Peace, brother! be not over-exqui-  
site

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;  
For grant they be so—while they rest un-  
known,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,

How bitter is such self-delusion!

I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms  
ever,

As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm  
thoughts,

And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and  
moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,

She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her  
wings,

That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.  
He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;  
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul  
thoughts,

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Br. 'T is most true,  
That musing meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a senate house;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the  
guard

Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,  
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
You may as well spread out the unsunned  
heaps

Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
Danger will wink on opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;  
I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the per-  
son

Of our unowned sister.

1 Br. I do not, brother,  
Infer as if I thought my sister's state  
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;  
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left  
As you imagine; she has hidden strength,  
Which you remember not.

2 Br. What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of heaven, if you mean  
that?

1 Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden  
strength,

Which, if heaven gave it, may be termed her  
own :

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :  
She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen  
May trace huge forests, and unharbored  
heaths,

Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,  
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;  
Yea there, where very desolation dwells  
By grotts, and caverns shagged with horrid  
shades,

She may pass on with unblenched majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
Blue, meagre hag, or stubborn, unlaid ghost,  
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of Chastity ?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, forever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness  
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men  
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o'  
the woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered vir-  
gin,  
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed  
stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace that dashed brute violence  
With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?  
So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal ; but when lust,

By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and few  
talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows  
damp,

Often seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,  
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loath to leave the body that it loved,  
And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Br. How charming is divine philosophy !  
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 Br. List ! list ! I hear  
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

2 Br. Methought so, too ; what should it  
be ?

1 Br. For certain  
Either some one like us, night-foundered here,  
Or else some neighbor wood-man ; or, at  
worst,

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 Br. Heaven keep my sister. Again,  
again, and near ;  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 Br. I'll halloo ;  
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,  
Defence is a good\*cause, and heaven be for  
us.

*The attendant SPIRIT, habited like a Shepherd.*

That halloo I should know, what are you ?  
speak ;

Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes  
else.

SPI. What voice is that ? my young lord ?  
speak again.

2 Br. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd,  
sure.

1 Br. Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have  
oft delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.  
How cam'st thou here, good swain ? hath  
any ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his  
dam,

Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?  
How could'st thou find this dark sequestered  
nook?

Sr. O my loved master's heir, and his  
next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these downs is worth a  
thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But oh, my virgin lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

1 Br. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without  
blame,

Or our neglect we lost her as we came.

Sr. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are  
true.

1 Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee  
briefly shew.

Sr. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous  
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)  
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly  
muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse,  
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to  
hell; -

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing  
poison

The visage quite transforms of him that  
drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Charactered in the face; this have I learnt  
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom glade, whence night  
by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprint, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank

With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,

To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close,  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,

And filled the air with barbarous dissonance;  
At which I ceased, and listened them awhile,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds  
That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep;  
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound

Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she  
might

Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul

Under the ribs of death; but oh, ere long,  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honored lady, your dear sister.

Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and  
fear;

And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly  
snare!

Then down the lawns I ran with headlong  
haste,

Through paths and turnings often trod by  
day,

Till guided by mine ear I found the place,  
Where that damned wizard, hid in sly dis-  
guise,

(For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey,

Who gently asked if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him some neighbor villager.

Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed  
Ye were the two she meant; with that I  
sprung

Into swift flight, till I had found you here  
But further know I not.



2 Br. O night and shades,  
How are ye joined with hell in triple knot,  
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,  
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence  
You gave me, brother?

1 Br. Yes, and keep it still,  
Lean on it safely; not a period  
Shall be unsaid for me; against the threats  
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call chance, this I hold  
firm,

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,  
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;  
Yea, even that which mischief meant most  
harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at  
last,

Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal, restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,  
The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble. But come,  
let's on.

Against th' opposing will and arm of heaven  
May never this just sword be lifted up;  
But for that damned magician, let him be  
girt

With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous  
forms

'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
And force him to restore his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Cursed as his life.

Spr. Alas! good venturous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead.  
Far other arms and other weapons must  
Be those that quell the might of hellish  
charms;

He with his bare wand can unthread thy  
joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

1 Br. Why, prithee, shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself approach so  
near

As to make this relation?

Spr. Care, and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled  
In every virtuous plant and healing herb  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning  
ray:

He loved me well, and oft would beg me  
sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And shew me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.  
Among the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he culled me out;  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this  
soil—

Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull  
swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;  
And yet more medicinal is it than that moly  
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;  
He called it hamony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or  
damp,

Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I pursed it up; but little reckoning made,  
Till now that this extremity compelled;  
But now I find it true; for by this means  
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,  
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off; if you have this about  
you

(As I will give you when we go), you may  
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood  
And brandished blade, rush on him, break  
his glass,  
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
But seize his wand; though he and his cursed  
crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink.

1 Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow  
thee,

And some good angel bear a shield before  
us.

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COM. Nay, lady, sit! if I but wave this wand,

Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,  
And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LAD. Fool, do not boast!

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this corporal  
rind

Thou hast immanacled, while heaven sees  
good.

COM. Why are you vexed, lady? why do  
you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these  
gates

Sorrow flies far; see, here be all the pleasures  
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
And first behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups  
mixed;

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent  
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?

But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you received on other terms,  
Scorning the unexempt condition  
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tired all day without repast,  
And timely rest have wanted; but fair virgin,  
This will restore all soon.

LAD. 'T will not, false traitor—  
'T will not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banished from thy tongue with  
lies.

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,  
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are  
these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard  
me!

Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul  
deceivèr!

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence  
With visored falsehood and base forgery?  
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
With liquorish baits, fit to insnare a brute?  
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,  
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
But such as are good men can give good things,  
And that which is not good is not delicious  
To a well-governed and wise appetite.

COM. Oh foolishness of men! that lend their  
ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.

Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth  
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and  
flocks,

Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
That in their green shops weave the smooth-  
haired silk

To deck her sons; and that no corner might  
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
She hutcht th' all-worshipped ore, and pre-  
cious gems

To store her children with: if all the world  
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but  
frieze,

Th' all-giver would be unthanked, would be  
unpraised,

Not half his riches known, and yet despised,  
And we should serve him as a grudging mas-  
ter,

As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,  
Who would be quite surcharged with her own  
weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility,  
Th' earth cumbered, and the winged air  
darked with plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their lords,

The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
And so bestud with stars, that they below  
Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozened  
With that same vaunted name, virginity.  
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
But must be current, and the good thereof  
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;  
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languished head.  
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shewn  
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;

It is for homely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence; coarse complexions

And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
There was another meaning in these gifts;  
Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

LAD. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips

In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler  
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,

Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature

As if she would her children should be riotous

With her abundance; she, good cateress,

Means her provision only to the good,

That live according to her sober laws,

And holy dictate of spare temperance;

If every just man, that now pines with want,

Had but a moderate and seeming share

Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury

Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,

Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed

In unsuperfluous even proportion,

And she no whit encumbered with her store;

And then the giver would be better thanked,  
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony

Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeously  
feast,

But with besotted base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I  
go on?

Or have I said enough? To him that dares  
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous  
words

Against the sun-clad power of chastity,  
Fain would I something say, yet to what  
end?

Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
The sublime notion and high mystery  
That must be uttered to unfold the sage  
And serious doctrine of virginity;  
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not  
know

More happiness than this thy present lot.  
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling  
fence,

Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;  
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt  
spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence  
That dumb things would be moved to sym-  
pathize,

And the brute earth would lend her nerves,  
and shake,

Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,  
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear  
Her words set off by some superior power;  
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudder-  
ing dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no  
more;

This is mere moral babble, and direct  
Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees  
And settlings of a melancholy blood.

But this will cure all straight; one sip of this  
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and  
taste—

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; the attendant SPIRIT comes in.*

SPI. What! have you let the false enchanter 'scape?

Oh ye mistook! ye should have snatched his wand

And bound him fast: without his rod reversed,

And backward mutters of dissevering power, We cannot free the lady that sits here

In stony fetters fixed, and motionless.

Yet stay! be not disturbed; now I bethink me,

Some other means I have which may be used, Which once of Melibœus old I learnt, The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence, That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream;

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure; Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine, That had the sceptre from his father Brute. She, guileless damsel, flying the mad pursuit Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen, Commended her fair innocence to the flood, That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.

The water-nymphs that in the bottom played, Held up their pearly wrists and took her in, Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,

Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe In nectared lavers strowed with asphodil, And through the porch and inlet of each sense

Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived, And underwent a quick immortal change, Made goddess of the river; still she retains Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve Visits the herds along the twilight meadows, Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,

Which she with precious viald liquors heals; For which the shepherds, at their festivals,

Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays, And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,

Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

And, as the old swain said, she can unlock The clasp charm, and thaw the mumming spell,

If she be right invoked in warbled song;

For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift To aid a virgin, such as was herself;

In hard besetting need; this will I try, And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG.

SABRINA fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted braids of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen, for dear honor's sake,

Goddess of the silver lake,

Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us

In name of great Oceanus;

By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,

And Tethy's grave majestic pace;

By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,

And the Carpathian wizard's hook;

By scaly Triton's winding shell,

And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;

By Leucothea's lovely hands,

And her son that rules the strands;

By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,

And the songs of sirens sweet;

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,

And fair Ligea's golden comb,

Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,

Sleeping her soft alluring locks;

By all the nymphs that nightly dance

Upon thy streams with wily glance—

Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head

From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,

Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save!

SABRINA rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,

Where grows the willow and the osier dank



My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
Of turkois blue, and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays;  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread;  
Gentle swain, at thy request  
"I am here.

SPIRIT. Goddess dear,  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true virgin here distressed,  
Through the force and through the wile  
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 't is my office best  
To help ensnared chastity:  
Brightest lady, look on me!  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops that from my fountain pure  
I have kept of precious cure,  
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;  
Next this marble venom'd seat,  
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:  
Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste ere morning hour  
To wait in Amphitrite's bow.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of  
her seat.

SPIRIT. Virgin, daughter of Loecine,  
Sprung from old Anchises' line,  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills;  
Summer drought, or singed air,  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl, and the golden ore;  
May thy lofty head be crowned  
With many a tower and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, lady! while heaven lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the sorcerer us entice  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste or needless sound,  
Till we come to holier ground;  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide;  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your father's residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wished presence, and beside  
All the swains that near abide,  
With jigs and rural dance resort;  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there  
Will double all their mirth and cheer;  
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town  
and the president's castle; then come in  
country dancers; after them the attendant  
SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and the  
LADY.*

#### SONG.

SPIRIT. Back, shepherds, back! enough your  
play  
Till next sun-shine holiday;  
Here be without duck or nod  
Other trippings to be trod—  
Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
As Mercury did first devise  
With the mincing Dryades  
On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second song presents them to their father  
and mother.*

Noble lord, and lady bright,  
I have brought ye new delight;  
Here behold, so goodly grown,  
Three fair branches of your own;  
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
Their faith, their patience, and their truth  
And sent them here through hard assays,  
With a crown of deathless praise,  
To triumph in victorious dance  
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.*

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree.  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring;  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring;  
 There eternal summer dwells,  
 And west-winds with musky wing  
 About the cedared alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purfied scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;  
 But far above, in spangled sheen,  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,  
 After her wand'ring labors long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done;  
 I can fly, or I can run,  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bowed welkin low doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
 Love virtue; she alone is free;  
 She can teach ye how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime;  
 Or, if virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

## HYLAS.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water.  
 No cloud was seen; on blue and craggy Ida  
 The hot noon lay, and on the plain's enamel;  
 Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.  
 "Why should I haste?" said young and rosy  
 Hylas:

"The seas were rough, and long the way from  
 Colchis.

Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Ja-  
 son,

Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;  
 The shields are piled, the listless oars sus-  
 pended

On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bonds-  
 men

Doze on the benches. They may wait for  
 water,

Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scaman-  
 der."

So said, unfileting his purple chlamys,  
 And putting down his urn, he stood a mo-  
 ment,

Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blos-  
 soms

That spangled thick the lovely Dardan mead-  
 ows.

Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his bus-  
 skins,

And felt with shrinking feet the crispy ver-  
 dure;

Naked, save one light robe that from his  
 shoulder

Hung to his knee, the youthful flush reveal-  
 ing

Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with com-  
 ing manhood,

Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.  
 Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,

He dropped the robe, and raised his head ex-  
 ulting

In the clear sunshine, that with beam em-  
 bracing

Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.

For sacred to Latona's son is beauty,

Sacred is youth, the joy of youthful feeling

A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas,

Whence Jove-begotten Heracles, the mighty,  
To men though terrible, to him was gentle,  
Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter  
When the boy stole his club, or from his  
shoulders  
Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.

The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from  
his forehead,

Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom

Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly  
Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips'  
parting,

Like a loose bow, that just has launched its  
arrow.

His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and  
beamy,

Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;

Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded  
To the white arms and whiter breast between  
them.

Downward, the supple lines had less of soft-  
ness:

His back was like a god's; his loins were  
moulded

As if some pulse of power began to waken;  
The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerv-  
ing,

Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping  
downward,

Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest,  
of motion.

He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored  
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to  
press it

On the smooth sole that answered at the sur-  
face:

Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering  
fragments.

Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching  
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the  
waters

Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly  
deeper,

Till on his breast the river's cheek was pil-  
lowed,

And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple  
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom

His white, round shoulder shed the dripping  
crystal.

There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion,  
The lucid coolness folding close around him,  
The lily-cradling ripples murmured, "Hylas!"  
He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine  
Curls, that had lain unwet upon the water,  
And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas  
Hylas!"

He thought: "The voices are but ear-born  
music.

Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling  
From some high cliff that tops a Thracian  
valley;

So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontus,  
Have heard the sea waves hammer Argo's  
forehead,

That I misdeem the fluting of this current  
For some lost nymph—" Again the murmur,  
"Hylas!"

And with the sound a cold, smooth arm  
around him

Slid like a wave, and down the clear, green  
darkness

Glimmered on either side a shining bosom—  
Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever closer

Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to his  
shoulders,

Their cheeks lay nestled, while the purple  
tangles,

Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwound  
him.

Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then uplift-  
ing,

They kissed his neck with lips of humid coral,  
And once again there came a murmur, "Hy-  
las!"

Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where we  
wander

Deep down beneath the green, translucent  
ceiling—

Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander  
With cool white buds we braid our purple  
tresses,

Lulled by the bubbling waves around u  
stealing!

Thou fair Greek boy, oh come with us! Oh,  
follow

Where thou no more shalt hear Propontis  
riot,

But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,

Within the glimmering caves of ocean hollow!

We have no love; alone, of all the immortals,  
We have no love. Oh, love us, we who press thee

With faithful arms, though cold,—whose lips  
caress thee,—

Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love us,  
Hylas!"

The sound dissolved in liquid murmurs, calling

Still as it faded, "Come with us! Oh follow!"

The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure

Lock round his limbs, and bear him, vainly  
striving,

Down from the noonday brightness. "Leave  
me, naiads!

Leave me!" he cried; "the day to me is  
dearer

Than all your caves deep-sphered in ocean's  
quiet.

I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure:  
I would not change this flexible, warm existence,

Though swept by storms, and shocked by  
Jove's dread thunder,

To be a king beneath the dark-green waters."  
Still moaned the humid lips, between their  
kisses,

"We have no love. Oh, love us, we who love  
thee!"

And came in answer, thus, the words of  
Hylas:

"My love is mortal. For the Argive  
maidens

I keep the kisses which your lips would  
ravish.

Unlock your cold white arms—take from my  
shoulder

The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.  
Let me return: the wind comes down from  
Ida,

And soon the galley, stirring from her  
slumber,

Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight  
shadow

Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.  
I am not yours—I cannot braid the lilies

In your wet hair nor on your argent bosoms

Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling  
voices.

Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal  
being,—

Your world of watery quiet. Help, Apollo!  
For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music,

Dance in my heart and flood my sense with  
rapture;

The joy, the warmth and passion now  
awaken,

Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly  
sleeping.

Oh, leave me, naiads! loose your chill  
embraces,

Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining."  
But still with unrelenting arms they bound  
him,

And still, accordant, flowed their watery  
voices:

"We have thee now—we hold thy beauty  
prisoned;

Oh, come with us beneath the emerald waters!  
We have no love; we love thee, rosy Hylas.

Oh, love us, who shall never more release  
thee—

Love us, whose milky arms will be thy  
cradle

Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean,  
Where now we bear thee, clasped in our  
embraces."

And slowly, slowly sank the amorous naiads  
The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked through  
the water,

Pleading for help; but heaven's immortal  
archer

Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his  
forehead;

And last, the thick, bright curls a moment  
floated,

So warm and silky that the stream upbore  
them,

Closing reluctant, as he sank for ever.

The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.  
Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly  
blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless  
billows.

The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,  
And up the mast was heaved the snowy  
canvas.



But mighty Heracles, the Jove-begotten,  
Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,  
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys  
Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before  
him:

And when he called, expectant, "Hylas!  
Hylas!"

The empty echoes made him answer—"Hylas!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### RHÆCUS.

GOD sends his teachers unto every age,  
To every clime, and every race of men,  
With revelations fitted to their growth  
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of  
truth

Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

Therefore each form of worship that hath  
swayed

The life of man, and given it to grasp  
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,  
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;  
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes  
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,  
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart  
Which makes that all the fables it hath  
coined,

To justify the reign of its belief  
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,  
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,  
Which, like the hazel-twigs, in faithful hands,  
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.  
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,  
But all things have within their hull of use  
A wisdom and a meaning, which may speak  
Of spiritual secrets to the ear

Of spirit: so, in whatsoever the heart  
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,  
To make its inspirations suit its creed,  
And from the niggard hands of falsehood  
wring

Its needful food of truth, there ever is  
A sympathy with nature, which reveals,  
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of  
light

And earnest parables of inward lore.  
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,  
As full of freedom, youth, and beauty still  
As the immortal freshness of that grace  
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhæcus, wandering in the  
wood,

Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall;  
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,  
He propped its gray trunk with admiring  
care,

And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.  
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind  
That murmured "Rhæcus!"—"T was as if the  
leaves,

Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured  
it;

And, while he paused bewildered, yet again  
It murmured "Rhæcus!" softer than a  
breeze.

He started and beheld with dizzy eyes  
What seemed the substance of a happy dream  
Stand there before him, spreading a warm  
glow

Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.  
It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair  
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek  
For any that were wont to mate with gods.  
All naked like a goddess stood she there,  
And like a goddess all too beautiful  
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.  
"Rhæcus, I am the dryad of this tree—"  
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned  
words,

Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew—  
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;  
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,  
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;  
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give.  
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhæcus, with a flutter at the heart,  
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,  
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy  
The endless craving of the soul but love?  
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that  
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."  
After a little pause she said again,  
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,  
"I give it, Rhæcus, though a perilous gift:

An hour before the sunset meet me here."  
And straightway there was nothing he could  
see

But the green glooms beneath the shadowy  
oak;

And not a sound came to his straining ears  
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,  
And, far away upon an emerald slope,  
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,  
Men did not think that happy things were  
dreams

Because they overstepped the narrow bourne  
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed  
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful  
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.

So Rhæcus made no doubt that he was blest;  
And all along unto the city's gate  
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he  
walked;

The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its  
wont,

And he could scarce believe he had not  
wings—

Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his  
veins

Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhæcus had a faithful heart enough,  
But one that in the present dwelt too much,  
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoever  
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in  
that,

Like the contented peasant of a vale,  
Deemed it the world, and never looked be-  
yond.

So, haply meeting in the afternoon  
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,  
He joined them and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,  
And Rhæcus, who had met but sorry luck,  
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,  
When through the room there hummed a yel-  
low bee

That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped  
legs,

As if to light. And Rhæcus laughed and  
said,

Feeling how red and flushed he was with  
loss,

"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"

And brushed him off with rough, impatient  
hand.

But still the bee came back, and thrice again  
Rhæcus did beat him off with growing wrath.  
Then through the window flew the wounded  
bee;

And Rhæcus, tracking him with angry eyes,  
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly  
Against the red disc of the setting sun,—  
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,  
As if its very walls had caved away.

Without a word he turned, and rushing forth,  
Ran madly through the city and the gate,  
And o'er the plain, which now the woods  
long shade,

By the low sun thrown forward broad and  
dim,

Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath, he reached  
the tree;

And, listening fearfully, he heard once more  
The low voice murmur "Rhæcus!" close at  
hand—

Whereat he looked around him, but could see  
Nought but the deepening glooms beneath  
the oak.

Then sighed the voice, "O, Rhæcus! never  
more

Shalt thou behold me, or by day or night—

Me, who would fain have blest thee with a  
love

More ripe and bounteous than ever yet

Filled up with nectar any mortal heart;

But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,

And sent'st him back to me with bruised  
wings.

We spirits only show to gentle eyes—

We ever ask an undivided love;

And he who scorns the least of nature's  
works

Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.

Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhæcus beat his breast, and groaned  
aloud,

And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet

This once, and I shall never need it more!"

"Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,  
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,  
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;  
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."  
With that again there murmured "Never-  
more!"

And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,  
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,  
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,  
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.  
The night had gathered round him; o'er the  
plain

The city sparkled with its thousand lights,  
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear  
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,  
With all its bright sublimity of stars,  
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the  
breeze;

Beauty was all around him, and delight;  
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight from his grave  
The drummer woke and rose,  
And beating loud the drum,  
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,  
The drumsticks rise and fall;  
He beats the loud retreat,  
Reveillè and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,  
So deep it echoes round,  
Old soldiers in their graves  
To life start at the sound:

Both they in farthest north,  
Stiff in the ice that lay,  
And they who warm repose  
Beneath Italian clay;

Below the mud of Nile,  
And 'neath Arabian sand,  
Their burial-place they quit,  
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave  
The trumpeter arose,  
And, mounted on his horse,  
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then  
The cavalry are seen—  
Old squadrons, erst renowned—  
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their skulls  
Smile grim; and proud their air,  
As in their bony hands  
Their long, sharp swords they bare.

At midnight from his tomb  
The chief awoke and rose,  
And, followed by his staff,  
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,  
A coat quite plain wears he;  
A little sword, for arms,  
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon  
A paly lustre threw;  
The man with the little hat  
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms—  
Deep rolls the drum the while;  
Recovering then, the troops  
Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round,  
In circles formed, appear;  
The chief to the first a word  
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,  
Resounds along the line;  
That word they give is—*France!*  
The answer—*St. Hélène!*

'Tis there, at midnight hour,  
The grand review, they say,  
Is by dead Cæsar held  
In the Champs-Élysées!

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ. (German.)  
Anonymous Translation

## RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

## IN SEVEN PARTS.

## PART I.

An ancient mariner meet-eth three gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three :  
"By thy long gray beard and glitter-  
ing eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The bridegroom's doors are opened  
wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set—  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand :  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard  
loon!"—  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering  
eye—  
The wedding-guest stood still ;  
He listens like a three years' child :  
The mariner hath his will.  
The wedding-guest sat on a stone—  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor  
cleared ;  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the light-house top.

The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached he line.

The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he ;  
And he shone bright, and on the  
right  
Went down into the sea ;  
Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—"  
The wedding-guest here beat his  
breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall— The wed-  
ding-guest  
Red as a rose is she ;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy :  
The wedding-guest he beat his  
breast,

Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner :

"And now the storm-blast came, and he  
he  
Was tyrannous and strong ;  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship  
drawn by  
a storm to-  
ward the  
south  
pole.

With sloping masts and dipping  
prow—  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head—  
The ship drove fast ; loud roared the  
blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and  
snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold ;  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy  
cliffs  
Did send a dismal sheen ;  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we  
ken—  
The ice was all between.

The land  
of ice, and  
of fearful  
sounds  
where no  
living  
thing was  
to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around ;  
It crack'd and growled, and roared  
and howled,  
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an albatross— Till a  
great sea-  
bird, call-  
ed the al-  
batross, came  
through the snow-  
fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.



It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo!  
the alba-  
tross  
proveth a  
bird of  
good  
omen, and  
followeth  
the ship as  
it return-  
ed north-  
ward  
through  
fog and  
floating  
ice.

And a good south wind sprang up  
behind;

The albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;

Whiles all the night, through fog-  
smoke white,

Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The an-  
cient mar-  
iner in-  
hospitably  
killeth the  
pious bird  
of good  
omen.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!

From the fiends that plague thee  
thus!—

Why look'st thou so?"—"With my  
cross-bow

I shot the albatross."

## PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right—  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew  
behind;

But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo.

His ship-  
mates  
cry out  
against  
the an-  
cient mar-  
iner, for  
killing the  
bird of  
good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,

And it would work 'em woe;

For all averred I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow:

Ah wretch! said they, the bird to  
slay,

That made the breeze to blow!

But when  
the fog  
cleared  
off, they  
justify  
the same,  
and thus  
make  
them-  
selves ac-  
complices  
in the  
crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own  
head

The glorious sun uprist;

Then all averred I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist:

'T was right, said they, such birds to  
slay,

That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam  
flew,

The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

en till it reached the line.

The fair  
breeze  
continues  
the ship  
enters the  
Pacific  
Ocean,  
and sails  
north-  
ward, ev-

Down dropt the breeze, the sails  
dropt down—

'T was sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea.

The ship  
hath been  
suddenly  
becalmed

All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

And the  
albatross  
begins to  
be aveng-  
ed.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with  
legs  
Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed  
us  
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit  
had fol-  
lowed  
them—  
one of the  
invisible  
inhabit-  
ants of this  
planet,  
neither  
departed

souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Jo-  
sephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael  
Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous  
and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter  
drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross the albatross  
About my neck was hung.

## PART III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each  
throat

Was parched, and glazed each eye—  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye!—  
When, looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at  
last

A certain shape, I wist—

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared;  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black  
lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we  
stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black  
lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call;  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew  
in,  
As they were drinking all.

See! see! I cried, she tacks no  
more!

Hither to work us weal—  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame;  
The day was well nigh done;  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright sun,  
When that strange shape drove sud-  
denly  
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked  
with bars,  
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he  
peered  
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I—and my heart beat  
loud—

How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails that glance in the  
sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which  
the sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that woman all her crew?  
Is that a death? and are there two?  
Is death that woman's mate?

no other on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were  
free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold;  
Her skin was as white as leprosy:  
The night-mare, Life-in-Death, was  
she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice:  
'The game is done I've won! I've  
won!  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

the ancient mariner.

The ship-  
mates, in  
their sore  
distress,  
would fain  
throw the  
whole  
guilt on  
the an-  
cient ma-  
riner: in  
sign  
whereof  
they Lang  
the dead  
sea-bird  
round his  
neck.

The an-  
cient ma-  
riner be-  
holdeth a  
sign in the  
element  
far off.

At its  
nearer ap-  
proach it  
seemeth  
him to be  
a ship;  
and at a  
dear ran-  
som he  
freeth his  
speech  
from the  
bonds of  
thirst.

A flash of  
oy.

And hor-  
ror fol-  
lows. For  
can it be a  
ship that  
comes  
onward  
without  
wind or  
tide?

It seem-  
eth him  
but the  
skeleton  
of a ship.

And its  
ribs are  
seen as  
bars on  
the face of  
the set-  
ting sun.  
The spec-  
tre-woman  
and her death-  
mate, and

Like ves-  
sel, like  
crew!

Death and  
Life-in-  
Death  
have  
died for  
the ship's  
crew, and  
she (the  
latter)  
winneeth

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush  
out,  
No twilight with— At one stride comes the dark;  
In the With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
courts of Off shot the spectre bark.  
the sun.

At the ris- We listened, and looked sideways  
ing of the up;  
moon, Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip;  
The stars were dim, and thick the  
night—  
The steersman's face by his lamp  
gleamed white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned moon, with one bright  
star  
Within the nether tip.

One after One after one, by the star-dogged  
another moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly  
pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

His ship- Four times fifty living men,  
mates drop down (And I heard nor sigh nor groan!)  
dead. With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

But life- The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
in-Death They fled to bliss or woe!  
begins her And every soul it passed me by,  
work on the an- Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"  
cient mar-  
iner.

## PART IV.

The wed- "I FEAR thee, ancient mariner!  
ding-guest I fear thy skinny hand!  
fourth And thou art long, and lank, and  
that a brown,  
spirit is talking to As is the ribbed sea-sand.  
him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand so brown."—  
"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-  
guest!

But the This body dropt not down.  
ancient mariner assureth  
him of his bodily life,  
and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie;  
And a thousand thousand slimy  
things  
Lived on—and so did I.

He de-  
spiseth  
the crea-  
tures of  
the calm.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

And en-  
vied that  
they  
should  
live, and  
so many  
lie dead.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea and the sea  
and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their But the  
limbs— curse liv-  
eth for  
Nor rot nor reek did they; him in the  
eye of the  
The look with which they looked on dead men.  
me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse—  
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky, In his  
loneliness,  
And nowhere did abide; and fixed  
ness he  
Softly she was going up, yearneth  
towards  
And a star or two beside-- the jour-  
neying  
moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move on-  
ward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them,  
and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and  
their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced,  
as lords that are certainly expected; and yet there is a  
silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry  
main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow  
lay  
The charmed water burnt alway,  
A still and awful red.

By the  
light of  
the moon  
he behold-  
eth God's  
creatures  
of the  
great  
calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watched the water-snakes;  
They moved in tracks of shining  
white;  
And when they reared, the elfish  
light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire—  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every  
track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their  
beauty  
and their  
happiness.

Oh happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare;  
A spring of love gushed from my  
heart,

He bless-  
eth them  
in his  
heart.

And I blessed them unaware—  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell  
begins to  
break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

## PART V.

On sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from hea-  
ven  
That slid into my soul.

By grace  
of the holy  
Mother,  
the an-  
cient mar-  
iner is re-  
freshed  
with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with  
dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was  
cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs;  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind—  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

He hear-  
eth sounds  
and seeth  
strange  
sights and  
commo-  
tions in  
the sky  
and the  
element.

The upper air burst into life;  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about;  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more  
loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one  
black cloud—  
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and  
still  
The moon was at its side;  
Like waters shot from some high  
crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag—  
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the  
ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

The bod-  
ies of the  
ship's  
crew are  
inspired,  
and the  
ship  
moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all  
uprose—  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.



The helmsman steered, the ship  
 moved on;  
 Yet never a breeze up blew;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless  
 tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee;  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said naught to me."

But not  
 by the  
 souls of  
 the men,  
 nor by de-  
 mons of  
 earth or  
 middle air,  
 but by a  
 blessed  
 troop of  
 angelic  
 spirits,  
 sent down  
 by the in-  
 vocation  
 of the  
 guardian  
 saint.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"  
 "Be calm, thou wedding-guest!"  
 'T was not those souls that fled in  
 pain,  
 Which to their corpses came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest;  
 For when it dawned they dropped  
 their arms,  
 And clustered round the mast;  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through  
 their mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet  
 sound,  
 Then darted to the sun;  
 Slowly the sounds came back again—  
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,  
 I heard the sky-lark sing;  
 Sometimes all little birds that are—  
 How they seemed to fill the sea and  
 air  
 With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,  
 Now like a lonely flute;  
 And now it is an angel's song,  
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon—  
 A noise like of a hidden brook  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe;  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow  
 The spirit slid; and it was he  
 That made the ship to go.  
 The sails at noon left off their tune,  
 And the ship stood still also.

The lone-  
 some spi-  
 rit from  
 the south-  
 pole car-  
 ries on the  
 ship as far  
 as the line  
 in obedi-  
 ence to  
 the angelic  
 troop; but still  
 requireth  
 vengeance

The sun, right up above the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean;  
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
 With a short uneasy motion—  
 Backwards and forwards half her  
 length,  
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound—  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay  
 I have not to declare;  
 But ere my living life returned  
 I heard, and in my soul discerned,  
 Two voices in the air:

The polar  
 spirit's  
 fellow de-  
 mons, the  
 invisible  
 inhabi-  
 tants of  
 the ele-  
 ment, take  
 part in his  
 wrong;  
 and two of  
 them re-  
 late, one  
 to the  
 other, that  
 penance,  
 long and  
 heavy for  
 the an-  
 cient mar-  
 iner, hath  
 been ac-  
 corded to  
 the polar  
 spirit, who  
 returneth  
 southward

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the  
 man?  
 By him who died on cross,  
 With his cruel bow he laid full low  
 The harmless albatross!

The spirit who bideth by himself  
 In the land of mist and snow,  
 He loved the bird that loved the  
 man  
 Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey-dew:  
 Quoth he, 'The man hath penance  
 done,  
 And penance more will do.'

## PART VI.

## FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so  
fast?  
What is the ocean doing?'

## SECOND VOICE.

'Stil as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.'

## FIRST VOICE.

The mar- 'But why drives on that ship so fast,  
ner hath been cast  
into a  
trance; for  
the an-  
gelic pow-  
er causeth  
the vessel  
to drive  
northward  
faster than  
human  
life could  
endure.

Without or wave or wind?'

## SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more  
high!

Or we shall be belated;  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the mariner's trance is abated.'

The su-  
pernatural  
motion is  
retarded;  
the mar-  
iner  
awakes,  
and his  
penance  
begins  
anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather;  
'T was night, calm night—the moon  
was high;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they  
died,  
Had never passed away;  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once  
more

The curse  
is finally  
expiated,

I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And, having once turned round,  
walks on,

And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on  
me,

Nor sound nor motion made;  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too;  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

And the  
ancient  
mariner  
beholdeth  
his native  
country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
Oh let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no  
less

That stands above the rock;  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent  
light  
Till, rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows  
were,  
In crimson colors came.

The angel-  
e spirits  
leave the  
dead bod-  
ies,  
And up-  
pear in  
their own  
forms of  
light.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were;  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his  
hand—  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his  
hand;  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast;  
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice;  
It is the hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood;  
He'll shrive my soul—he'll wash  
away  
The albatross's blood.

## PART VII.

The her-  
mit of the  
wood

This hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with mariners  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and  
eve—  
He hath a cushion plump;  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared—I heard them  
talk:  
'Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights, so many and  
fair,  
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit  
said—  
'And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks looked warped! and see  
those sails,  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Approach-  
eth the  
ship with  
wonder.

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along,  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with  
snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf  
below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,'  
The pilot made reply—  
'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'  
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard:

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread;  
It reached the ship, it split the bay—  
The ship went down like lead.

The ship  
suddenly  
sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful  
sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days  
drowned  
My body lay afloat;  
But, swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the pilot's boat.

The an-  
cient mar-  
iner is  
saved in  
the pilot's  
boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship  
The boat span round and round;  
And all was still, save that the bill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long; and all the  
while

His eyes went to and fro:  
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I  
see,  
The devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The hermit stepped forth from the  
boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

'Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy  
man!'

The hermit crossed his brow:  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee  
say—

What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was  
wrenched

With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale—  
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns;  
And till my ghastly tale is told  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see  
I know the man that must hear me—  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that  
door!

The wedding-guests are there;  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are;  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath  
been

Alone on a wide, wide sea—  
So lonely 't was, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.

Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'T is sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father  
bends—  
Old men, and babes, and loving  
friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding-guest!  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach by his own example, love, and reverence to all things, that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone. And now the wedding  
guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door

He went like one that hath been  
stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn;  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.



## KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
 Through caverns measureless to man,  
 Down to a sunless sea.  
 So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round;  
 And there were gardens, bright with sinuous  
 rills,  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
 tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm, which  
 slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil  
 seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
 breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced,  
 Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and  
 ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
 Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale, the sacred river  
 ran—  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves,  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device—  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
 A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw;

I was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 't would win me  
 That, with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air—  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! beware  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## THE RAVEN.

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
 weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of  
 forgotten lore—  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
 there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at  
 my chamber door:  
 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at  
 my chamber door—  
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember! it was in the  
 bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its  
 ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had  
 tried to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow  
 for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the  
 angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of  
 each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors  
 never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart,  
 I stood repeating,  
 "Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my  
 chamber door—  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
 chamber door;—  
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating  
 then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgive-  
 ness I implore;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently  
 you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at  
 my chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here  
 I opened wide the door:  
 Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood  
 there wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever  
 dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the dark-  
 ness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the  
 whispered word, "Lenore!"  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured  
 back the word "Lenore!"  
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul  
 within me burning,  
 Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat  
 louder than before:  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something  
 at my window lattice;  
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this  
 mystery explore—  
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mys-  
 tery explore;—  
 'T is the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with  
 many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly  
 days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; not an in-  
 stant stopped or stayed he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above  
 my chamber door—  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my  
 chamber door—  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy  
 into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the coun-  
 tenance it wore;  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,  
 thou," I said, "art sure no craven—  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering  
 from the nightly shore—  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's  
 Plutonian shore!"  
 Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
 discourse so plainly—  
 Though its answer little meaning, little rele-  
 vancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living  
 human being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above  
 his chamber door—  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above  
 his chamber door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid  
 bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word  
 he did outpour.  
 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a  
 feather then he fluttered—  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other  
 friends have flown before—  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes  
 have flown before."  
 Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so  
 aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its  
 only stock and store—

Caught from some unhappy master, whom  
unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his  
songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy  
burden bore  
Of 'Never—Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul  
into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front  
of bird, and bust and door;  
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook my-  
self to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous  
bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and  
ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no sylla-  
ble expressing  
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned  
into my bosom's core;  
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head  
at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-  
light gloated o'er;  
But whose velvet violet lining, with the  
lamplight gloating o'er,  
She shall press—ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, per-  
fumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by angels, whose faint foot-falls tinkled  
on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,  
by these angels he hath sent thee,  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy  
memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and for-  
get this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet  
still, if bird or devil!  
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest  
tossed thee here ashore—

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert  
land enchanted,  
On this home by horror haunted—tell me  
truly, I implore—  
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell me—  
tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet  
still, if bird or devil!  
By that heaven that bends above us—by that  
God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the  
distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the an-  
gels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore."  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or  
fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the  
night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie  
thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the  
bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take  
thy form from off my door!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting,  
still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a de-  
mon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight, o'er him streaming, throws  
his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies  
floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

## THE FAIRY THORN.

## AN ULSTER BALLAD.

"GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary  
spinning wheel;

For your father's on the hill, and your  
mother is asleep;

Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a  
highland reel

Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 't was thus the maidens  
cried,

Three merry maidens fair, in kirtles of the  
green;

And Anna laid the sock and the weary wheel  
aside,

The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the  
quiet eve,

Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle  
bare;

The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song  
they leave,

And the crags in the ghostly air;

And linking hand in hand, and singing as  
they go,

The maids along the hill-side have ta'en  
their fearless way,

Till they come to where the rowan trees in  
lovely beauty grow

Beside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

The hawthorn stands between the ashes tall  
and slim,

Like matron with her twin grand-daughters  
at her knee;

The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head  
gray and dim

In ruddy kisses sweet to sec.

The merry maidens four have ranged them  
in a row,

Between each lovely couple a stately rowan  
stem,

And away in mazes wavy like skimming birds  
they go,

Oh, never caroll'd bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze  
That drinks away their voices in echoless  
repose,

And dreamily the evening has stilled the  
haunted braes,

And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from  
the sky

When the falcon's shadow saileth across  
the open shaw,

Are hush'd the maidens' voices, as cowering  
down they lie

In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy  
ground beneath,

And from the mountain-ashes and the old  
white thorn between,

A power of faint enchantment doth through  
their beings breathe,

And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together, silent, and stealing side  
by side,

They fling their lovely arms o'er their  
drooping necks so fair,

Then vainly strive again their naked arms to  
hide,

For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasp'd and prostrate all, with their  
heads together bow'd,

Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only  
human sound—

They hear the silky footsteps of the silent  
fairy crowd,

Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can  
any say,

But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless  
three,

For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently  
away,

By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting  
locks of gold,

And the curls elastic falling, as her head  
withdraws;



They feel her sliding arms from their tranced  
arms unfold,  
But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchant-  
ment lies

Through all that night of anguish and  
perilous amaze;  
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their  
quivering eyes  
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of night the earth has rolled her  
dewy side,

With every haunted mountain and streamy  
vale below;

When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow  
morning-tide,  
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they  
may,

And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious  
friends in vain—

They pined away and died within the year  
and day,

And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

## THE LEGEND OF THE STEPMOTHER.

### I.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,  
Under the grass as I lay so deep,  
As I lay asleep in my cotton serk  
Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk,  
I wakened up in the dead of night,  
I wakened up in my death-serk white,  
And I heard a cry from far away,  
And I knew the voice of my daughter May:  
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!  
Mother, mother, come hither and see!  
Mother, mother, mother dear,  
Another mother is sitting here:  
My body is bruised, and in pain I cry,  
On straw in the darkness afraid I lie;  
I thirst and hunger for drink and meat,  
And mother, mother, to sleep were sweet!"  
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,  
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

### II.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,  
Up I rose from my grave so deep;  
The earth was black, but overhead  
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;  
And I walked along all white and thin,  
And lifted the latch and entered in,  
And reached the chamber as dark as night,  
And though it was dark my face was white.  
"Mother, mother, I look on thee!  
Mother, mother, you frighten me!  
For your cheeks are thin, and your hair is  
gray!"  
But I smiled, and kissed her fears away,  
I smoothed her hair and I sang a song,  
And on my knee I rocked her long:  
"O mother, mother, sing low to me;  
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"  
I kissed her, but I could not weep,  
And she went to sleep, she went to sleep.

### III.

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep,  
My May and I, in our grave so deep,  
As we lay asleep in our midnight mirk,  
Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk,  
I wakened up in the dead of night,  
Though May my daughter lay warm and  
white,  
And I heard the cry of a little one,  
And I knew 't was the voice of Hugh my son:  
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!  
Mother, mother, come hither and see!  
Mother, mother, mother dear,  
Another mother is sitting here:  
My body is bruised and my heart is sad,  
But I speak my mind and call them bad;  
I thirst and hunger night and day,  
And were I strong I would fly away!"  
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,  
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

### IV.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,  
Up I rose from my grave so deep;  
The earth was black, but overhead  
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;  
And I walked along all white and thin,  
And lifted the latch and entered in.  
"Mother, mother, and art thou here?  
I know your face, and I feel no fear;

Raise me, mother, and kiss my cheek,  
 For oh I am weary and sore and weak."  
 I smoothed his hair with a mother's joy,  
 And he laughed aloud, my own brave boy;  
 I raised and held him on my breast,  
 Sang him a song, and bade him rest.  
 "Mother, mother, sing low to me;  
 I am sleepy now and I cannot see!"  
 I kissed him and I could not weep,  
 As he went to sleep, as he went to sleep.

## V.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,  
 With my girl and boy in my grave so deep,  
 As I lay asleep, I woke in fear,  
 Awoke, but awoke not my children dear,  
 And heard a cry so low and weak  
 From a tiny voice that could not speak;  
 I heard the cry of a little one,  
 My bairn that could neither talk nor run,  
 My little, little one, uncaressed  
 Starving for lack of the milk of the breast;  
 And I rose from sleep and entered in,  
 And found my little one pinched and thin,  
 And crooned a song and hushed its moan,  
 And put its lips to my white breastbone;  
 And the red, red moon that lit the place  
 Went white to look at the little face,  
 And I kissed and kissed, and I could not  
     weep,  
 As it went to sleep, as it went to sleep.

## VI.

As it lay asleep, as it lay asleep,  
 I set it down in the darkness deep,  
 Smoothed its limbs and laid it out,  
 And drew the curtains around about;  
 Then into the dark, dark room I hied  
 Where he lay awake at the woman's side,  
 And though the chamber was black as night,  
 He saw my face, for it was so white;  
 I gazed in his eyes, and he shrieked in pain,  
 And I knew he would never sleep again,  
 And back to my grave went silently,  
 And soon my baby was brought to me;  
 My son and daughter beside me rest,  
 My little baby is on my breast;  
 Our bed is warm, and our grave is deep,  
 But he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## THE DJINNS.

Town, tower,  
 Shore, deep,  
 Where lower  
 Clouds steep;  
 Waves gray  
 Where play  
 Winds gay—  
 All asleep.

Hark! a sound,  
 Far and slight,  
 Breathes around  
 On the night—  
 High and higher,  
 Nigh and nigher,  
 Like a fire  
 Roaring bright.

Now on it is sweeping  
 With rattling beat,  
 Like dwarf imp leaping  
 In gallop fleet;  
 He flies, he prances,  
 In frolic fancies—  
 On wave-crest dances  
 With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,  
 With each nearer burst!  
 Like the toll of bell  
 Of a convent cursed;  
 Like the billowy roar  
 On a storm-lashed shore—  
 Now hushed, now once more  
 Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound  
 Of the djinns' fearful cry!  
 Quick, 'neath the spiral round  
 Of the deep staircase, fly!  
 See, see our lamplight fade!  
 And of the balustrade  
 Mounts, mounts the circling shade  
 Up to the ceiling high!

'Tis the djinns' wild-streaming swarm  
 Whistling in their tempest-flight;  
 Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,  
 Like a pine-flame crackling bright;

Swift and heavy, low, their crowd  
Through the heavens rushing loud!—  
Like a lurid thunder-cloud  
With its bolt of fiery night!

Ha! they are on us, close without!  
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!  
With hideous din the monster rout,  
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!  
The loosened rafter overhead  
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;  
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,  
As from its rusty hinge 't would fly!

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and  
shriek!

The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—  
O heaven!—descends my lowly roof to  
seek;

Bends the strong wall beneath the furious  
host;

Totters the house, as though—like dry leaf  
shorn

From autumn bough and on the mad blast  
borne—

Up from its deep foundations it were torn  
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O prophet! if thy hand but now  
Save from these foul and hellish things,  
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,  
Laden with pious offerings.  
Bid their hot breath its fiery-rain  
Stream on my faithful door in vain,  
Vainly upon my blackened pane  
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed!—and their wild legion  
Cease to thunder at my door;  
Fleeting through night's rayless region,  
Hither they return no more.  
Clanking chains and sounds of woe  
Fill the forests as they go;  
And the tall oaks cover low,  
Bent their flaming light before.

On! on! the storm of wings  
Bears far the fiery fear,  
Till scarce the breeze now brings  
Dim murmurings to the ear;  
Like locusts' humming hail,  
Or thrash of tiny flail  
Plied by the pattering hail  
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne  
Fitful murmurings still;  
As, when Arab horn  
Swells its magic peal,  
Shoreward o'er the deep  
Fairy voices sweep,  
And the infant's sleep  
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly djinn,  
Dark child of fright,  
Of death and sin,  
Speeds the wild flight.  
Hark, the dull moan!  
Like the deep tone  
Of ocean's groan,  
Afair, by night!

More and more  
Fades it now,  
As on shore  
Ripples flow—  
As the plaint,  
Far and faint,  
Of a saint,  
Murmured low.

Hark! hark!  
Around  
I list!  
The bounds  
Of space  
All trace  
Ethereal  
Of sound.

VICTOR HUGO. (French.)  
Translation of JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN.

## PART IX.

### POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

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THE snow-drop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet;  
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,  
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,  
As a maenad, its moonlight-colored cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

SHELLEY.





## POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

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### "ALL EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN."

OF Lentren in the first morning,  
Early as did the day up-spring,  
Thus sang ane bird with voice up-plain :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

O man ! have mind that thou maun pass ;  
Remember that thou are but ass, [ashes,]  
And sall in ass return again :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

Have mind that eild aye follows youth ;  
Death follows life with gaping mouth,  
Devouring fruit and flouring grain :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

Wealth, worldly gloir, and rich array,  
Are all but thorns laid in thy way,  
Covered with flowers laid in ane train :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

Come never yet May so fresh and green,  
But Januar come as wud and keen ;  
Was never sic drouth but anis come rain :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

Evermair unto this world's joy,  
As nearest heir succeeds noy,  
Therefore when joy may not remain,  
His very heir succedis pain.

Here health returns in seikness ;  
And mirth returns in heaviness ;  
Toun in desert, forest in plain :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

Freedom returns in wretchedness,  
And truth returns in doubleness,  
With fenycit words to mak men fain :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

Virtue returnis into vice,  
And honor into avarice ;  
With covetice is conscience slain :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

Sen earthly joy abidis never,  
Work for the joy that lasts forever ;  
For other joy is all but vain :  
*All earthly joy returns in pain.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### THE LORDS OF THULE.

THE lords of Thule it did not please  
That Willegis their bishop was ;  
For he was a wagoner's son.  
And they drew, to do him scorn,  
Wheels of chalk upon the wall ;  
He found them in chamber, found them in  
hall.

But the pious Willegis  
Could not be moved to bitterness ;  
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,  
He bade his servants a painter call ;  
And said,—“ My friend, paint now for me,  
On every wall, that I may see,  
A wheel of white in a field of red ;  
Underneath, in letters plain to be read—  
‘ Willegis, bishop now by name,  
Forget not whence you came ! ’ ”

The lords of Thule were full of shame—  
 They wiped away their words of blame;  
 For they saw that scorn and jeer  
 Cannot wound the wise man's ear.  
 And all the bishops that after him came  
 Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.  
 Thus came to pious Willegis  
 Glory out of bitterness.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)  
 Anonymous Translation.

### BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
 By the kirk and college green,  
     Rode the laird of Ury;  
 Close behind him, close beside,  
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
     Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
 Jeered at him the serving girl,  
     Prompt to please her master;  
 And the begging carlin, late  
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
     Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien  
 Up the streets of Aberdeen  
     Came he slowly riding;  
 And, to all he saw and heard,  
 Answering not with bitter word,  
     Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
     Loose, and free, and froward:  
 Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!  
 Push him! prick him! Through the  
     town  
 Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd  
 Cried a sudden voice and loud:  
     "Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"  
 And the old man at his side  
 Saw a comrade, battle-tried,  
     Scarred and sun-burned darkly;

Who, with ready weapon bare,  
 Fronting to the troopers there,

Cried aloud: "God save us!  
 Call ye coward him who stood  
 Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,  
     With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
 Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;  
     "Put it up, I pray thee;  
 Passive to His holy will,  
 Trust I in my Master still,  
     Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,  
 Proved on many a field of death,  
     Not by me are needed."  
 Marvelled much that henchman bold,  
 That his laird, so stout of old,  
     Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,  
 With a slowly-shaking head,  
     And a look of pity;  
 "Ury's honest lord reviled,  
 Mock of knave and sport of child,  
     In his own good city!

"Speak the word; and, master mine,  
 As we charged on Tilly's line,  
     And his Walloon lancers,  
 Smiting through their midst, we'll teach  
 Civil look and decent speech  
     To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not mine ancient friend—  
 Like beginning, like the end!"  
     Quoth the laird of Ury;  
 "Is the sinful servant more  
 Than his gracious Lord who bore  
     Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy that in His name  
 I can bear, with patient frame,  
     All these vain ones offer;  
 While for them He suffered long,  
 Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
     Scoffing with the scoffer?"

"Happier I, with loss of all—  
 Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
     With few friends to greet me—  
 Than when reeve and squire were seen  
 Riding out from Aberdeen  
     With bared heads to meet me."

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door;

And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,  
Hard the old friends' falling off,  
Hard to learn forgiving;  
But the Lord his own rewards,  
And his love with theirs accords  
Warm, and fresh, and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
Up the blackness streaking;  
Knowing God's own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking!"

So the laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial!  
Every age on him, who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways,  
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter;  
And, while hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this—that never yet  
Share of truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,  
Must the moral pioneer

From the future borrow—  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Per-  
sian throne was done,  
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crown-  
ing victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader  
to defy,  
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were  
bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I  
perish in my thirst;  
Give me but one drink of water, and let then  
arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but a while  
the draught forbore,  
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foe-  
man to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—  
for, around him, angry foes  
With a hedge of naked weapons did the  
lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the caliph  
"is it, friend, a secret blow?  
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such  
treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for  
thou shalt not die before  
Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this re-  
prieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to  
earth with ready hand,  
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the  
burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the  
water of that cup  
I have drained; then bid thy servants that  
spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubt-  
ful passions stirred—  
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must re-  
main a monarch's word.



"Bring another cup, and straightway to the  
noble Persian give:  
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid  
thee drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

### BALDER.

BALDER, the white sun-god, has departed!  
Beautiful as summer dawn was he;  
Loved of gods and men—the royal-hearted  
Balder, the white sun-god, has departed—  
Has gone home where all the brave ones be.

For the tears of the imperial mother,  
For a universe that weeps and prays,  
Rides Hermoder forth to seek his brother—  
Rides for love of that distressful mother,  
Through lead-colored glens and cross-blue  
ways.

With the howling wind and raving torrent,  
Nine days rode he, deep and deeper down—  
Reached the vast death-kingdom, rough and  
horrent,  
Reached the lonely bridge that spans the tor-  
rent  
Of the moaning river by Hell-town.

There he found the ancient portress stand-  
ing—

Vexer of the mind and of the heart:  
"Balder came this way," to his demanding  
Cried aloud that ancient portress, standing—  
"Balder came, but Balder did depart;

'Here he could not dwell. He is down yon-  
der—

Northward, further, in the death-realm he."  
Rode Hermoder on in silent wonder—  
Mane of Gold fled fast and rushed down yon-  
der!

Brave and good must young Hermoder be.

For he leaps sheer over Hela's portal,  
Drops into the huge abyss below.  
There he saw the beautiful immortal—  
Saw him, Balder, under Hela's portal—  
Saw him, and forgot his pain and woe.

"O, my Balder! have I, have I found thee—  
Balder, beautiful as summer morn?  
O, my sun-god! hearts of heroes crowned  
thee

For their king; they lost, but now have found  
thee;

Gods and men shall not be left forlorn.

"Balder! brother! the Divine has vanished—  
The eternal splendors all have fled;  
Truth and love and nobleness are banished  
The heroic and divine have vanished;  
Nature has no god, and earth lies dead.

"Come thou back, my Balder—king and  
brother!

Teach the hearts of men to love the gods!  
Come thou back, and comfort our great  
mother—

Come with truth and bravery, Balder, bro-  
ther—

Bring the godlike back to men's abodes!"

But the Nornas let him pray unheeded—  
Balder never was to come again.

Vainly, vainly young Hermoder pleaded—  
Balder never was to come. Unheeded,  
Young Hermoder wept and prayed in vain.

Oh, the trueness of this ancient story!

Even now it is, as it was then.

Earth hath lost a portion of her glory;

And like Balder, in the ancient story,

Never comes the beautiful again.

Still the young Hermoder journeys bravely,  
Through lead-colored glens and cross-blue  
ways;

Still he calls his brother, pleading gravely—

Still to the death-kingdom ventures bravely—

Calmly to the eternal terror prays

But the fates relent not; strong endeavor,

Courage, noble feeling, are in vain;

For beautiful has gone for ever.

Vain are courage, genius, strong endeavor—

Never comes the beautiful again.

Do you think I counsel weak despairing?  
 No! like young Hermoder I would ride;  
 With an humble, yet a gallant daring,  
 I would leap unquailing, undespairing,  
 Over the huge precipice's side.

Dead and gone is the old world's ideal,  
 The old arts and old religion fled;  
 But I gladly live amid the real,  
 And I seek a worthier ideal.  
 Courage, brothers, God is overhead!

ANONYMOUS.

### ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted  
 dummy;

Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its  
 tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,  
 mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied crea-  
 tures,  
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and  
 features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's  
 fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Ho-  
 mer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
 Then say what secret melody was hidden  
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise  
 played?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my strug-  
 gles  
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its jug-  
 gles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to  
 glass;  
 Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat;  
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;  
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knock-  
 led;

For thou wert dead, and buried, and em-  
 balmed,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:  
 Antiquity appears to have begun  
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop—if that withered  
 tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs have  
 seen—

How the world looked when it was fresh and  
 young,

And the great deluge still had left it green;  
 Or was it then so old that history's pages  
 Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;  
 But prythee tell us something of thyself—

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slum-  
 bered—

What hast thou seen—what strange adven-  
 tures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended  
 We have, above ground, seen some strange  
 mutations;

The Roman empire has begun and ended—  
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old  
 nations;

And countless kings have into dust been  
 humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has crum-  
 bled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cam-  
byses,

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thunder-  
ing tread—

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;  
And shook the pyramids with fear and won-  
der,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:

A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern  
breast,

And tears adown that dusty cheek have  
rolled;

Have children climbed those knees, and kissed  
that face?

What was thy name and station, age and  
race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!

Imperishable type of evanescence!

Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow  
bed,

And standest undecayed within our pres-  
ence!

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment  
morning,

When the great trump shall thrill thee with  
its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost for ever?

Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure

In living virtue—that when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

### THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas, amid the night,  
In the moonshine roll and sparkle—

Now spread in the silver light,

Now sadden, and wail, and darkle;

The one has a billowy motion,

And from land to land it gleams;

The other is sleep's wide ocean,

And its glimmering waves are dreams:

The one, with murmur and roar,  
Bears fleets around coast and islet;  
The other, without a shore,  
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

JOHN STEELING

### THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,  
And looked at the stormy tide;  
The evening mist came rising,  
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house  
The lamps shone out on high;  
And far on the dim horizon  
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—  
Of sailors, and how they live;  
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,  
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,  
In regions strange and fair;  
And of the wondrous beings  
And curious customs there.

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,  
Which are launched in the twilight hour;  
And the dark and silent Brahmins,  
Who worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—  
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed and small—  
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,  
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,  
Till at last we spoke no more;  
The ship like a shadow had vanished,  
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

HENRY HEINE (German).

Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey—  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O Solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech—  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man!  
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth—  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! What treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!—  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford;  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more!  
My friends—do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But, alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy—encouraging thought!—  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its  
head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered—"The names of those who love  
the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not  
so,"

Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next  
night

It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God  
had blessed—

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.



## THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads  
 The ridged and rolling waves,  
 As, crashing o'er their crested heads,  
 She bows her surly slaves!  
 With foam before and fire behind,  
 She rends the clinging sea,  
 That flies before the roaring wind,  
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers  
 With heaped and glistening bells,  
 Falls round her fast in ringing showers,  
 With every wave that swells;  
 And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,  
 In lurid fringes thrown,  
 The living gems of ocean sweep  
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,  
 And smoking torch on high,  
 When winds are loud, and billows reel,  
 She thunders, foaming, by!  
 When seas are silent and serene  
 With even beam she glides,  
 The sunshine glimmering through the green  
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
 She veils her shadowy form,  
 The beating of her restless heart  
 Still sounding through the storm;  
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
 The reddening surges o'er,  
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
 The pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,  
 Who trims his narrowed sail;  
 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep  
 Her broad breast to the gale;  
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,  
 Shall break from yard and stay,  
 Before this smoky wreath hath stained  
 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,  
 I see yon quivering mast—  
 The black throat of the hunted cloud  
 Is panting forth the blast!

An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff  
 The giant surge shall fling  
 His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,  
 White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep!  
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire  
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap  
 With floods of living fire;  
 Sleep on—and when the morning light  
 Streams o'er the shining bay,  
 Oh, think of those for whom the night  
 Shall never wake in day!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands:  
 The smith—a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
 His face is like the tan;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat—  
 He earns whate'er he can;  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow—  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,  
 Look in at the open door;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks, that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys;

He hears the parson pray and preach—  
 He hears his daughter's voice,  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise!  
 He needs must think of her once more,  
 How in the grave she lies;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—  
 Onward through life he goes;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close—  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught!  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought—  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;  
 Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing—  
 Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,  
 The mighty blows still multiply—  
 Clang, clang!  
 Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
 What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—we forge the coulter now—  
 The coulter of the kindly plough.  
 Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil!  
 May its broad furrow still unbind  
 To genial rains, to sun and wind,  
 The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang!—our coulter's course shall be  
 On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
 By many a streamlet's silver ride—  
 Amidst the song of morning birds,  
 Amidst the low of sauntering herds—

Amidst soft breezes, which do stray  
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,  
 Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand  
 With wide-spread glory clothes the land—  
 When to the valleys, from the brow  
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled  
 A ruddy sea of living gold—  
 We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what grows  
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
 Clink, clank!—we forge the giant chain,  
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain  
 'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;  
 Secured by this, the good ship braves  
 The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
 Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
 The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
 The storm-cloud on the hill;  
 Calmly he rests—though far away,  
 In boisterous climes, his vessel lay—  
 Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,  
 Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?  
 By Afric's pestilential shore;  
 By many an iceberg, lone and hoar;  
 By many a palmy western isle,  
 Basking in spring's perpetual smile;  
 By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
 When to the battery's deadly peal  
 The crashing broadside makes reply;  
 Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while  
 For death or victory?

Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what  
 glows,  
 Dark brothers of the forge, beneath  
 The iron tempest of your blows,  
 The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear  
 And brilliant of bright sparks, is poured

Around, and up in the dusky air,  
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet when  
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound—  
While for his altar and his hearth,  
While for the land that gave him birth,  
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—  
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right  
It flashes in the van of fight—  
Whether in some wild mountain pass,  
As that where fell Leonidas;  
Or on some sterile plain and stern,  
A Marston, or a Bannockburn;  
Or amidst crags and bursting rills,  
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;  
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,  
It gleams above the stormy tide—  
Still, still, whene'er the battle word  
Is liberty, when men do stand  
For justice and their native land—  
Then heaven bless the sword!

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 't is  
at a white heat now—  
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased;  
though, on the forge's brow,  
The little flames still fitfully play through the  
sable mound;  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths  
ranking round;  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad  
hands only bare,  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work  
the windlass there

The windlass strains the tackle-chains—the  
black mould heaves below;  
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out  
at every throe.  
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan,  
what a glow!

'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright—the  
high sun shines not so!  
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery  
fearful show!  
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the  
ruddy lurid row  
Of smiths—that stand, an ardent band, like  
men before the foe!  
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the  
sailing monster slow  
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery  
grow:  
“Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out, leap out!”  
bang, bang! the sledges go;  
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high  
and low;  
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every  
squashing blow;  
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rat-  
tling cinders strew  
The ground around; at every bound the  
sweltering fountains flow;  
And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at  
every stroke pant “ho!”  
Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and  
lay on load!  
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick  
and broad;  
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow,  
I bode;  
And I see the good ship riding, all in a peril-  
ous road—  
The low reef roaring on her lea; the roll of  
ocean poured  
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the main-  
mast by the board;  
The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the  
boats stove at the chains;  
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower  
yet remains!  
And not an inch to flinch he deigns—save  
when ye pitch sky high;  
Then moves his head, as though he said,  
“Fear nothing—here am I!”

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot and  
hand keep time;  
Your blows make music sweeter far than  
any steeple's chime.  
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and  
let the burthen be.

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal crafts-  
men we!

Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull  
their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din—our  
work will soon be sped;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery  
rich array

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an  
oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of mer-  
ry craftsmen here

For the yea-heave-o, and the heave-away,  
and the sighing seamen's cheer—

When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far  
from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er  
the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down  
at last;

A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from  
cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou  
hadst life like me,

What pleasures would thy toil reward be-  
neath the deep green sea!

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold  
such sights as thou?—

The hoary monster's palaces!—Methinks  
what joy 't were now

To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assem-  
bly of the whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil be-  
neath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce  
sea-unicorn,

And send him foiled and bellowing back, for  
all his ivory horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade  
forlorn;

And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh  
his jaws to scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where  
'mid Norwegian isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shal-  
lowed miles—

Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off  
he rolls;

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far  
astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, hap-  
ly, in a cove

Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some  
Undine's love,

To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard  
by icy lands,

To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon ceru-  
lean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose  
sports can equal thine?

The dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that  
tugs thy cable line;

And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory  
day by day,

Through sable sea and breaker white the giant  
game to play.

But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the  
name I gave:

A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to  
save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou  
but understand

Whose be the white bones by thy side—or  
who that dripping band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that  
round about thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream bless-  
ing their ancient friend—

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with  
larger steps round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride—  
thou 'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the  
pleasant strand

To shed their blood so freely for the love of  
father-land—

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy  
churchyard grave

So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing  
wave!

Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have  
fondly sung,

Honor him for their memory whose bones he  
goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.



## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud  
 had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in  
 the sky;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
 powered—  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to  
 die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of  
 straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the  
 slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it  
 again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful  
 array  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
 'T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the  
 way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed  
 me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom  
 was young;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating  
 aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-  
 reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I  
 swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends  
 never to part;  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness  
 of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and  
 worn!—  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to  
 stay;  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of  
 morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted  
 away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

## I.

It was a summer evening—  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun;  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

## II.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet,  
 In playing there, had found;  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

## III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And, with a natural sigh—  
 " 'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he.  
 " Who fell in the great victory.

## IV.

" I find them in the garden,  
 For there's many here about;  
 And often when I go to plough,  
 The ploughshare turns them out  
 For many thousand men," said he,  
 " Were slain in the great victory."

## V.

" Now tell us what 't was all about,"  
 Young Peterkin he cries;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes—  
 " Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for "

## VI.

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
 " Who put the French to rout;  
 But what they fought each other for  
 I could not well make out;  
 But every body said," quoth he,  
 " That 't was a famous victory

## VII.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

## VIII.

"With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide;  
And many a childing mother there,  
And new-born baby died;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

## IX.

"They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won—  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

## X.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene."  
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
"Nay—nay—my little girl!" quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory.

## XI.

"And everybody praised the duke,  
Who this great fight did win."  
"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;  
"But 't was a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are:  
Though you bind in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far

## As night or day,

Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls ye to the crowd of common  
men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
Each able to undo mankind,  
Death's servile emissaries are;  
Nor to these alone confined—

## He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill:  
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a  
heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and  
dreary—  
When the death-angel touches those swift  
keys!

What loud lament and dismal miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone be-  
fore us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon ham-  
mer;  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norse-  
man's song;  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful  
din;  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents'  
skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning vil-  
lage;

The shout that every prayer for mercy  
drowns;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;

The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched  
asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,

The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,

With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly  
voices,

And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with  
terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps  
and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name ab-  
horred;

And every nation that should lift again  
its hand against a brother, on its forehead

Would wear forevermore the curse of  
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long genera-  
tions,

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then  
cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
"Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of war's great organ shakes the  
skies,

But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my  
childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to  
view!—

The orchard; the meadow, the deep-tangled  
wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that  
stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the cata-  
ract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the  
well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the  
well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treas-  
ure;

For often at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were  
glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over  
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from  
the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-  
ceive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!

Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to  
leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habi-  
tation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the  
well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the  
well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S  
PICTUREOUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN,  
ANN BODHAM.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has  
passed

With me but, roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I  
see,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails—else how distinct they say  
“Grieve not, my child—chase all thy fears  
away!”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it!) here shines on me still the  
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey—not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own;  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast  
dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art  
gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my con-  
cern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;

What ardently I wished I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived—  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went.  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot;  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er for-  
got.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard  
no more—

Children not thine have trod my nursery  
floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way—  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap—  
'T is now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our  
own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced:  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warm-  
ly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and  
glowed:

All this, and, more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall—  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks  
That humor interposed too often makes;  
All this, still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may—  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed  
here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the  
hours

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued  
flowers—

The violet, the pink, the jessamine—  
I pricked them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the  
while—



Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)—

Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish  
them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's  
coast,

(The storms all weathered and the ocean  
crossed,)

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons  
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—  
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached  
the shore

“Where tempests never beat nor billows  
roar;”

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always dis-  
tressed—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-  
tossed,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and com-  
pass lost;

And day by day some current's thwarting  
force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous  
course.

Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the  
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has  
run

His wonted course; yet what I wished is  
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er  
again—

To have renewed the joys that once were  
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine;  
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me  
left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,  
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanding to the skies:  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening  
chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints at-  
tend!

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests re-  
tire

To pause from toil, and time their evening  
fire!

Blest that abode, where want and pain re-  
pair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair!  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty  
crowned,

Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to  
share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent, and  
care;

Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the  
view,

That like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My future leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.  
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;  
And, placed on high above the storm's career,  
Look downward where a hundred realms  
appear :

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler  
pride.

When thus creation's charms around com-  
bine,  
Amidst the store should thankless pride re-  
pine?  
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
That good which makes each humbler bosom  
vain ?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
These little things are great to little man ;  
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor  
crowned ;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion  
round ;

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;  
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;  
For me your tributary stores combine,  
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine !

As some lone miser visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleased with each good that heaven to man  
supplies ;

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the sum of human bliss so small :  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find  
Some spot to real happiness consigned,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope  
at rest,

May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?  
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;  
The naked negro, planting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the goods they  
gave.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,  
His first, best country, ever is at home.  
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom  
find

An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;  
As different good, by art or nature given,  
To different nations, makes their blessings  
even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call ;  
With food as well the peasant is supplied  
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;  
And though the rocky-crested summits  
frown,

These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.  
From art more various are the blessings  
sent,—

Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.  
Yet these each other's power so strong con-  
test,

That either seems destructive of the rest.  
Where wealth and freedom reign, content-  
ment fails,

And honor sinks where commerce long pre-  
vails.

Hence every state, to our loved blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone.  
Each to the favorite happiness attends,  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,  
Till, carried to excess in each domain,  
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies ;  
Here, for a while, my proper cares resigned,  
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at every  
blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,  
While oft some temple's mouldering tops  
between  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest:  
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the  
ground;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied  
year;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;  
These here disporting own the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;  
While sea-born gales their gelid wings ex-  
pand,  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.  
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,  
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.  
Contrasted faults through all his manners  
reign:  
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive,  
vain;  
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet un-  
true!  
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.  
All evils here contaminate the mind,  
That opulence departed leaves behind;  
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the  
date  
When commerce proudly flourished through  
the state.  
At her command the palace learned to rise,  
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,  
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,  
The pregnant quarry teamed with human  
form;

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail.  
While naught remained, of all that riches  
gave,  
But towns unmanned, and lords without a  
slave;  
And late the nation found, with fruitless  
skill,  
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;  
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen  
mind  
An easy compensation seem to find.  
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp ar-  
rayed,  
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;  
Processions formed for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in every grove.  
By sports like these are all their cares be-  
guiled;  
The sports of children satisfy the child:  
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;  
While low delights succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meanness occupy the mind.  
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore  
sway,  
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;  
And, wondering man could want the larger  
pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn me to sur-  
vey  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion  
tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:  
No product here the barren hills afford  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms in-  
vest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a  
 charm,  
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast  
 though small,  
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;  
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal  
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal;  
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;  
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the  
 steep;  
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark  
 the way,  
 And drags the struggling savage into day.  
 At night returning, every labor sped,  
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;  
 Smiles by a cheerful fire, and round surveys  
 His children's looks that brighten to the  
 blaze,  
 While his loved partner, boastful of her  
 hoard,  
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board;  
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,  
 Imprints the patriot lesson on his heart;  
 And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,  
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill that lifts him to the  
 storms;  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states  
 assigned:  
 Their wants but few, their wishes all con-  
 fined;  
 Yet let them only share the praises due,—  
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but  
 few:

For every want that stimulates the breast  
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed.  
 Hence from such lands each pleasing science  
 flies,  
 That first excites desire and then supplies;  
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures  
 cloy,  
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;  
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to  
 flame,  
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the  
 frame.  
 Their level life is but a smouldering fire,  
 Nor quenched by want, nor fanned by strong  
 desire;  
 Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer  
 On some high festival of once a year,  
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely  
 flow,—  
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;  
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son  
 Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;  
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed  
 dart  
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.  
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's  
 breast  
 May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;  
 But all the gentler morals,—such as play  
 Through life's more cultured walks, and  
 charm the way,—  
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,  
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners  
 reign,  
 I turn, and France displays her bright do-  
 main.  
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can  
 please,  
 How often have I led thy sportive choir  
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring  
 Loire!  
 When shading elms along the margin grew,  
 And freshened from the wave, the zephyr  
 flew;



And haply, though my harsh touch flattering  
still,  
But mocked all tune and marred the dancer's  
skill;  
Yet would the village praise my wondrous  
power,  
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.  
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirthful  
maze;  
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,  
Has frisked beneath the burden of three-  
score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms  
display,  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind en-  
dear,  
For honor forms the social temper here:  
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,  
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,  
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;  
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise:  
They please, are pleased; they give to get  
esteem;  
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they  
seem.

But while this softer art their bliss sup-  
plies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise;  
For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
Hence ostentation here, with tawdy art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools im-  
part;  
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robes of frieze with copper  
lace;  
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;  
The mind still turns where shifting fashion  
draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain.  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth  
imparts  
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;  
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;  
E'en liberty itself is bartered here;  
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.  
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,  
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of  
old!  
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,  
War in each breast and freedom on each  
brow;  
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her  
wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western  
spring;  
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian  
pride,  
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes  
glide.

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
 There gentler music melts on every spray;  
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind.

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,  
 With daring aims irregularly great,  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords of human kind pass by:  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagined right above control,—  
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,  
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!

Too blest indeed were such without alloy;  
 But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy;  
 That independence Britons prize too high  
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,  
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:

Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;  
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions' roar,  
 Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,  
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels  
 Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst: as nature's ties decay,  
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,  
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;  
 Till time may come when, stripped of all her charms,

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,  
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
 Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

But think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,

I mean to flatter kings or court the great;  
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire!  
 And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel  
 The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;  
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
 By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,—  
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!

I only would repress them to secure.  
 For just experience tells, in every soil,  
 That those that think must govern those that toil;  
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach  
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.  
 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,  
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,

Who think it freedom when a part aspires!  
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
 Except when fast approaching danger warms;  
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,

Contracting regal power to stretch their own;  
 When I behold a factious band agree  
 To call it freedom when themselves are free,  
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,

The wealth of climes where savage nations roam

Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,—

Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,  
 Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart,  
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,

When first ambition struck at regal power;

And thus, polluting honor in its source,  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double  
force.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled  
shore,

Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scattered hamlets  
rose

In barren, solitary pomp repose?  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling, oft-frequented village fall?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy  
train,

To traverse climes beyond the western main,  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps  
around,

And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim  
strays  
Through tangled forests and through danger-  
ous ways,

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murder-  
ous aim;

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories  
shine,

And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind;  
Why have I strayed from pleasure and re-  
pose,

To seek a good each government bestows?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or  
cure?

Still to ourselves in every place consigned,  
Our own felicity we make or find;  
With secret course which no loud storms  
annoy

Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our  
own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring  
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms de-  
layed!

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease—  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could  
please!

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each  
scene!

How often have I paused on every charm—  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighboring  
hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the  
shade—

For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading  
tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went  
round;

And still as each repeated pleasures tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:  
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown  
By holding out, to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,  
While secret laughter titter'd round the  
place ;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks  
reprove :

These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports  
like these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to  
please ;

These round thy bowers their cheerful influ-  
ence shed ;

These were thy charms—but all these charms  
are fled.

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn !  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-  
drawn ;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green ;

One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy

way ;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering

wall ;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's  
hand,

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—  
A breath can make them, as a breath has

made ;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be sup-  
plied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs be-  
gan,

When every rood of ground maintained its  
man :

For him light labor spread her wholesome  
store—

Just gave what life required, but gave no  
more ;

His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered : trade's unfeeling  
train

Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets

rose,

Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp re-  
pose ;

And every want to luxury allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that asked but little room,

Those healthful sports that graced the peace-  
ful scene,

Lived in each look, and brightened all the  
green—

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow-  
er.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,

And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn

grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to

pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of  
care,

In all my griefs—and God has given my  
share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down

To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;

I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned

skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;



And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline!  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine!  
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,

A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,

And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,

Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;

No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below:

The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school,  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail;  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread—

But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.

All but one widowed, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—  
 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,

And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change,  
 his place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sate by his fire, and talked the night away—  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,

Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;

But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for  
all ;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-  
mayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his con-  
trol

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to  
raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double  
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to  
pray.

The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good  
man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares  
distressed ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were  
given—

But all his serious thoughts had rest in hea-  
ven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the  
storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds  
are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the  
way,

With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view—  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;

Well had the boding tremblers learned to  
trace

The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited  
glee,

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
Yet he was kind—or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew ;  
'T was certain he could write, and cipher  
too ;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides pre-  
sage,

And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue  
still ;

While words of learned length and thunder-  
ing sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder  
grew,

That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame ; the very spot,  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on  
high,

Where once the sign-post caught the passing  
eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts  
inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil re-  
tired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks  
profound,

And news much older than their ale went  
round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlor splendors of that festive place :  
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded  
floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind the  
door,

The chest contrived a double debt to pay—  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of  
goose ;

The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendor! could not all  
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found  
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm than all the gloss of art  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined;  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay!

'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,

And shouting folly hails them from her shore:

Hoard, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound.  
And rich men flock from all the world around.  
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,

That leaves our useful products still the same.  
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride

Takes up a space that many poor supplied—  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds—

Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies;  
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all  
In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;  
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—

When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress:  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;  
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,

The mournful peasant leads his humble band;  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If, to some common's fenceless limits strayed,  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?  
 To see profusion that he must not share;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know  
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.  
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps  
     display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the  
     way.  
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight  
     reign,  
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous  
     train;  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing  
     square—  
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare,  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
 Sure these denote one universal joy!  
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn  
     thine eyes  
 Where the poor, houseless, shivering female  
     lies:  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the  
     thorn;  
 Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;  
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from  
     the shower,  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour  
 When, idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel, and robes of country  
     brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine the love-  
     liest train—  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes be-  
     tween,  
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they  
     go,  
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there, from all that charmed be-  
     fore,  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore:  
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
 Those matted woods where birds forget to  
     sing,  
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
 Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance  
     crowned,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death  
     around;  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless  
     prey,  
 And savage men more murderous still than  
     they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the  
     skies.  
 Far different these from every former scene—  
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloomed that  
     parting day  
 That called them from their native walks  
     away;  
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked  
     their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain,  
 For seats like these beyond the western main;  
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
 Returned and wept, and still returned to  
     weep!  
 The good old sire the first prepared to go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others'  
     woe;  
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her  
     woes,  
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure  
     rose;



And kissed her thoughtless babes with many  
a tear,  
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly  
dear;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these for  
thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.  
At every draught more large and large they  
grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;  
Till sapped their strength, and every part un-  
sound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin  
round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I  
stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads  
the sail  
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale—  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the  
strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there;  
And piety with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.  
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—  
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame!  
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!  
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe—  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st  
me so!

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel!  
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!  
Farewell!—and oh! where'er thy voice be  
tried,

On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side—

Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow—  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him that states, of native strength pos-  
sess,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift de-  
cay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

*Sabbata pango;  
Funera plango;  
Solemnia clango.*

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL

With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork, of thee—  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
Cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate  
Brass tongues would vibrate;  
But all their music  
Spoke naught like thine

For memory, dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry, knelling  
Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling  
From the Vatican—  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
Pealing solemnly.  
Oh! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;  
While on tower and kiosk oh  
In Saint Sophia  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summit  
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem  
More dear to me—  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT. (Francis Mahony.)

## THE BELLS.

### I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells— [tells!  
What a world of merriment their melody fore  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight—  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the  
bells.

### II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony  
foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she  
gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the  
bells.

### III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency  
tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright

Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
     Out of tune,  
 In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of  
     the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and  
     frantic fire  
     Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
     With a desperate desire,  
     And a resolute endeavor,  
     Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
     Oh, the bells, bells, bells,  
     What a tale their terror tells  
     Of despair!  
     How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
     What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
     Yet the ear it fully knows,  
     By the twanging,  
     And the clanging,  
     How the danger ebbs and flows;  
     Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
     In the jangling,  
     And the wrangling,  
     How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger  
     of the bells—  
     Of the bells—  
     Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells—  
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
     Iron bells!  
 What a world of solemn thought their mon-  
     ody compels!  
     In the silence of the night,  
     How we shiver with affright  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
     For every sound that floats  
     From the rust within their throats  
     Is a groan.  
     And the people—ah, the people—  
     They that dwell up in the steeple,  
     All alone,  
     And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
     In that muffled monotone,  
 Feel a glory in so rolling  
     On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—  
 They are neither brute nor human—  
     They are ghouls:  
 And their king it is who tolls;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
     Rolls,  
     A pæan from the bells!  
 And his merry bosom swells  
     With the pæan of the bells!  
 And he dances and he yells;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
     To the pæan of the bells—  
     Of the bells:  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
     To the throbbing of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
     To the sobbing of the bells;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
     As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
     To the rolling of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
     To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
     Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

## THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!  
 How many a tale their music tells,  
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;  
 And many a heart that then was gay,  
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone—  
 That tuneful peal will still ring on;  
 While other bards shall walk these dells,  
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.—AN ODE IN HONOR  
OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft, in awful state,  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne ;  
His valiant peers were placed around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles  
bound ;  
(So should desert in arms be crowned) ;  
The lovely Thais by his side  
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.*

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touched the lyre ;  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
(Such is the power of mighty Love).  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia pressed,  
And while he sought her snowy breast ;  
Then, round her slender waist he curled,  
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign  
of the world.  
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound—  
A present deity ! they shout around ;  
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.*

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musi-  
cian sung—  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young ;  
The jolly god in triumph comes :  
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums !  
Flushed with a purple grace,  
He shows his honest face ;  
Now give the hautboys breath—he comes,  
he comes !  
Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;  
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure :  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure ;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure ;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;  
Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice  
he slew the slain.  
The master saw the madness rise—  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse,  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen—  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood ;  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed ;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate



Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;  
 And tears began to flow.

## CHORUS.

*Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;  
 And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smiled, to see  
 That love was in the next degree;  
 'T was but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;  
 Honor but an empty bubble—  
 Never ending, still beginning—  
 Fighting still, and still destroying;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying!  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee—  
 Take the goods the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the sky with loud applause;  
 So love was crowned, but music won the  
 cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

## CHORUS.

*The prince unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.*

Now strike the golden lyre again—  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head!  
 As awaked from the dead,  
 And amazed, he stares around.  
 Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;  
 See the Furies arise!  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their  
 eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were  
 slain,  
 And unburied remain,  
 Inglorious, on the plain!  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold how they toss their torches on  
 high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods!  
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to  
 destroy;

Thais led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

## CHORUS.

*And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to  
 destroy;  
 Thais led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.*

Thus, long ago—  
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute—  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft  
 desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown  
 before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies—  
She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS.

*At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown  
before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies—  
She drew an angel down.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

## INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing;  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung—as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care, and grief of heart—  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die!

SHAKESPEARE.

## MUSIC.

OH, lull me, lull me, charming air!  
My senses rock with wonder sweet!  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;  
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.  
Grief who need fear  
That hath an ear?  
Down let him lie,  
And slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE.

## THE PASSIONS.

## AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell—  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting—  
Possess beyond the muse's painting;  
By turns they felt the growing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of sound;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret stings:  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,  
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled—  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair—  
What was thy delightful measure?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance  
hail!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still, through all the  
song;  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at  
every close;  
And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved  
her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,

Revenge impatient rose;

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;

And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mein,

While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—

Sad proof of thy distressful state;

Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;

And now it courted love—now, raving,  
called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,

Pale Melancholy sate retired;

And, from her wild sequestered seat,

In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;

And, dashing soft from rocks around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound;

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung—

The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste eyed queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,

Peeping from forth their alleys green;

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up, and seized his beecher spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;

They would have thought, who heard the strain,

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings

O Music! sphere-descended maid,

Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!

Why, goddess! why, to us denied,

Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As, in that loved Athenian bower,

You learned an all commanding power,

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,

Can well recall what then it heard;

Where is thy native simple heart,

Devote to virtue, fancy, art?

Arise, as in that elder time,

Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders, in that godlike age,

Fill thy recording sister's page;

'Tis said—and I believe the tale—

Thy humblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,

Than all which charms this laggard age—

E'en all at once together found—

Cecilia's mingled world of sound.

Oh bid our vain endeavors cease;

Revive the just designs of Greece!

Return in all thy simple state—

Confirm the tales her sons relate!

WILLIAM COLLINS

## TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR.

ARIEL to Miranda:—Take  
 This slave of music, for the sake  
 Of him who is the slave of thee;  
 And teach it all the harmony  
 In which thou canst, and only thou,  
 Make the delighted spirit glow;  
 Till joy denies itself again,  
 And, too intense, is turned to pain.

For by permission and command  
 Of thine own prince Ferdinand,  
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
 Of more than ever can be spoken;  
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who  
 From life to life must still pursue  
 Your happiness, for thus alone  
 Can Ariel ever find his own.  
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
 As the mighty verses tell,  
 To the throne of Naples he  
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
 Flitting on, your prow before,  
 Like a living meteor.  
 When you die, the silent moon  
 In her interlunar swoon  
 Is not sadder in her cell  
 Than deserted Ariel;  
 When you live again on earth,  
 Like an unseen star of birth  
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
 Of life from your nativity.  
 Many changes have been run  
 Since Ferdinand and you begun  
 Your course of love, and Ariel still  
 Has tracked your steps and served your will.

Now in humbler, happier lot,  
 This is all remembered not;  
 And now, alas! the poor sprite is  
 Imprisoned for some fault of his  
 In a body like a grave—  
 From you he only dares to crave  
 For his service and his sorrow  
 A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this viol wrought  
 To echo all harmonious thought,

Felled a tree, while on the steep  
 The woods were in their winter sleep.  
 Rocked in that repose divine  
 On the wind-swept Apennine;  
 And dreaming, some of autumn past,  
 And some of spring approaching fast,  
 And some of April buds and showers,  
 And some of songs in July bowers,  
 And all of love; and so this tree—  
 Oh, that such our death may be!—  
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
 To live in happier form again;  
 From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,  
 The artist wrought this loved guitar;  
 And taught it justly to reply  
 To all who question skilfully  
 In language gentle as thine own;  
 Whispering in enamored tone  
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
 And summer winds in sylvan cells.  
 For it had learned all harmonies  
 Of the plains and of the skies,  
 Of the forests and the mountains,  
 And the many-voiced fountains;  
 The clearest echoes of the hills,  
 The softest notes of falling rills,  
 The melodies of birds and bees,  
 The murmuring of summer seas,  
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
 And airs of evening; and it knew  
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound  
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
 As it floats through boundless day  
 Our world enkindles on its way.

All this it knows, but will not tell  
 To those who cannot question well  
 The spirit that inhabits it;  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day.  
 But, sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest holiest tone  
 For one beloved friend alone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



## TO CONSTANTIA—SINGING.

Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die,  
Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn!

In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,  
Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn

Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;  
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it is yet,

And from thy touch like fire doth leap.  
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet—

Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

A breathless awe like the swift change,  
Unseen but felt, in youthful slumbers,  
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,  
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.

The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven  
By the enchantment of thy strain;  
And on my shoulders wings are woven,  
To follow its sublime career  
Beyond the mighty moons that wane  
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,  
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers,  
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;

The blood and life within those snowy fingers  
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.

My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—  
The blood is listening in my frame;  
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,  
Fall on my overflowing eyes;  
My heart is quivering like a flame;  
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,  
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee;  
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song

Flows on, and fills all things with melody.

Now is thy voice a tempest, swift and strong,

On which, like one in trance upborne,  
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.

Now 't is the breath of summer night,  
Which, when the starry waters sleep,  
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,

Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## ON A LADY SINGING.

Ort as my lady sang for me  
That song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,  
Of the grave on the rock, and the cypress tree,  
Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,  
For 't was made of old sadness that lives in my soul.

So still grew my heart at each tender word  
That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,  
And I hardly breathed, but only heard.  
Where was I?—not in the world of men,  
Until she awoke me with silence again.

Like the smell of the vine, when its early bloom

Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,

Such a delicate fragrance filled the room.  
Whether it came from the vine without,  
Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt.

Light shadows played on the pictured wall

From the maples that fluttered outside the hall,

And hindered the daylight—yet ah! not all;

Too little for that all the forest would be—  
Such a sunbeam she was, and is, to me!

When my sense returned, as the song was  
o'er,

I fain would have said to her, "Sing it once  
more;"

But soon as she smiled my wish I forbore:  
Music enough in her look I found,  
And the hush of her lip seemed sweet as the  
sound.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

### A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

*Et remigem cantus hortatur.*

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.  
But when the wind blows off the shore  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—  
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!  
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

THOMAS MOORE.

### EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

Sing again the song you sung  
When we were together young—  
When there were but you and I  
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,  
Though I know that nevermore  
Will it seem the song you sung  
When we were together young.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

### WOMAN'S VOICE.

"Her voice was ever low,  
Gentle and soft—an excellent thing in woman."

KING LEAR.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,  
When evening breezes sing their vesper  
hymn—

Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,  
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,  
Is earth's best music; these may move awhile  
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking  
cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,  
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,  
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—  
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake  
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—  
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chief-  
est charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent  
To truth and love, and meekness; they  
who own  
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,  
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;  
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have  
sorrowed—  
By patience never tired, from their own trials  
borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in glad-  
ness  
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,  
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sad-  
ness  
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;  
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—  
All these come ever blent with one low gen-  
tle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,  
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and  
cares,  
The strong heart failing, and the high soul  
grieving  
With strangest thoughts, and with unwont-  
ed fears;

Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy  
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how  
to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,  
When the fond lover hears the loved one's  
tone,  
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—  
How their two hearts are one, and she his  
own;  
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells  
That haunt the frembling tale a bright-eyed  
maiden tells!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

### SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed—  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,—  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

### DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction—  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthralls the crimson stomacher—  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly—  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat—  
A careless shoe string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility—  
Do more bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### HEBE.

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,  
I saw the flash of robes descending;  
Before her ran an influence fleet,  
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees  
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,  
It led me on—by sweet degrees,  
Joy's simple honey cells unbinding.

Those graces were that seemed grim fates;  
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;  
The long sought secret's golden gates  
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp  
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover,  
I sprang the proffered life to clasp—  
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;  
That boots it patch the goblet's splinters?  
Can summer fill the icy cup  
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the gods;  
Their nectar crowns the lips of patience.  
Haste scatters on unthankful sods  
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,  
And shuns the hands would seize upon her  
Follow thy life, and she will sue  
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### SONNET.

'T is much immortal beauty to admire,  
But more immortal beauty to withstand;  
The perfect soul can overcome desire,  
If beauty with divine delight be scanned.  
For what is beauty, but the blooming child  
Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,  
And be for ever from that bliss exiled,  
If admiration stand too much its friend?

The wind may be enamored of a flower,  
 The ocean of the green and laughing shore,  
 The silver lightning of a lofty tower—  
 But must not with too near a love adore;  
 Or flower, and margin, and cloud-capped tower,

Love and delight shall with delight devour!

LORD THURLOW.

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TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret,  
 As midsummer flower—  
 Gentle as falcon,  
 Or hawk of the tower;  
 With solace and gladness,  
 Much mirth and no madness,  
 All good and no badness;  
 So joyously,  
 So maidenly,  
 So womanly  
 Her demeaning—  
 In everything  
 Far, far passing  
 That I can indite,  
 Or suffice to write,  
 Of merry Margaret,  
 As midsummer flower,  
 Gentle as falcon  
 Or hawk of the tower;  
 As patient and as still,  
 And as full of good will,  
 As fair Isiphil,  
 Coliander,  
 Sweet Pomander,  
 Good Cassander;  
 Steadfast of thought,  
 Well made, well wrought;  
 Far may be sought  
 Ere you can find  
 So courteous, so kind,  
 As merry Margaret,  
 This midsummer flower,  
 Gentle as falcon,  
 Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

Who is Sylvia? what is she,  
 That all the swains commend her;  
 Holy, fair, and wise, is she;  
 The heavens such grace did lend her  
 That she might adored be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?  
 For beauty lives with kindness.  
 Love does to her eyes repair  
 To help him of his blindness—  
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing  
 That Sylvia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortal thing  
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
 To her let us garlands bring.

SHAKESPEARE

---

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meets in her aspect and her eyes:  
 Thus mellowed to that tender light  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less  
 Had half impaired the nameless grace  
 Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face—  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling place

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BAYON



## HERMIONE.

THOU hast beauty bright and fair,  
 Manner noble, aspect free,  
 Eyes that are untouched by care:  
 What then do we ask from thee?

*Hermione, Hermione?*

Thou hast reason quick and strong,  
 Wit that envious men admire,  
 And a voice, itself a song!  
 What then can we still desire?

*Hermione, Hermione?*

Something thou dost want, O queen!  
 (As the gold doth ask alloy),  
 Tears—amid thy laughter seen,  
 Pity mingling with thy joy.

*This is all we ask from thee,  
 Hermione, Hermione!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

## UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

DEOP, droop no more, or hang the head,  
 Ye roses almost withered!  
 New strength and newer purple get,  
 Each hero declining violet!  
 O primroses! let this day be  
 A resurrection unto ye,  
 And to all flowers allied in blood,  
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.  
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed  
 Claret and cream commingled;  
 And those her lips do now appear  
 As beams of coral but more clear.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## SONG.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread  
 And flowery tapestry—  
 There's living roses on the bush,  
 And blossoms on the tree.  
 Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand  
 Some random bud will meet;  
 Thou' canst not tread but thou wilt find  
 The daisy at thy feet.

'T is like the birthday of the world,  
 When earth was born in bloom;

The light is made of many dyes,  
 The air is all perfume;  
 There's crimson buds, and white and blue—  
 The very rainbow showers  
 Have turned to blossoms where they fell,  
 And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east—  
 The garden of the sun;  
 The very streams reflect the hues,  
 And blossom as they run;  
 While morn opes like a crimson rose,  
 Still wet with pearly showers:  
 Then, lady, leave the silken thread  
 Thou twinest into flowers!

THOMAS HOOD.

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

SWEET Highland girl! a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower;  
 Thrice seven consenting years have shed  
 Their utmost bounty on thy head.  
 And these gray rocks; that household law:  
 Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn;  
 This fall of water, that doth make  
 A murmur near the silent lake:  
 This little bay, a quiet road  
 That holds in shelter thy abode—  
 In truth, together do ye seem  
 Like something fashioned in a dream—  
 Such forms as from their covert peep  
 When earthly cares are laid asleep.  
 But, O fair creature! in the light  
 Of common day so heavenly bright---  
 I bless thee, vision as thou art,  
 I bless thee with a human heart;  
 God shield thee to thy latest years!  
 Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;  
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away;  
 For never saw I mien or face  
 In which more plainly I could trace  
 Benignity and homebred sense  
 Ripening in perfect innocence.  
 Here, scattered, like a random seed,  
 Remote from men, thou dost not need  
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
 And maidenly shamefacedness;

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
 The freedom of a mountaineer :  
 A face with gladness overspread ;  
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ;  
 And seemliness complete, that sways  
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
 With no restraint, but such as springs  
 From quick and eager visitings  
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
 Of thy few words of English speech—  
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
 That gives thy gestures grace and life ;  
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind  
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
 For thee, who art so beautiful ?  
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell—  
 Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality.  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighborhood.  
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
 Thy elder brother I would be,  
 Thy father—anything to thee !

Now thanks to heaven, that of its grace  
 Hath led me to this lonely place !  
 Joy have I had ; and, going hence,  
 I bear away my recompense.  
 In spots like these it is we prize  
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes.  
 Then why should I be loth to stir ?  
 I feel this place was made for her,  
 To give new pleasure like the past—  
 Continued long as life shall last.  
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
 Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;  
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 As fair before me shall behold,  
 As I do now, the cabin small,  
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall—  
 And thee, the spirit of them all !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland lass !  
 Reaping and singing by herself ;  
 Stop here, or gently pass !  
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain ;  
 Oh listen ! for the vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
 More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian sands ;  
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
 In spring time from the cuckoo bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago ;  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day ?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, or may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending ;  
 I saw her singing at her work  
 And o'er her sickle bending ;—  
 I listened motionless and still ;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore  
 Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## "PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD."

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early ;  
 Sweet robin sits on the bush,  
 Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me ?"  
 —"When six braw gentlemen  
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly?"

—"The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady;  
The owl from the steeple sing  
Welcome, proud lady!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE TWO BRIDES.

I saw two maids at the kirk,  
And both were fair and sweet—  
One in her wedding robe,  
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn—  
The sacred rites were read;  
And one for life to life,  
And one to death, was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,  
In loveliness and bloom—  
One in a merry castle,  
The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke  
In a world of sin and pain;  
But the other was happier far,  
And never awoke again!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

### SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament:  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too:

Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature, not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food—  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### TO MY SISTER.

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW  
ENGLAND."

DEAR sister! while the wise and sage  
Turn coldly from my playful page,  
And count it strange that ripened age  
Should stoop to boyhood's folly—  
I know that thou wilt judge aright  
Of all that makes the heart more light,  
Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
Of clouded melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!  
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!  
Leave free once more the land which teems  
With wonders and romances!  
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
Beneath the quaintly-masking guise  
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set  
On still green wood paths, twilight wet,  
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret

The roots of spectral beeches;  
 Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
 Home's white-washed wall and painted  
 floor,  
 And young eyes widening to the lore  
 Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain  
 Which lights that holy hearth again;  
 And, calling back from care and pain,  
 And death's funereal sadness,  
 Draws round its old familiar blaze  
 The clustering groups of happier days,  
 And lends to sober manhood's gaze  
 A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been  
 A weary work of tongue and pen,  
 A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed  
 men,  
 Thou wilt not chide my turning  
 To con, at times, an idle rhyme,  
 To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,  
 Or listen, at life's noonday chime,  
 For the sweet bells of morning!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude? Her heart  
 Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;  
 And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,  
 As if to let its heavy throbbings through;  
 In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,  
 Deeper than that her careless girlhood  
 wore;  
 And her cheek crimsoned with the hue that  
 tells  
 The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh  
 Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuri-  
 ant bowers,  
 And her heart taken up the last sweet tie  
 That measured out its links of golden  
 hours!

She feels her inmost soul within her stir  
 With thoughts too wild and passionate to  
 speak;  
 Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—  
 Translates itself in silence on her cheek

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flow-  
 ers,  
 Once lightly sprang within her beaming  
 track;  
 Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!  
 And yet she does not wish to wander back;  
 No! she but loves in loneliness to think  
 On pleasures past, though never more to  
 be;  
 Hope links her to the future—but the link  
 That binds her to the past is memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside,  
 Though passionate worshippers before her  
 fall;  
 Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,  
 She seems to soar and beam above them all.  
 Not that her heart is cold—emotions new  
 And fresh as flowers are with her heart-  
 strings knit;  
 And sweetly mournful pleasures wander  
 through  
 Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive  
 To all that makes life beautiful and fair;  
 Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made  
 their hive  
 Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.  
 Yet life is not to her what it hath been—  
 Her soul hath learned to look beyond its  
 gloss;  
 And now she hovers, like a star, between  
 Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,  
 Though she hath oftentimes drained its bit-  
 ter cup;  
 But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,  
 And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.  
 She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere  
 Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,  
 And all the joys it found so blissful here  
 Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.



Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill

Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;

And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill  
With wild and passionate thoughts the  
craving void.

And thus she wanders on—half sad, half  
blest—

Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart  
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin  
breast,

Never to find its lovely counterpart!

AMELIA B. WELBY.

### MOTHER MARGERY.

On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges  
Sloped the rough land to the grisly north;  
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges,  
Like a thinned banditti staggered forth—  
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet  
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,  
With a tattered robe of faded camlet  
On her shoulders—crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure;  
For her face was very dry and thin,  
And the records of his growing measure  
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.  
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,  
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire;  
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,  
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters;  
Winds howled piteously around her cot,  
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters  
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.  
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,  
And hung snow-wreaths around her naked  
bed;

While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,  
Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,  
But their dying wrung out no complaints;  
Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger—  
These to Margery were guardian saints.

When she sat, her head was, prayer-like,  
bending;

When she rose, it rose not any more;  
Faster seemed her true heart graveward  
tending  
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered—  
Had been mother of the brave and fair;  
But her branches, bough by bough, were  
shattered,  
Till her torn breast was left dry and  
bare.

Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,  
When the children of the poor depart  
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated.  
So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted  
Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,  
She endured, in silence and unpitied,  
Woes enough to mar a stouter breast.  
Thus was born such holy trust within her,  
That the graves of all who had been dear,  
To a region clearer and serener,  
Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;  
Angels to her were the loves and hopes  
Which had left her purified, but sadder;  
And they lured her to the emerald slopes  
Of that heaven where anguish never flashes  
Her red fire-whips,—happy land, where  
flowers

Blossom over the volcanic ashes  
Of this blighting, blighted world of ours.

All her power was a love of goodness;  
All her wisdom was a mystic faith  
That the rough world's jargoning and rud-  
ness

Turns to music at the gate of death.  
So she walked while feeble limbs allowed  
her,

Knowing well that any stubborn grief  
She might meet with could no more than  
crowd her

To that wall whose opening was relief

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,  
 Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope;  
 And, when burning trials came, would borrow  
 New fire of them for the lamp of hope.  
 When at last her palsied hand, in groping,  
 Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,  
 Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her  
 hoping,  
 And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

### THE NYMPH'S SONG.

GENTLE swain, good speed befall thee;  
 And in love still prosper thou!  
 Future times shall happy call thee,  
 Though thou lie neglected now.  
 Virtue's lovers shall commend thee,  
 And perpetual fame attend thee.

Happy are these woody mountains,  
 In whose shadows thou dost hide;  
 And as happy are those fountains  
 By whose murmurs thou dost bide:  
 For contents are here excelling,  
 More than in a prince's dwelling.

These thy flocks do clothing bring thee,  
 And thy food out of the fields;  
 Pretty songs the birds do sing thee;  
 Sweet perfumes the meadow yields;  
 And what more is worth the seeing,  
 Heaven and earth thy prospect being?

None comes hither who denies thee  
 Thy contentments for despite.  
 Neither any that envies thee  
 That wherein thou dost deight:  
 But all happy things are meant thee,  
 And whatever may content thee.

Thy affection reason measures,  
 And distempers none it feeds;  
 Still so harmless are thy pleasures  
 That no other's grief it breeds;  
 And if night beget thee sorrow,  
 Seldom stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly  
 Seek contentment in their store,  
 Since they may perceive so plainly  
 Thou art rich in being poor—  
 And that they are vexed about it,  
 Whilst thou merry art without it?

Why are idle brains devising  
 How high titles may be gained,  
 Since by those poor toys despising  
 Thou hast higher things obtained?  
 For the man who scorns to crave them  
 Greater is than they that have them.

If all men could taste that sweetness  
 Thou dost in thy meanness know,  
 Kings would be to seek where greatness  
 And their honors to bestow;  
 For it such content would breed them  
 As they would not think they need them.

And if those who so aspiring  
 To the court preferments be,  
 Knew how worthy the desiring  
 Those things are enjoyed by thee.  
 Wealth and titles would hereafter  
 Subjects be for scorn and laughter.

He that courtly styles affected  
 Should a May-lord's honor have—  
 He that heaps of wealth collected  
 Should be counted as a slave;  
 And the man with few'st things cumbered  
 With the noblest should be numbered.

Thou their folly hast discerned  
 That neglect thy mind and thee;  
 And to slight them thou hast learned,  
 Of what title e'er they be;  
 That no more with thee obtaineth  
 Than with them thy meanness gaineth.

All their riches, honors, pleasures,  
 Poor unworthy trifles seem,  
 If compared with thy treasures—  
 And do merit no esteem;  
 For they true contents provide thee,  
 And from them can none divide thee.

Whether thrall'd or exil'd,  
 Whether poor or rich thou be—  
 Whether praised or reviled,  
 Not a rush it is to thee;  
 This nor that thy rest doth win thee,  
 But the mind which is within thee.

Then, oh why so madly dote we  
 On those things that us o'erload?  
 Why no more their vainness note we,  
 But still make of them a god?  
 For, alas! they still deceive us,  
 And in greatest need they leave us.

Therefore have the fates provided  
 Well, thou happy swain, for thee,  
 That may'st here so far divided  
 From the world's distractions be.  
 Thee distemper let them never,  
 But in peace continue ever.

In these lonely groves enjoy thou  
 That contentment here begun;  
 And thy hours so pleas'd employ thou,  
 Till the latest glass be run.  
 From a fortune so assured  
 By no temptings be allured.

Much good do't them, with their glories,  
 Who in courts of princes dwell;  
 We have read in antique stories  
 How some rose and how they fell—  
 And 't is worthy well the heeding,  
 There's like end where 's like proceeding.

Be thou still in thy affection  
 To thy noble mistress true;  
 Let her never-matched perfection  
 Be the same unto thy view;  
 And let never other beauty  
 Make thee fail in love or duty.

For if thou shalt not estranged  
 From thy course profess'd be,  
 But remain for aye unchanged,  
 Nothing shall have power on thee.  
 Those that slight thee now shall love thee,  
 And in spite of spite approve thee.

So those virtues now neglected  
 To be more esteem'd will come;  
 Yea those toys so much affected  
 Many shall be woo'd from;  
 And the golden age deplored  
 Shall by some be thought restored.

GEORGE WITHER.

### ON ANACREON.

AROUND the tomb, O bard divine,  
 Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,  
 Long may the deathless ivy twine,  
 And summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,  
 And many a rill refresh the flowers;  
 But wine shall gush in every rill,  
 And every fount yield milky showers.

Thus—shade of him whom nature taught  
 To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure—  
 Who gave to love his warmest thought,  
 Who gave to love his fondest measure—

Thus, after death if spirits feel  
 Thou may'st from odors round thee stream-  
 ing,  
 A pulse of past enjoyment steal,  
 And live again in blissful dreaming.

ANTI-PATER OF SIDON, (Greek.)

Paraphrase of THOMAS MOORE.

### AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored  
 bones—  
 The labor of an age in piled stones?  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a starry-pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy  
 name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

For whilst to the shame of slow-endavoring  
art

Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression  
took,

Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiv-  
ing;

And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

SHAKESPEARE.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest  
The hours and cares that move a great man's  
breast!

Though nought of all we saw the grave may  
spare,

His life pervades the world's impregnate air;  
Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our foot-  
steps lies,

His spirit breathes amid his native skies;  
With meaning won from him for ever glows  
Each air that England feels, and star it  
knows;

His whispered words from many a mother's  
voice

Can make her sleeping child in dreams re-  
joice;

And gleams from spheres he first conjoined  
to earth

Are blent with rays of each new morning's  
birth.

Amid the sights and tales of common things,  
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths  
of kings,—

Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,  
Of life that tills, and tombs that load, the  
ground,

His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,  
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;  
And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,  
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought;  
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned  
thrill,

Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering  
will.

Above the goodly land, more his than ours,  
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers,  
And sees the heroic brood of his creation  
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.

O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!  
O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dew!  
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!  
For each dim oracle of mantled time!

Transcendent form of man! in whom we  
read

Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought  
and deed!

Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,  
We know how vast our world of life may be;  
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as  
thine,

Small tasks and strengths may be no less di-  
vine.

JOHN STERLING

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid tavern?  
Have ye tippled drink more fine  
Than mine host's Canary wine?  
Or are fruits of Paradise  
Sweeter than those dainty pies  
Of venison? O generous food!  
Drest as though bold Robin Hood  
Would, with his maid Marian,  
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
Mine host's sign-board flew away,  
Nobody knew whither, till  
An astrologer's old quill  
To a sheepskin gave the story,—  
Said he saw you in your glory,  
Underneath a new old-sign.  
Sipping beverage divine,  
And pledging with contented smack,  
The Mermaid in the zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid tavern?

JOHN KEATS.



## AN ODE—TO HIMSELF.

WHERE dost thou careless lie  
 Buried in ease and sloth?  
 Knowledge that sleeps, doth die:  
 And this security,  
 It is the common moth  
 That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys  
 them both.

Are all the Aonian springs  
 Dried up? lies Thespia waste?  
 Doth Clarius' harp want strings,  
 That not a nymph now sings?  
 Or droop they as disgraced  
 To see their seats and bowers by chattering  
 pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,  
 As 'tis too just a cause—  
 Let this thought quicken thee;  
 Minds that are great and free  
 Should not on fortune pause;  
 'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own  
 applause.

What though the greedy fry  
 Be taken with false baits  
 Of worded balladry,  
 And think it poesy?  
 They die with their conceits,  
 And only piteous scorn upon their folly  
 waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,  
 Strike in thy proper strain;  
 With Japhet's line aspire  
 Sol's chariot for new fire  
 To give the world again;  
 Who aided him, will thee, the issue of  
 Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age  
 Cannot endure reproof,  
 Make not thyself a page  
 To that trumpet, the stage;  
 But sing high and aloof  
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the  
 dull ass's hoof.

BEN JONSON.

## THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING

## AN ECOLOGUE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Philarete on Willy calls,  
 To sing out his pastorals;  
 Warrants fame shall grace his rhymes,  
 'Spite of envy and the times;  
 And shews how in care he uses  
 To take comfort from his muses.*

*Philarete; Willy.*

## PHILARETE.

PRYTHEE, Willy! tell me this—  
 What new accident there is  
 That thou, once the blithest lad,  
 Art become so wondrous sad,  
 And so careless of thy quill,  
 As if thou hadst lost thy skill?  
 Thou wert wont to charm thy flocks,  
 And among the massy rocks  
 Hast so cheered me with thy song  
 That I have forgot my wrong.  
 Something hath thee surely crost,  
 That thy old wont thou hast lost.  
 Tell me—have I ought mis-said,  
 That hath made thee ill-aped?  
 Hath some churl done thee a spite?  
 Dost thou miss a lamb to-night?  
 Frowns thy fairest shepherd's lass?  
 Or how comes this ill to pass?  
 Is there any discontent  
 Worse than this my banishment?

## WILLY.

Why, doth that so evil seem  
 That thou nothing worse dost deem?  
 Shepherds there full many be  
 That will change contents with thee;  
 Those that choose their walks at will,  
 On the valley or the hill—  
 Or those pleasures boast of can  
 Groves or fields may yield to man—  
 Never come to know the rest,  
 Wherewithal thy mind is blest.  
 Many a one that oft resorts  
 To make up the troop at sports,

And in company some while  
Happens to strain forth a smile,  
Feels more want and outward smart,  
And more inward grief of heart,  
Than this place can bring to thee,  
While thy mind remaineth free.  
Thou bewail'st my want of mirth—  
But what find'st thou in this earth  
Wherein aught may be believed  
Worth to make me joyed or grieved?  
And yet feel I, naithelless,  
Part of both I must confess.  
Sometime I of mirth do borrow—  
Otherwhile as much of sorrow;  
But my present state is such  
As nor joy nor grieve I much.

PHILARETE.

Why hath Willy then so long  
Thus forborne his wonted song?  
Wherefore doth he now let fall  
His well-tuned pastoral,  
And my ears that music bar  
Which I more long after far  
Than the liberty I want?

WILLY.

That were very much to grant.  
But doth this hold alway, lad—  
Those that sing not must be sad?  
Didst thou ever that bird hear  
Sing well that sings all the year?  
Tom the piper doth not play  
Till he wears his pipe away—  
There's a time to slack the string,  
And a time to leave to sing.

PHILARETE.

Yea! but no man now is still  
That can sing or tune a quill.  
Now to chaunt it were but reason—  
Song and music are in season.  
Now, in this sweet jolly tide,  
Is the earth in all her pride;  
The fair lady of the May,  
Trimmed up in her best array,  
Hath invited all the swains,  
With the lasses of the plains,  
To attend upon her sport  
At the places of resort.

Coridon, with his bold rout,  
Hath already been about  
For the elder shepherd's dole,  
And fetched in the summer-pole;  
Whilst the rest have built a bower  
To defend them from a shower—  
Coiled so close, with boughs all green,  
Titan cannot pry between.  
Now the dairy wenches dream  
Of their strawberries and cream;  
And each doth herself advance  
To be taken in to dance;  
Every one that knows to sing  
Fits him for his carolling;  
So do those that hope for meed  
Either by the pipe or reed;  
And, though I am kept away,  
I do hear, this very day,  
Many learned grooms do wend  
For the garlands to contend;  
Which a nymph, that hight Desert,  
Long a stranger in this part,  
With her own fair hand hath wrought—  
A rare work, they say, past thought,  
As appeareth by the name,  
For she calls them wreaths of fame.  
She hath set in their due place  
Every flower that may grace;  
And among a thousand moe,  
Whereof some but serve for show,  
She hath wove in Daphne's tree,  
That they may not blasted be;  
Which with time she edged about,  
Lest the work should ravel out;  
And that it might wither never,  
Intermixed it with live-ever.  
These are to be shared among  
Those that do excel for song,  
Or their passions can rehearse  
In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.  
Then for those among the rest  
That can play and pipe the best,  
There's a kidding with the dam,  
A fat wether and a lamb.  
And for those that leapen far,  
Wrestle, run, and throw the bar,  
There's appointed guerdons too:  
He that best the first can do  
Shall for his reward be paid  
With a sheep-hook, fair inlaid

With fine bone of a strange beast  
 That men bring out of the west;  
 For the next a scrip of red,  
 Tasselled with fine colored thread;  
 There's prepared for their meed  
 That in running make most speed,  
 Or the cunning measures foot,  
 Cups of turned maple-root,  
 Whereupon the skilful man  
 Hath engraved the loves of Pan;  
 And the last hath for his due  
 A fine napkin wrought with blue.  
 Then, my Willy, why art thou  
 Careless of thy merit now?  
 What dost thou here, with a wight  
 That is shut up from delight  
 In a solitary den,  
 As not fit to live with men?  
 Go, my Willy! get thee gone—  
 Leave me in exile alone;  
 Hie thee to that merry throng,  
 And amaze them with thy song!  
 Thou art young, yet such a lay  
 Never graced the month of May,  
 As, if they provoke thy skill,  
 Thou canst fit unto thy quill.  
 I with wonder heard thee sing  
 At our last year's revelling.  
 Then I with the rest was free,  
 When, unknown, I noted thee,  
 And perceived the ruder swains  
 Envy thy far sweeter strains.  
 Yea, I saw the lasses cling  
 Round about thee in a ring,  
 As if each one jealous were  
 Any but herself should hear;  
 And I know they yet do long  
 For the residue of thy song.  
 Haste thee then to sing it forth;  
 Take the benefit of worth;  
 And Desert will sure bequeath  
 Fame's fair garland for thy wreath  
 Hie thee, Willy! hie away.

WILLY.

Phila! rather let me stay,  
 And be desolate with thee,  
 Than at those their revels be.  
 Naught such is my skill, I wis,  
 As indeed thou deem'st it is;

But whate'er it be, I must  
 Be content, and shall, I trust.  
 For a song I do not pass  
 'Mongst my friends; but what, alas!  
 Should I have to do with them  
 That my music do contemn?  
 Some there are, as well I wot,  
 That the same yet favor not;  
 Yet I cannot well avow  
 They my carols disallow;  
 But such malice I have spied,  
 'Tis as much as if they did.

PHILARETE.

Willy! what may those men be  
 Are so ill to malice thee?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well esteemed;  
 Some without worth, are so deemed;  
 Others of so base a spirit  
 They have nor esteem nor merit

PHILARETE.

What's the wrong? . . . .

WILLY.

. . . . . A slight offence,  
 Wherewithal I can dispense;  
 But hereafter, for their sake,  
 To myself I'll music make.

PHILARETE.

What, because some clown offends,  
 Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

WILLY.

Do not, Phil! misunderstand me—  
 Those that love me may command me;  
 But thou know'st I am but young,  
 And the pastoral I sung  
 Is by some supposed to be,  
 By a strain, too high for me;  
 So they kindly let me gain  
 Not my labor for my pain.  
 Trust me, I do wonder why  
 They should me my own deny.  
 Though I'm young, I scorn to flit  
 On the wings of borrowed wit;  
 I'll make my own feathers rear me,  
 Whither others cannot bear me.

Yet I'll keep my skill in store,  
Till I've seen some winters more.

## PHILARETE.

But in earnest mean'st thou so?—  
Then thou art not wise, I trow:  
Better shall advise thee Pan,  
For thou dost not rightly then;  
That's the ready way to blot  
All the credit thou hast got.  
Rather in thy age's prime  
Get another start of time;  
And make those that so fond be,  
Spite of their own dulness, see  
That the sacred muses can  
Make a child in years a man.  
It is known what thou canst do;  
For it is not long ago,  
When that Cuddy, thou and I,  
Each the other's skill to try,  
At Saint Dunstan's charmed well,  
As some present there can tell,  
Sang upon a sudden theme,  
Sitting by the crimson stream;  
Where if thou didst well or no  
Yet remains the song to show.  
Much experience more I've had  
Of thy skill, thou happy lad;  
And would make the world to know it,  
But that time will further show it.  
Envy makes their tongues now run,  
More than doubt of what is done;  
For that needs must be thine own,  
Or to be some other's known;  
But how then will't suit unto  
What thou shalt hereafter do?  
Or I wonder where is he  
Would with that song part with thee!  
Nay, were there so mad a swain  
Could such glory sell for gain,  
Phoebus would not have combined  
That gift with so base a mind.  
Never did the nine impart  
The sweet secrets of their art  
Unto any that did scorn  
We should see their favors worn.  
Therefore, unto those that say  
Were they pleased to sing a lay  
They could do't, and will not tho'  
This I speak, for this I know—

None e'er drank the Thespian spring,  
And knew how, but he did sing;  
For, that once infused in man,  
Makes him shew't, do what he can;  
Nay, those that do only sip,  
Or but e'en their fingers dip  
In that sacred fount, poor elves!  
Of that brood will show themselves.  
Yea, in hope to get them fame,  
They will speak, though to their shame,  
Let those, then, at thee repine  
That by their wits measure thine;  
Needs those songs must be thine own,  
And that one day will be known.  
That poor imputation, too,  
I myself do undergo;  
But it will appear, ere long,  
That't was envy sought our wrong,  
Who, at twice ten, have sung more  
Than some will do at four score.  
Cheer thee, honest Willy! then,  
And begin thy song again.

## WILLY.

Fain I would; but I do fear,  
When again my lines they hear,  
If they yield they are my rhymes,  
They will feign some other crimes;  
And 'tis no safe venturing by  
Where we see detraction lie;  
For, do what I can, I doubt  
She will pick some quarrel out;  
And I oft have heard defended  
Little said is soon amended.

## PHILARETE.

See'st thou not, in clearest days  
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays?  
And that vapors, which do breathe  
From the earth's gross womb beneath,  
Seem unto us with black steams  
To pollute the sun's bright beams—  
And yet vanish into air,  
Leaving it, unblemished, fair?  
So, my Willy, shall it be  
With detraction's breath on thee—  
It shall never rise so high  
As to stain thy poesy.  
As that sun doth oft exhale  
Vapors from each rotten vale,



Poesy so sometimes drains  
 Gross conceits from muddy brains—  
 Mists of envy, fogs of spite,  
 'Twixt men's judgments and her light;  
 But so much her power may do  
 That she can dissolve them too.  
 If thy verse do bravely tower,  
 As she makes wing she gets power;  
 Yet the higher she doth soar  
 She's affronted still the more,  
 Till she to the high'st hath past;  
 Then she rests with fame at last.  
 Let naught, therefore, thee affright,  
 But make forward in thy flight.  
 For, if I could match thy rhyme,  
 To the very stars I'd climb;  
 There begin again, and fly  
 Till I reached eternity.  
 But, alas! my muse is slow—  
 For thy place she flags too low;  
 Yea—the more's her hapless fate—  
 Her short wings were clipt of late;  
 And poor I, her fortune ruing,  
 And myself put up a-mewing.  
 But if I my cage can rid,  
 I'll fly where I never did;  
 And though for her sake I'm crost,  
 Though my best hopes I have lost,  
 And knew she would make my trouble  
 Ten times more than ten times double,  
 I should love and keep her too,  
 'Spite of all the world could do.  
 For, though banished from my flocks,  
 And confined within these rocks,  
 Here I waste away the light,  
 And consume the sullen night,  
 She doth for my comfort stay,  
 And keeps many cares away.  
 Though I miss the flow'ry fields,  
 With those sweets the spring-tide  
     yields—  
 Though I may not see these groves  
 Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,  
 And the lasses more excel  
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel—  
 Though of all those pleasures past  
 Nothing now remains at last  
 But remembrance, poor relief,  
 That more makes than mends my grief—  
 She's my mind's companion still,  
 Mangre envy's evil will;

Whence she should be driven too,  
 Were't in mortal's power to do.  
 She doth tell me where to borrow  
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow,  
 Makes the desolatest place  
 To her presence be a grace,  
 And the blackest discontents  
 To be pleasing ornaments.  
 In my former days of bliss  
 Her divine skill taught me this—  
 That from every thing I saw  
 I could some invention draw,  
 And raise pleasure to her height  
 Through the meanest object's sight;  
 By the murmur of a spring,  
 Or the least bough's rusteling—  
 By a daisy, whose leaves, spread,  
 Shut when Titan goes to bed—  
 Or a shady bush or tree,  
 She could more infuse in me  
 Than all nature's beauties can  
 In some other wiser man.  
 By her help I also now  
 Make this churlish place allow  
 Some things that may sweeten gladness  
 In the very gall of sadness:  
 The dull lonesness, the black shade  
 That these hanging-vaults have made;  
 The strange music of the waves,  
 Beating on these hollow caves;  
 This black den, which rocks emboss,  
 Overgrown with eldest moss;  
 The rude portals that give light  
 More to terror than delight;  
 This my chamber of neglect,  
 Walled about with disrespect;—  
 From all these, and this dull air,  
 A fit object for despair,  
 She hath taught me, by her might,  
 To draw comfort and delight.  
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss!  
 I will cherish thee for this.  
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content  
 That e'er heaven to mortals lent!  
 Though they as a trifle leave thee  
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive  
     thee—  
 Though thou be to them a scorn  
 That to naught but earth are born—  
 Let my life no longer be  
 Than I am in love with thee:

Though our wise ones call thee madness,  
 Let me never taste of gladness  
 If I love not thy madd'st fits  
 More than all their greatest wits;  
 And though some, too seeming holy,  
 Do account thy raptures folly,  
 Thou dost teach me to contemn  
 What makes knaves and fools of them.  
 O high power! that oft doth carry  
 Men above . . . . .

WILLY.

. . . . . Good Philarete, tarry!  
 I do fear thou wilt be gone  
 Quite above my reach anon.  
 The kind flames of poesy  
 Have now borne thy thoughts so high  
 That they up in heaven be,  
 And have quite forgotten me.  
 Call thyself to mind again—  
 Are these raptures for a swain  
 That attends on lowly sheep,  
 And with simple herds doth keep?

PHILARETE.

Thanks, my Willy! I had run  
 Till that time had lodged the sun,  
 If thou hadst not made me stay;  
 But thy pardon here I pray;  
 Loved Apollo's sacred sire  
 Had raised up my spirits higher,  
 Through the love of poesy,  
 Than indeed they use to fly.  
 But as I said I say still—  
 If that I had Willy's skill  
 Envy nor detraction's tongue  
 Should e'er make me leave my song;  
 But I'd sing it every day,  
 Till they pined themselves away.  
 Be thou then advised in this,  
 Which both just and fitting is—  
 Finish what thou hast begun,  
 Or at least still forward run.  
 Hail and thunder ill he'll bear  
 That a blast of wind doth fear;  
 And if words will thus affray thee,  
 Prythee how will deeds dismay thee?  
 Do not think so rathe a song  
 Can pass through the vulgar throng,  
 And escape without a touch—  
 Or that they can hurt it much.

Frosts we see do nip that thing  
 Which is forward't in the spring;  
 Yet at last, for all such lets,  
 Somewhat of the rest it gets;  
 And I'm sure that so mayst thou.  
 Therefore, my kind Willy, now,  
 Since thy folding-time draws on,  
 And I see thou must be gone,  
 Thee I earnestly beseech  
 To remember this my speech,  
 And some little counsel take,  
 For Philarete his sake;  
 And I more of this will say,  
 If thou come next holiday.

GEORGE WITHER.

### COWPER'S GRAVE.

I will invite thee, from thy envious hearse  
 To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread,  
 That we may see there's brightness in the dead.

HARRINGTON.

It is a place where poets crowned  
 May feel the heart's decaying—  
 It is a place where happy saints  
 May weep amid their praying;  
 Yet let the grief and humbleness,  
 As low as silence, languish—  
 Earth surely now may give her calm  
 To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue  
 Was poured the deathless singing!  
 O Christians! at your cross of hope  
 A hopeless hand was clinging!  
 O men! this man, in brotherhood,  
 Your weary paths beguiling,  
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace,  
 And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read  
 Through dimming tears his story—  
 How discord on the music fell,  
 And darkness on the glory—  
 And how, when one by one, sweet sounds  
 And wandering lights departed,  
 He wore no less a loving face,  
 Because so broken-hearted—

He shall be strong to sanctify  
 The poet's high vocation,  
 And bow the meekest Christian down  
 In meeker adoration;  
 Nor ever shall he be in praise  
 By wise or good forsaken—  
 Named softly, as the household name  
 Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,  
 I learn to think upon him;  
 With meekness that is gratefulness,  
 On God whose heaven hath won him—  
 Who suffered once the madness-cloud  
 Toward his love to blind him;  
 But gently led the blind along  
 Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain  
 Such quick poetic senses  
 As hills have language for, and stars  
 Harmonious influences!  
 The pulse of dew upon the grass,  
 His own did calmly number;  
 And silent shadow from the trees  
 Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,  
 From falsehood's chill removing,  
 Its women and its men became,  
 Beside him, true and loving!—  
 And timid hares were drawn from woods  
 To share his home-caresses,  
 Uplooking to his human eyes  
 With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in blindness he remained  
 Unconscious of the guiding,  
 And things provided came without  
 The sweet sense of providing,  
 He testified this solemn truth,  
 Though frenzy desolated—  
 Nor man nor nature satisfy,  
 When only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not  
 His mother while she blesses,  
 And droppeth on his burning brow  
 The coolness of her kisses

That turns his fevered eyes around—  
 "My mother! where's my mother?"—  
 As if such tender words and looks  
 Could come from any other—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart  
 He sees her bending o'er him;  
 Her face all pale from watchful love,  
 Th' unwearied love she bore him!  
 Thus woke the poet from the dream  
 His life's long fever gave him,  
 Beneath these deep pathetic eyes  
 Which closed in death to save him!

Thus! oh, not thus! no type of earth  
 Could image that awaking,  
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant  
 Of seraphs, round him breaking—  
 Or felt the new immortal throb  
 Of soul from body parted;  
 But felt those eyes alone, and knew  
 "My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when  
 The cross in darkness rested,  
 Upon the victim's hidden face  
 No love was manifested?  
 What frantic hands outstretched have e'er  
 Theatoning drops averted—  
 What tears have washed them from the  
 soul—  
 That one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate  
 From His own essence rather;  
 And Adam's sins have swept between  
 The righteous Son and Father—  
 Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry  
 His universe hath shaken—  
 It went up single, echoless,  
 "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips  
 Amid His lost creation,  
 That of the lost no son should use  
 Those words of desolation;  
 That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,  
 Should mar not hope's fruition;  
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see  
 His rapture, in a vision!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

The sun had closed the winter day,  
 The curlers quat their roaring play,  
 An' hungered maukin ta'en her way  
     To kail-yards green,  
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray  
     Whar she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree  
 The lee-lang day had tired me;  
 And whan the day had closed his ee,  
     Far i' the west,  
 Ben i' the spence right pensivelie  
     I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,  
 I sat and eyed the spewing reek,  
 That filled, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,  
     The auld clay biggin;  
 An' heard the restless rattons squeak  
     About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,  
 I backward mused on wasted time—  
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,  
     An' done nae thing  
 But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,  
     For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,  
 I might, by this, hae led a market,  
 Or strutted in a bank and clarkit  
     My cash-account;  
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,  
     Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, "blockhead! coof!"  
 And heaved on high my waukit loof,  
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,  
     Or some rash aith,  
 That I, henceforth, would be rhyme proof  
     Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw;  
 And jee! the door gaed to the wa';  
 An' by my ingle lowe I saw,  
     Now bleezin' bright,  
 A tight, outlandish lizzie, braw,  
     Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt I held my whist—  
 The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht,  
 I glowered as eerie's I'd been dush't  
     In some wild glen,  
 When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht  
     And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs  
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;  
 I took her for some Scottish muse  
     By that same token,  
 An' come to stop those reckless vows,  
     Would soon been broken.

A "hair-brained sentimental trace"  
 Was strongly marked in her face;  
 A wildy-witty, rustic grace  
     Shone full upon her;  
 Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,  
     Beamed keen with honor.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,  
 Till half a leg was scripply seen;  
 And such a leg!—my bonnie Jean  
     Could only peer it;  
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,  
     Nane else-came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,  
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew;  
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw  
     A lustre grand,  
 And seemed, to my astonished view,  
     A well-known land.

Here rivers in the sea were lost;  
 There mountains to the skies were tost;  
 Here tumbling billows marked the coast  
     With surging foam;  
 There distant shone art's lofty boast,  
     The lordly dome.

Here Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;  
 There well-fed Irwine stately thuds;  
 Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,  
     On to the shore;  
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,  
     With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,  
 An ancient borough reared her head;



Still, as in Scottish story read,  
 She boasts a race  
 To every nobler virtue bred,  
 And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,  
 Or ruins pendent in the air,  
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,  
 I could discern;  
 Some seemed to muse—some seemed to dare,  
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,  
 To see a race heroic wheel,  
 And brandish round the deep-dyed steel  
 In sturdy blows;  
 While back-recoiling seemed to reel  
 Their Suthron foes:

His country's saviour, mark him well! .  
 Bold Richardton's heroic swell;  
 The chief on Sark who glorious fell,  
 In high command;  
 And he whom ruthless fates expel  
 His native land.

There, where a sceptered Pictish shade  
 Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,  
 I marked a martial race, portrayed  
 In colors strong;  
 Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,  
 They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,  
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove  
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love),  
 In musing mood,  
 An aged judge, I saw him rove,  
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe  
 The learned sire and son I saw:  
 To nature's God and nature's law  
 They gave their lore;  
 This, all its source and end to draw—  
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy  
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye,  
 Who called on fame, low standing by  
 To hand him on  
 Where many a patriot-name on high,  
 And hero shone.

## DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonished stare,  
 I viewed the heavenly-seeming fair;  
 A whispering throb did witness bear  
 Of kindred sweet,  
 When, with an elder sister's air,  
 She did me greet:—

All hail! my own inspired bard  
 In me thy native muse regard;  
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard  
 Thus poorly low!  
 I come to give thee such reward  
 As we bestow.

Know the great genius of this land  
 Has many a light aerial band,  
 Who, all beneath his high command,  
 Harmoniously,  
 As arts or arms they understand,  
 Their labors ply.

They Scotia's race among them share:  
 Some fire the soldier on to dare;  
 Some rouse the patriot up to bare  
 Corruption's heart;  
 Some teach the bard—a darling care—  
 The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore  
 They ardent, kindling spirits pour;  
 Or 'mid the venal senate's roar  
 They, sightless, stand,  
 To mend the honest patriot lore,  
 And grace the land.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,  
 Charm or instruct the future age,  
 They bind the wild poetic rage  
 In energy,  
 Or point the inconclusive page  
 Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;  
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;  
 Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung  
 His minstrel lays;  
 Or tore, with noble ardor stung,  
 The sceptic's bays.

To lower orders are assigned  
 The humbler ranks of human kind:  
 The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,  
     The artisan—  
 All choose, as various they're inclined,  
     The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,  
 The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;  
 Some teach to meliorate the plain  
     With tillage skill;  
 And some instruct the shepherd train,  
     Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the lover's harmless wile;  
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile;  
 Some sooth the lab'rer's weary toil  
     For humble gains,  
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile  
     His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district-space,  
 Explore at large man's infant race,  
 To mark the embryotic trace,  
     Of rustic bard;  
 And careful note each op'ning grace—  
     A guide and guard.

Of these am I—Coila my name;  
 And this district as mine I claim,  
 Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,  
     Held ruling pow'r;  
 I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,  
     Thy natal hour.

With future hope I oft would gaze,  
 Fond, on thy little éarly ways,  
 Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase  
     In uncouth rhymes,  
 Fired at the simple artless lays  
     Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
 Delighted with the dashing roar;  
 Or when the north his fleecy store  
     Drove through the sky,  
 I saw grim nature's visage hoar  
     Struck thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled earth  
 Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,

And joy and music pouring forth  
     In every grove,  
 I saw thee eye the general mirth  
     With boundless love.

When ripened fields and azure skies  
 Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,  
 I saw thee leave their evening joys,  
     And lonely stalk  
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise  
     In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,  
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
 Those accents grateful to thy tongue,  
     Th' adored name,  
 I taught thee how to pour in song,  
     To sooth thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play  
 Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,  
 Misled by fancy's meteor ray,  
     By passion driven;  
 But yet the light that led astray  
     Was light from heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
 The loves, the ways of simple swains—  
 Till now, o'er all my wide domains  
     Thy fame extends,  
 And some, the pride of Coila's plains,  
     Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
 To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;  
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe,  
     With Shenstone's art;  
 Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow  
     Warm on the heart.

Yet all beneath th' unrivalled rose  
 The lowly daisy sweetly blows;  
 Though large the forest's monarch throws  
     His army shade,  
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows  
     Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;  
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;  
 And trust me, not Potosi's mine,  
     Nor kings' regard,  
 Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,  
     A rustic bard.

To give my counsels all in one—  
 Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;  
 Preserve the dignity of man,  
     With soul erect;  
 And trust the universal plan  
     Will all protect.

And wear thou this!—she solemn said,  
 And bound the holly round my head;  
 The polished leaves and berries red  
     Did rustling play—  
 And, like a passing thought, she fled  
     In light away.

ROBERT BURNS.

—♦—  
 ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,  
 Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread—  
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,  
     And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;  
 But, ah! what poet now shall tread  
     Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,  
 Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,  
     That ever breathed the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,  
 As clear thy streams may speed along,  
 As bright thy summer suns may glow,  
 As gayly charm thy feathery throng;  
 But now unheeded is the song,  
     And dull and lifeless all around—  
 For his wild harp lies all unstrung,  
     And cold the hand that waked its sound.

What though thy vigorous offspring rise—  
 In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;  
 Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,  
 And health in every feature dwell;  
 Yet who shall now their praises tell  
     In strains impassioned, fond, and free,  
 Since he no more the song shall swell  
     To love, and liberty, and thee!

With step-dame eye and frown severe  
 His hapless youth why didst thou view?  
 For all thy joys to him were dear,  
 And all his vows to thee were due;

Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,  
 In opening youth's delightful prime,  
 Than when thy favoring ear he drew  
     To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies  
 To him were all with rapture fraught;  
 He heard with joy the tempest rise  
     That waked him to sublimer thought;  
 And oft thy winding dells he sought,  
     Where wild flowers poured their rathe perfume,  
 And with sincere devotion brought  
     To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond maternal smile  
 His unprotected youth enjoyed—  
 His limbs inured to early toil,  
     His days with early hardships tried!  
 And more to mark the gloomy void,  
 And bid him feel his misery,  
 Before his infant eyes would glide  
     Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depressed,  
 With sinewy arm he turned the soil,  
 Sunk with the evening sun to rest,  
     And met at morn his earliest smile.  
 Waked by his rustic pipe meanwhile,  
 The powers of fancy came along,  
 And soothed his lengthened hours of toil  
     With native wit and sprightly song.

Ah! days of bliss too swiftly fled,  
 When vigorous health from labor springs,  
 And bland contentment soothes the bed,  
 And sleep his ready opiate brings;  
 And hovering round on airy wings  
     Float the light forms of young desire,  
 That of unutterable things  
     The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare—  
 Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;  
 Let flattery spread her viewless snare,  
     And fame attract his vagrant glance;  
 Let sprightly pleasure too advance,  
     Unveiled her eyes, unclasped her zone—  
 Till, lost in love's delirious trance,  
 He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,  
 Expanding all the bloom of soul ;  
 And mirth concentre all her rays,  
 And point them from the sparkling bowl ;  
 And let the careless moments roll  
 In social pleasures unconfined,  
 And confidence that spurns control,  
 Unlock the inmost springs of mind !

And lead his steps those bowers among,  
 Where elegance with splendor vies,  
 Or science bids her favored throng  
 To more refined sensations rise ;  
 Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,  
 And freed from each laborious strife,  
 There let him learn the bliss to prize  
 That waits the sons of polished life.

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high  
 With every impulse of delight,  
 Dash from his lips the cup of joy,  
 And shroud the scene in shades of night ;  
 And let despair with wizard light  
 Disclose the yawning gulf below,  
 And pour incessant on his sight  
 Her spectred ills and shapes of woe ;

And show beneath a cheerless shed,  
 With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,  
 In silent grief where droops her head  
 The partner of his early joys ;  
 And let his infants' tender cries  
 His fond parental succor claim,  
 And bid him hear in agonies  
 A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done—the powerful charm succeeds ;  
 His high reluctant spirit bends ;  
 In bitterness of soul he bleeds,  
 Nor longer with his fate contends.  
 An idiot laugh the welkin rends  
 As genius thus degraded lies ;  
 Till pitying heaven the veil extends  
 That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,  
 Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,  
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,  
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;

But never more shall poet tread  
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign—  
 Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead  
 That ever breathed the soothing strain.

WILLIAM ROSCOP

### AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, spirit fierce and bold,  
 At thought of what I now behold :  
 As vapors breathed from dungeons cold  
 Strike pleasure dead,  
 So sadness comes from out the mould  
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,  
 And thou forbidden to appear ?  
 As if it were thyself that's here,  
 I shrink with pain ;  
 And both my wishes and my fear  
 Alike are vain.

Off weight,—nor press on weight!—away  
 Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay  
 With chastened feelings would I pay  
 The tribute due  
 To him, and aught that hides his clay  
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower whose modest worth  
 He sang, his genius "glinted" forth—  
 Rose like a star that, touching earth,  
 (For so it seems)  
 Doth glorify its humble birth  
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,  
 The struggling heart, where be they now ?—  
 Full soon the aspirant of the plough,  
 The prompt, the brave,  
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low  
 And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands—but as one  
 More deeply grieved ; for he was gone  
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
 And showed my youth  
 How verse may build a princely throe  
 On humble truth.



Alas! where'er the current tends  
 Regret pursues and with it blends!  
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends  
     By Skiddaw seen;  
 Neighbors we were, and loving friends  
     We might have been—

True friends, though diversely inclined;  
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,  
 Where the main fibres are entwined  
     Through nature's skill,  
 May even by contraries be joined  
     More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;  
 Thou "poor inhabitant below,"  
 At this dread moment—even so—  
     Might we together  
 Have sat and talked where gowans blow,  
     Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed  
 Within my reach, of knowledge graced  
 By fancy, what a rich repast!  
     But why go on?—  
 Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,  
     His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a son, his joy and pride,  
 (Not three weeks past the stripling died),  
 Lies gathered to his father's side—  
     Soul-moving sight!  
 Yet one to which is not denied  
     Some sad delight.

For he is safe, a quiet bed  
 Hath early found among the dead—  
 Harbored where none can be misled,  
     Wronged, or distressed;  
 And surely here it may be said  
     That such are blest.

And oh! for thee, by pitying grace  
 Checked oftentimes in a devious race—  
 May He who halloweth the place  
     Where man is laid,  
 Receive thy spirit in the embrace  
     For which it prayed!

Sighing, I turned away; but ere  
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,  
 Music that sorrow comes not near—  
     A ritual hymn,  
 Chanted, in love that casts out fear,  
     By seraphim.

## THOUGHTS,

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS  
 OF NITH, NEAR THE POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow  
 That must have followed when his brow  
 Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us  
     how—  
     With holly spray,  
 He faltered, drifted to and fro,  
     And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear sister,  
     throng  
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,  
 Over the grave of Burns we hung  
     In social grief,—  
 Indulged as if it were a wrong  
     To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme  
 Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,  
 And prompt to welcome every gleam  
     Of good and fair,  
 Let us beside this limpid stream  
     Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight!  
 Think rather of those moments bright  
 When to the consciousness of right  
     His course was true—  
 When wisdom prospered in his sight,  
     And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,  
 Freely as in youth's season bland,  
 When, side by side, his book in hand,  
     We went to stray,  
 Our pleasure varying at command  
     Of each sweet lay.

How oft, inspired, must he have trod  
 These pathways, yon far-stretching road!  
 There lurks his home; in that abode,  
     With mirth elate,  
 Or in his nobly pensive mood,  
     The rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that image overawes;  
 Before it humbly let us pause,  
 And ask of nature from what cause,  
     And by what rules,  
 She trained her Burns to win applause  
     That shames the schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen  
 Are felt the flashes of his pen ;  
 He rules 'mid winter snows, and when  
     Bees fill their hives ;  
 Deep in the general heart of men  
     His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime  
 Where heroes, sages, bards sublime,  
 And all that fetched the flowing rhyme  
     From genuine springs,  
 Shall dwell together till old time  
     Folds up his wings ?

Sweet mercy ! to the gates of heaven  
 This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven—  
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
     With vain endeavor,  
 And memory of earth's bitter leaven  
     Effaced for ever.

But why to him confine the prayer,  
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear  
 On the frail heart the purest share  
     With all that live?—  
 The best of what we do and are,  
     Just God, forgive !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### BURNS.

No more these simple flowers belong  
 To Scottish maid and lover—  
 Sown in the common soil of song,  
 They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
 The minstrel and the heather—  
 The deathless singer and the flowers  
 He sang of—live together.

Wild heather bells and Robert Burns !  
 The moorland flower and peasant !  
 How, at their mention, memory turns  
 Her pages old and pleasant !

The gray sky wears again its gold  
 And purple of adorning,  
 And manhood's noonday shadows hold  
 The dews of boyhood's morning—

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
 From off the wings of pleasure—

The sky that flecked the ground of toil  
 With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day—  
 The early harvest mowing,  
 The sky with sun and cloud at play,  
 And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
 The locust in the haying ;  
 And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
 Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
 I sought the maple's shadow,  
 And sang with Burns the hours away,  
 Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead  
 I heard the squirrels leaping—  
 The good dog listened while I read,  
 And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood  
 I read "The Twa Dogs" story,  
 And half believed he understood  
 The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs !—The golden hour  
 Grew brighter for that singing,  
 From brook and bird and meadow flower  
 A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen nature beamed,  
 New glory over woman ;  
 And daily life and duty seemed  
 No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
 Of fact and feeling better  
 Than all the dreams that held my youth  
 A still repining debtor—

That nature gives her handmaid, art,  
 The themes of sweet discoursing,  
 The tender idyls of the heart  
 In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,  
 Of loving knight and lady,  
 When farmer boy and barefoot girl  
 Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things  
 The romance underlying—

The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweet-brier and the clover—  
With Ayr and Doon my native rills,  
Their wood hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the man uprising—  
No longer common or unclean,  
The child of God's baptizing.

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly ;  
The bible at his cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,  
No inward answer gaining ;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings ;  
Sweet soul of song!—I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line  
Which tells his lapse from duty—  
How kissed the maddening lips of wine,  
Or wanton ones of beauty—

But think, while falls that shade between  
The erring one and heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalen,  
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render—  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor ;

But who his human heart has laid  
To nature's bosom nearer?

Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art how strong  
The human feeling gushes!  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,  
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry ;  
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his de-  
mesne ;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and  
bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

### UHLAND.

It is the poet Uhland, from whose wreath-  
ings

Of rarest harmony I here have drawn,  
To lower tones and less melodious breathings,  
Some simple strains, of youth and passion  
born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression—  
Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and  
strong—

Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft  
procession,

Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,  
He sees much beauty where most men see  
naught—

Looking at nature with familiar glances,  
And weaving garlands in the groves of  
thought.

He sings of youth, and hope, and high en-  
deavor;

He sings of love—oh crown of poesy!—  
Of fate, and sorrow, and the grave—forever  
The end of strife, the goal of destiny.

He sings of fatherland, the minstrel's glory—  
High theme of memory and hope divine—  
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,  
In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,  
Nourished in long belief or minstrel rhymes,  
Fruit of the old romance, whose gentle mis-  
sion

Passed from the earth before our wiser  
times.

Well do they know his name among the  
mountains,

And plains and valleys, of his native land;  
Part of their nature are the sparkling foun-  
tains

Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies  
spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother, cheerful,  
Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;

His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden,  
tearful,

With tender murmurs in the ear of night.

The hillside swain, the reaper in the mead-  
ows,

Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;  
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows  
Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!  
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,  
To be the oracle, while a whole nation  
Catches the echo from the sounding strings!

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion  
Rises the orb of song, serenely bright—

As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean,  
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic world—divided neither  
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone:  
Who would not wish sometimes to travel  
thither,

In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

### THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.

LET her be laid within a silent dell,  
Where hanging trees throw round a twilight  
gleam—

Just within hearing of some village-bell,  
And by the margin of a low-voiced stream;  
For these were sights and sounds she once  
loved well.

Then o'er her grave the star-paved sky will  
beam;

While all around the fragrant wild-flowers  
blow,

And sweet birds sing her requiem to the wa-  
ter's flow.

THOMAS MILLER.

### SONNET.

THE nightingale is mute—and so art thou,  
Whose voice is sweeter than the nightin-  
gale;

While every idle scholar makes a vow  
Above thy worth and glory to prevail.

Yet shall not envy to that level bring  
The true precedence which is born in thee;  
Thou art no less the prophet of the spring,  
Though in the woods thy voice now silent  
be.

For silence may impair but cannot kill  
The music that is native to thy soul;  
Nor thy sweet mind, in this thy froward will,  
Upon thy purest honor have control;  
But, since thou wilt not to our wishes sing,  
This truth I speak—thou art of poets king.

LORD THURLOW.



## CHARADE.

COME from my first, ay, come!  
 The battle dawn is nigh;  
 And the screaming trump and the thundering  
 drum.

Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought;  
 Fall as thy father fell;  
 Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;  
 So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second! toll!  
 Fling high the flambeau's light:  
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
 Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,  
 The cross upon his breast,  
 Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,  
 So,—take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole, ay, call  
 The lord of lute and lay;  
 And let him greet the sable pall  
 With a noble song to-day;

Go, call him by his name!  
 No fitter hand may crave  
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

## TO MACAULAY.

THE dreamy rhymers' measured snore  
 Falls heavy on our ears no more;  
 And by long strides are left behind  
 The dear delights of womankind,  
 Who wage their battles like their loves,  
 In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,  
 And have achieved the crowning work  
 When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.  
 Another comes with stouter tread,  
 And stalks among the statelier dead:  
 He rushes on, and hails by turns  
 High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;

And shows the British youth, who ne'er  
 Will lag behind, what Romans were,  
 When all the Tuscans and their Lars  
 Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## ODE.

BARDS of passion and of mirth,  
 Ye have left your souls on earth!  
 Have ye souls in heaven too,  
 Double-lived in regions new?  
 Yes, and those of heaven commune  
 With the spheres of sun and moon;  
 With the noise of fountains wondrous,  
 And the parle of voices thund'rous;  
 With the whisper of heaven's trees  
 And one another, in soft ease  
 Seated on Elysian lawns  
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;  
 Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
 And the rose herself has got  
 Perfume which on earth is not;  
 Where the nightingale doth sing  
 Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
 But divine, melodious truth—  
 Philosophic numbers smooth—  
 Tales and golden histories  
 Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
 On the earth ye live again;  
 And the souls ye left behind you  
 Teach us here the way to find you,  
 Where your other souls are joying,  
 Never slumbered, never cloying.  
 Here your earth-born souls still speak  
 To mortals, of their little week;  
 Of their sorrows and delights;  
 Of their passions and their spites;  
 Of their glory and their shame;  
 What doth strengthen and what main  
 Thus ye teach us, every day,  
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth,  
 Ye have left your souls on earth!  
 Ye have souls in heaven too,  
 Double-lived in regions new!

JOHN KEATS

## THE MINSTREL.

'WHAT voice, what harp, are those we hear  
Beyond the gate in chorus?  
Go, page!—the lay delights our ear;  
We'll have it sung before us!"  
So speaks the king: the stripling flies—  
He soon returns; his master cries—  
"Bring in the hoary minstrel!"

"Hail, princes mine! Hail, noble knights!  
All hail, enchanting dames!  
What starry heaven! What blinding lights!  
Whose tongue may tell their names?  
In this bright hall, amid this blaze,  
Close, close, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze  
On such stupendous glories!"

The minnesinger closed his eyes;  
He struck his mighty lyre:  
Then beauteous besoms heaved with sighs,  
And warriors felt on fire;  
The king, enraptured by the strain,  
Commanded that a golden chain  
Be given the bard in guerdon.

"Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,  
For those brave knights whose glances,  
Fierce flashing through the battle bold,  
Might shiver sharpest lances!  
Bestow it on thy treasurer there—  
The golden burden let him bear  
With other glittering burdens.

"I sing as in the greenwood bush  
The cageless wild-bird carols—  
The tones that from the full heart gush  
Themselves are gold and laurels!  
Yet might I ask, then thus I ask—  
Let one bright cup of wine, in flask  
Of glowing gold, be brought me!"

They set it down; he quaffs it all—  
"Oh! draught of richest flavor!  
Oh! thrice divinely happy hall  
Where that is scarce a favor!  
If heaven shall bless ye, think on me;  
And thank your God as I thank ye  
For this delicious wine-cup!"

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (German).

Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

## SONNET.

Who best can paint th' enamelled robe of  
spring,  
With flow'rets and fair blossoms well be-  
dight;  
Who best can her melodious accents sing,  
With which she greets the soft return of  
light;  
Who best can bid the quaking tempest rage,  
And make th' imperial arch of heav'n to  
groan—  
Breëd warfare with the winds, and finely  
wage  
Great strife with Neptune on his rocky  
throne—  
Or lose us in those sad and mournful days  
With which pale autumn crowns the misty  
year,  
Shall bear the prize, and in his true essays  
A poet in our awful eyes appear;  
For whom let wine his mortal woes beguile,  
Gold, praise, and woman's thrice-endearing  
smile.

LORD THURLOW.

## A POET'S THOUGHT.

TELL me, what is a poet's thought?  
Is it on the sudden born?  
Is it from the starlight caught?  
Is it by the tempest taught?  
Or by whispering morn?

Was it cradled in the brain?  
Chained awhile, or nursed in night?  
Was it wrought with toil and pain?  
Did it bloom and fade again,  
Ere it burst to light?

No more question of its birth:  
Rather love its better part!  
'T is a thing of sky and earth,  
Gathering all its golden worth  
From the poet's heart.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

## I.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night—  
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;  
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright—  
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;  
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove  
     broods;  
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chat-  
     ters;  
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of  
     waters.

## II.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;  
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
 The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the  
     moors  
 The hare is running races in her mirth;  
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
 Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,  
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she  
     doth run.

## III.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;  
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;  
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar—  
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy.  
 The pleasant season did my heart employ;  
 My old remembrances went from me wholly—  
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melan-  
     choly.

## IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the  
     night  
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
 As high as we have mounted in delight  
 In our dejection do we sink as low—  
 To me that morning did it happen so;  
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came—  
 Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not,  
     ner could name.

## V.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;  
 And I bethought me of the playful hare:

Even such a happy child of earth am I;  
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;  
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care.  
 But there may come another day to me—  
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

## VI.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant  
     thought,  
 As if life's business were a summer mood—  
 As if all needful things would come unsought  
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good;  
 But how can he expect that others should  
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed  
     at all?

## VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;  
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy,  
 Following his plough, along the mountain  
     side.  
 By our own spirits we are deified;  
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
 But thereof come in the end despondency  
     and madness.

## VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
 A leading from above, a something given,  
 Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,  
 When I with these untoward thoughts had  
     striven,  
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
 I saw a man before me unawares—  
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore  
     gray hairs.

## IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence,  
 Wonder to all who do the same espy  
 By what means it could hither come, and  
     whence;  
 So that it seems a thing endued with sense—  
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
 Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun it  
     self—

## X.

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage,  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness, felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame  
had cast.

## XI.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood;  
And still, as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they  
call,  
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

## XII.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon that muddy water, which he conned  
As if he had been reading in a book.  
And now a stranger's privilege I took;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say  
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious  
day."

## XIII.

A gentle answer did the old man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly  
drew;  
And him with further words I thus bespake:  
"What occupation do you there pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid  
eyes.

## XIV.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest;  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest,—  
Choice word and measured phrase, above the  
reach  
Of ordinary men, a stately speech,  
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use—  
Religious men, who give to God and man  
their dues.

## XV.

He told that to these waters he had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor—  
Employment hazardous and wearisome!  
And he had many hardships to endure;  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor  
to moor—  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or  
chance;  
And in this way he gained an honest main-  
tenance.

## XVI.

The old man still stood talking by my side;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard, nor word from word could I  
divide;  
And the whole body of the man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream—  
Or like a man from some far region sent  
To give me human strength by apt admonish-  
ment.

## XVII.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that  
kills,  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;  
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;  
And mighty poets in their misery dead.  
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew—  
"How is it that you live, and what is it you  
do?"

## XVIII.

He with a smile did then his words repeat;  
And said that, gathering leeches, far and  
wide  
He travelled, stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pools where they abide.  
"Once I could meet with them on every side,  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I  
may."

## XIX.

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The old man's shape and speech—all troubled  
me;  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace



About the weary moors continually,  
 Wandering about alone and silently.  
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse  
 renewed.

## XX.

And soon with this he other matter blend-  
 ed—

Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,  
 But stately in the main; and when he ended  
 I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find  
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.  
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;  
 'I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely  
 moor!'"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## AN EXHORTATION.

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air—  
 Poets' food is love and fame;  
 If in this wide world of care  
 Poets could but find the same  
 With as little toil as they,  
 Would they ever change their hue  
 As the light chameleons do,  
 Suiting it to every ray  
 Twenty times a-day?

Poets are on this cold earth  
 As chameleons might be,  
 Hidden from their early birth  
 In a cave beneath the sea:  
 Where light is, chameleons change—  
 Where love is not, poets do.  
 Fame is love disguised; if few  
 Find either, never think it strange  
 That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power  
 A poet's free and heavenly mind;  
 If bright chameleons should devour  
 Any food but beams and wind,  
 They would grow as earthly soon  
 As their brother lizards are:  
 Children of a sunnier star,  
 Spirits from beyond the moon,  
 Oh, refuse the boon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our  
 rhyme!  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy  
 shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? what maid-  
 ens loath?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild  
 ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play  
 on—

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!  
 Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not  
 leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
 Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal; yet do not  
 grieve—

She cannot fade, though thou hast not  
 thy bliss;

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves nor ever bid the spring adieu:  
 And happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;  
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,

For ever panting and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high sorrowful and  
 cloyed,

A burning forehead and a parching  
 tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands  
 drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed!  
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of  
 thought,  
 As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou  
 say'st  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to  
 know.

JOHN KEATS.

## THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
 The happy life be these, I find—  
 The riches left, not got with pain;  
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;  
 No charge of rule, nor governance;  
 Without disease, the healthful life;  
 The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;  
 True wisdom joined with simpleness;  
 The night discharged of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;  
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night;  
 Contented with thine own estate,  
 Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

LORD SURREY.

## L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest midnight  
 born!  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and  
 sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his  
 jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings;  
 There, under ebon shades, and low-  
 browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
 In heav'n y-cleped Euphrosyne,  
 And, by men, heart-easing Mirth!  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth  
 With two sister graces more,  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether (as some sages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing—  
 As he met her once a-Maying—  
 There, on beds of violets blue  
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

•Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful jollity—  
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek—  
 Sport, that wrinkled care derides,  
 And laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come! and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;  
 And if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unproved pleasures free—  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night

From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow,  
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine;  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before;  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill;  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
 While the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray—  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The laboring clouds do often rest—  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thelys to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequered shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the live-long daylight fail,  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale  
 With stories told of many a feat:  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat—  
 She was pinched and pulled, she said,  
 And he by friar's lantern led;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
 That ten day-laborers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And stretched out all the chimney's length  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And, crop-full, out of doors he flings  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold—  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp and feast and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry—  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream;  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild

And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,

In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony—  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

### IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly without father bred!  
 How little you bestead,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-  
 beams—  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue—  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,  
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended;  
 These bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore—  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain).  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cypress lawn  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn!  
 Come! but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast;  
 And join with thee calm peace, and quiet—  
 Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;  
 And add to these retired leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne—  
 The cherub contemplation;  
 And the mute silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of fol-  
 ly—  
 Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom—



Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm;  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft out-watch the bear  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, oh, sad virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower!  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek!  
Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold—  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife—  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That owned the virtuous ring and glass—  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride!  
And, if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung—  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale  
career,  
Till civil-suited morn appear—  
Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchiefed in a comeiy cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or ushered with a shower still  
When the gust hath blown his fill,

Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid;  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON

## SONG.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content—

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,  
such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,  
The cottage that affords no pride or care,

The mean that 'grees with country music best,

The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,  
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

## THE REPLY.

## I.

SINCE you desire of me to know  
Who's the wise man, I'll tell you who:  
Not he whose rich and fertile mind  
Is by the culture of the arts refined;  
Who has the chaos of disordered thought  
By reason's light to form and method  
brought;

Who with a clear and piercing sight  
Can see through niceties as dark as night—  
You err if you think this is he,  
Though seated on the top of the Porphyrian  
tree.

## II.

Nor is it he to whom kind heaven  
A secret cabala has given  
To unriddle the mysterious text  
Of nature, with dark comments more perplex—

Or to decipher her clean-writ and fair,  
But most confounding, puzzling character—  
That can through all her windings trace  
This slippery wanderer, and unveil her face,

Her inmost mechanism view,  
Anatomize each part, and see her through  
and through.

## III.

Nor he that does the science know  
Our only certainty below—  
That can from problems dark and nice  
Deduce truths worthy of a sacrifice.  
Nor he that can confess the stars, and see  
What's writ in the black leaves of destiny—  
That knows their laws, and how the sun  
His daily and his annual stage does run,  
As if he did to them dispense  
Their motions and their fate—supreme intelligence!

## IV.

Nor is it he (although he boast  
Of wisdom, and seem wise to most,)  
Yet 'tis not he whose busy pate  
Can dive into the deep intrigues of state—  
That can the great leviathan control,  
Manage and rule it, as if he were its soul;  
The wisest king thus gifted was,  
And yet did not in these true wisdom place.  
Who then is by the wise man meant?  
He that can want all this, and yet can be  
content.

JOHN NORRIS.

## A CONTENTED MIND.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;  
I joy not much in earthly joys;  
I seek not state, I reek not style;  
I am not fond of fancy's toys:  
I rest so pleased with what I have  
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;  
I tremble not at noise of war;  
I swound not at the news of wrack;  
I shrink not at a blazing star;  
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,  
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;  
I see some Tantals starved in store  
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;  
I see even Midas gape for more:

I neither want, nor yet abound—  
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate ;  
I fawn not on the great (in show) ;  
I prize, I praise a mean estate—  
Neither too lofty nor too low :  
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—  
A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

### SONG.

WHAT pleasure have great princes,  
More dainty to their choice  
Than herdsmen wild, who, careless,  
In quiet life rejoice,  
And fortune's fate not fearing,  
Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings, plain and rightful,  
Are void of all deceit ;  
They never know how spiteful  
It is to feel and wait  
On favorite presumptuous,  
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth ;  
All night they take their rest—  
More quiet than who sendeth  
His ship into the east,  
Where gold and pearls are plenty,  
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,  
They esteem it not a straw ;  
They think that honest meaning  
Is of itself a law ;  
Where conscience judgeth plainly,  
They spend no money vainly.

Oh happy who thus liveth,  
Not caring much for gold,  
With clothing which sufficeth  
To keep him from the cold ;  
Though poor and plain his diæt,  
Yet merry it is and quiet.

WILLIAM BYRD.

### THE LYE.

Goe, soule, the bodie's guest,  
Upon a thanklesse arrant ;  
Feare not to touche the best—  
The truth shall be thy warrant !  
Goe, since I needs must dye,  
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court it glows  
And shines like rotten wood ;  
Goe tell the church it showes  
What's good, and doth no good :  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live  
Acting by others actions—  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by their factions ;  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate ;  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost  
Seek nothing but commending ;  
And if they make reply,  
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale it lacks devotion ;  
Tell love it is but lust ;  
Tell time it is but motion ;  
Tell flesh it is but dust ;  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;  
Tell honour how it alters ;  
Tell beauty how she blasteth ;  
Tell favour how she falters :

And as they then reply,  
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of nicenesse;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herselfe in over wisenesse;  
And if they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;  
Tell skill it is pretension;  
Tell charity of coldnesse;  
Tell law it is contention;  
And as they yield reply,  
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;  
Tell nature of decay;  
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;  
Tell justice of delay;  
And if they dare reply,  
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts they have no soundnesse,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse,  
And stand too much on seeming;  
If arts and schooles reply,  
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith it's fled the citie;  
Tell how the country erreth;  
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;  
Tell, vertue least preferreth;  
And if they doe reply,  
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing—  
Although to give the lye  
Deserves no less than stabbing—  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soule can kill.

ANONYMOUS.

# TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,  
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so  
strong,  
As neither fear nor hope can shake the  
frame

Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind  
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong  
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;  
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he  
may  
The boundless wastes and weilds of man  
survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down  
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?  
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat  
On flesh and blood, where honor, power,  
renown,  
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;  
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet  
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem  
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars  
But only as on stately robberies;  
Where evermore the fortune that prevails  
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding Mars  
The fairest and the best faced enterprise.  
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;  
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still  
Conspires with power, whose cause must not  
be ill.

He sees the face of right to appear as mani  
fold  
As are the passions of uncertain man;  
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,  
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.  
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,  
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;  
That the all-guiding providence doth yet  
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks  
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow  
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;  
Charged with more crying sins than those he  
checks.



The storms of sad confusion, that may grow  
Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appall not him, that hath no side at all,  
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)  
Cannot but pity the perplexed state  
Of troublous and distressed mortality,  
That thus make way unto the ugly birth  
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget  
Affliction upon imbecility;  
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,  
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-  
done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses  
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,  
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack  
man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,  
And the inheritance of desolation leaves  
To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon,  
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,  
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath pre-  
pared  
A rest for his desires, and sees all things  
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of  
man,  
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared  
The best of glory with her sufferings;  
By whom, I see, you labor all you can  
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as  
near  
His glorious mansion as your powers can  
bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned  
By that clear judgment that hath carried you  
Beyond the feebler limits of your kind,  
As they can stand against the strongest head  
Passion can make; inured to any hue  
The world can cast; that cannot cast that  
mind  
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see  
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes that whatsoever here befalls,  
You in the region of yourself remain,  
Where no vain breath of th' impudent moles,  
That hath secured within the brazen walls

Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)  
Rises in peace, in innocence rests;  
Whilst all what malice from without pro-  
cures,  
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not  
yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,  
Than women used to do; yet you well know,  
That wrong is better checked by being con-  
temned,  
Than being pursued; leaving to him to avenge  
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show  
How worthily your clearness hath condemned  
Base malediction, living in the dark,  
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this world, about the which  
These revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
Predominate; whose strong effects are such  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;  
And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie  
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from  
thence;  
That never are at peace with their desires,  
But work beyond their years; and even deny  
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense  
With death: that when ability expires,  
Desire lives still—so much delight they have  
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the  
best  
They reach unto, when they have cast the  
sum  
And reckonings of their glory? And you know,  
This fleeting life hath but this port of rest,  
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;  
And that man's greatness rests but in his  
show,  
The best of all whose days consumed are,  
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind,  
Hath been so set by that all-working hand

Of heaven, that though the world hath done  
his worst

To put it out by discords most unkind,  
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand  
With God and man; nor ever will be forced  
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,  
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness  
Remains recorded in so many hearts,  
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,  
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:  
You that have built you by your great deserts  
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite  
And glorious dwelling for your honored  
name

Than all the gold that leaden minds can  
frame..

SAMUEL DANIEL.

### MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My minde to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse  
That God or nature hath assignde;  
Though much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—  
I seek no more than may suffice.  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
These get with toile, and keepe with feare;  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthie store,  
No force to win the victorie,  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lover's eye—  
To none of these I yeeld as thrall;  
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;  
I little have, yet seek no more.  
They are but poore, though much they have  
And I am rich with little store.  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,  
I grudge not at another's gaine;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse;  
I brooke that is another's bane.  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;  
I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw;  
For care, I care not what it is;  
I feare not fortune's fatal law;  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;  
I wander not to seeke for more;  
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;  
I feigne not love where most I hate;  
I breake no sleepe to winne my will;  
I wayte not at the mightie's gate.  
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;  
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath—  
Extreames are counted worst of all;  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;  
This is my choyce; for why, I finde  
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;  
My conscience clere my chiefe defence;  
I never seeke by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence.  
Thus do I live, thus will I die;  
Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD

## THE WINTER BEING OVER.

THE winter being over,  
In order comes the spring,  
Which doth green herbs discover,  
And cause the birds to sing.  
The night also expired,  
Then comes the morning bright,  
Which is so much desired  
By all that love the light.

    This may learn  
    Them that mourn,  
To put their grief to flight :  
The spring succeedeth winter,  
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth  
Affliction or distress  
Which every member paineth,  
And findeth no release—  
Let such therefore despair not,  
But on firm hope depend,  
Whose griefs immortal are not,  
And therefore must have end.

    They that faint  
    With complaint  
Therefore are to blame ;  
They add to their afflictions,  
And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience  
Awhile possess the mind,  
By inward consolations  
They might refreshing find,  
To sweeten all their crosses  
That little time they 'dure ;  
So might they gain by losses,  
And sharp would sweet procure.

    But if the mind  
    Be inclined  
To uneasiness,  
That only may be called  
The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,  
Detesting all delight,  
His wits by sottish folly  
Are ruined quite.

Sad discontent and murmurs  
To him are incident ;  
Were he possessed of honors,  
He could not be content.

    Sparks of joy  
    Fly away ;  
Floods of care arise ;  
And all delightful motion  
In the conception dies.

But those that are contented  
However things do fall,  
Much anguish is prevented,  
And they soon freed from all.  
They finish all their labors  
With much felicity ;  
Their joy in trouble savors  
Of perfect piety.

    Cheerfulness  
    Doth express  
A settled pious mind,  
Which is not prone to grudging,  
From murmuring refined.

ANN COLLINS.

## SONNETS.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,  
Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth ;  
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious  
lays,

Which men divine unto the world set forth ;  
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do  
raise

From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange ;  
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,  
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.  
Nothing is constant but in constant change,  
What 's done still is undone, and when undone  
Into some other fashion doth it range ;  
Thus goes the floating world beneath the  
moon ;

Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion,  
place,  
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,  
 A beauty fading like the April showers,  
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,

A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,  
 A honor that more fickle is than wind,  
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,  
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,  
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,

A vain delight our equals to command,  
 A style of greatness in effect a dream,  
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,  
 A servile lot, decked with a pompous name:  
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below  
 Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### A SWEET PASTORAL.

Good muse, rock me asleep  
 With some sweet harmony!  
 The weary eye is not to keep  
 Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone awhile!  
 Thou know'st my heaviness;  
 Beauty is born but to beguile  
 My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,  
 That loved to feed on high,  
 Do headlong tumble down the rock,  
 And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,  
 That were so fresh and green,  
 Do all their dainty color lease,  
 And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird  
 That hath the heavenly throat,  
 Doth now, alas! not once afford  
 Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost;  
 Each herb hath lost her savor;  
 And Phillida, the fair, hath lost  
 The comfort of her favor.

Now all these careful sights  
 So kill me in conceit,  
 That how to hope upon delights  
 Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet muse,  
 Thou know'st what help is best;  
 Do now thy heavenly cunning use  
 To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray  
 What fate shall be my friend—  
 Whether my life shall still decay,  
 Or when my sorrow end.

NICHOLAS BRETON

#### ODE TO BEAUTY.

Who gave thee, O beauty,  
 The keys of this breast,  
 Too credulous lover  
 Of blest and unblest?  
 Say, when in lapsed ages  
 Thee knew I of old?  
 Or what was the service  
 For which I was sold?  
 When first my eyes saw thee  
 I found me thy thrall,  
 By magical drawings,  
 Sweet tyrant of all!  
 I drank at thy fountain  
 False waters of thirst;  
 Thou intimate stranger,  
 Thou latest and first!  
 Thy dangerous glances  
 Make women of men;  
 New-born, we are melting  
 Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,  
 Nigh persuading gods to err!  
 Guest of million painted forms,  
 Which in turn thy glory warms!  
 The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,  
 The acorn's cup, the rain drop's arc,  
 The swinging spider's silver line,  
 The ruby of the drop of wine,  
 The shining pebble of the pond  
 Thou inscribest with a bond,



In thy momentary play,  
 Would bankrupt nature to repay.  
 Ah, what avails it  
 To hide or to shun  
 Whom the Infinite One  
 Hath granted His throne!  
 The heaven high over  
 Is the deep's lover;  
 The sun and sea,  
 Informed by thee,  
 Before me run,  
 And draw me on,  
 Yet fly me still,  
 As fate refuses  
 To me the heart fate for me chooses.  
 Is it that my opulent soul  
 Was mingled from the generous whole;  
 Sea-valleys and the deep of skies  
 Furnished several supplies;  
 And the sands whereof I'm made  
 Draw me to them, self-betrayed?  
 I turn the proud portfolios  
 Which hold the grand designs  
 Of Salvator, of Guercino,  
 And Piranesi's lines.  
 I hear the lofty poems  
 Of the masters of the shell,  
 Who heard the starry music  
 And recount the numbers well;  
 Olympian bards who sung  
 Divine ideas below,  
 Which always find us young,  
 And always keep us so.  
 Oft, in streets or humblest places,  
 I detect far-wandered graces,  
 Which, from Eden wide astray,  
 In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,  
 Like the lightning through the storm,  
 Somewhat not to be possessed,  
 Somewhat not to be caressed,  
 No feet so fleet could ever find,  
 No perfect form could ever bind.  
 Thou eternal fugitive,  
 Hovering over all that live,  
 Quick and skilful to inspire  
 Sweet, extravagant desire,  
 Starry space and lily-bell  
 Filling with thy roseate smell,

Wilt not give the lips to taste  
 Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that's good and great with thee  
 Works in close conspiracy;  
 Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely  
 To report thy features only,  
 And the cold and purple morning,  
 Itself with thoughts of thee adorning;  
 The leafy dell, the city mart,  
 Equal trophies of thine art;  
 E'en the flowing azure air  
 Thou hast touched for my despair;  
 And, if I languish into dreams,  
 Again I meet the ardent beams.  
 Queen of things! I dare not die  
 In being's deeps past ear and eye;  
 Lest there I find the same deceiver.  
 And be the sport of fate forever.  
 Dread power, but dear! if God thou be,  
 Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

#### SONG.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,  
 Spirit of delight!  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who heed thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;  
 Even the signs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art near,  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
 To a merry measure:  
 Thou wilt never come for pity  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure.

Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of delight!  
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,  
And the starry night;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost;  
I love waves and winds and streams,  
Everything almost  
Which is nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good;  
Between thee and me  
What difference? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love love, though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But, above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee:  
Thou art love and life! oh come,  
Make once more my heart thy home!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen power  
Floats, though unseen, among us—visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to  
flower;

Like moonbeams, that behind some piny  
mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance  
Each numan heart and countenance,

Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou dost shine  
upon  
Of human thought or form, where art thou  
gone?

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and deso-  
late?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain  
river;

Why aught should fail and fade that once is  
shown;

Why fear, and dream, and death, and  
birth

Cast on the daylight of this earth  
Such gloom; why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
To sage or poet these responses given;  
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and  
heaven,

Remain the records of their vain endeavor—  
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not  
avail to sever

From all we hear and all we see  
Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains  
driven,

Or music by the night wind sent  
Through strings of some still instrument  
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds de-  
part

And come, for some uncertain moments  
lent.

Man were immortal and omnipotent  
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
Keep with thy glorious train firm state with-  
in his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies  
That wax and wane in lover's eyes!

Thou that to human thought art nourishment,  
Like darkness to a dying flame!

Depart not as thy shadow came!

Depart not, lest the grave should be,  
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
 Through many a listening chamber, cave  
 and ruin,  
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pur-  
 suing  
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
 I called on poisonous names with which our  
 youth is fed ;  
 I was not heard ; I saw them not.  
 When musing deeply on the lot  
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are  
 wooing  
 All vital things that wake to bring  
 News of birds and blossoming,  
 Sudden thy shadow fell on me—  
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
 To thee and thine ; have I not kept the  
 vow ?  
 With beating heart and streaming eyes,  
 even now  
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
 Each from his voiceless grave. They have in  
 visioned bowers  
 Of studious zeal or love's delight  
 Outwatched with me the envious night ;  
 They know that never joy illumed my brow  
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst  
 free  
 This world from its dark slavery—  
 That thou, O awful loveliness,  
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot  
 express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
 When noon is past ; there is a harmony  
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
 Which through the summer is not heard nor  
 seen,  
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !  
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
 Of nature on my passive youth  
 Descended, to my onward life supply  
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,  
 And every form containing thee—  
 Whom, spirit fair, thy spells did bind  
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## SWEET IS THE PLEASURE.

SWEET is the pleasure  
 Itself cannot spoil !  
 Is not true leisure  
 One with true toil ?

Thou that wouldst taste it,  
 Still do thy best ;  
 Use it, not waste it—  
 Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty  
 Near thee ? all round ?  
 Only hath duty  
 Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting  
 The busy career ;  
 Rest is the fitting  
 Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,  
 Clear without strife,  
 Fleeing to ocean  
 After its life.

Deeper devotion  
 Nowhere hath knelt ;  
 Fuller emotion  
 Heart never felt.

'T is loving and serving  
 The highest and best ;  
 'T is onwards ! unswerving—  
 And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

## STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
 Feeling deeper than all thought ;  
 Souls to souls can never teach  
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils ;  
 Man by man was never seen ;  
 All our deep communing fails  
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;  
Mind with mind did never meet;  
We are columns left alone  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love  
Melts the scattered stars of thought,  
Only when we live above  
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed  
By the fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led  
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEASE CHANOL.

### THE TABLES TURNED.

Up! up, my friend! and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double;  
Up! up, my friend! and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;  
Come, hear the woodland linnet—  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it!

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher;  
Come forth into the light of things—  
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless,—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;  
Our meddling intellect  
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—  
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;  
Close up those barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring you a heart  
That watches and receives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE FOUNTAIN.

#### A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true—  
A pair of friends, though I was young  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match  
This water's pleasant tune  
With some old border-song or catch,  
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes  
Sing here, beneath the shade,  
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this streamlet fears,  
How merrily it goes!  
'T will murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.



"And here, on this delightful day  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred;  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay;  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free.

"But we are prest by heavy laws;  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own,  
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone;  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me; but by none  
Am I enough beloved!"

"Now both himself and me he wrongs.  
The man who thus complains!  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead,  
I'll be a son to thee!"  
At this he grasped my hand, and said  
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain side;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide,  
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,  
Filled with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—  
To halls in which the feast is spread—  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,  
With mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,  
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!  
Go'st thou to build an early name,  
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!  
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?  
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,  
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread  
The dance till daylight gleam again?  
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?  
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long  
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;  
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,  
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,  
They pass, and heed each other not.  
There is who heeds, who holds them all  
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to flattery's fawning face;  
To grandeur with his wise grimace;  
To upstart wealth's averted eye;  
To supple office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;  
To those who go and those who come—  
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone—  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod—  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### THE SUNKEN CITY.

HARK! the faint bells of the sunken city  
Peal once more their wonted evening  
chime!  
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,  
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories  
There lie buried in an ocean grave—  
Undescried, save when their golden glories  
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,  
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,  
Night by night bides there to watch and lis-  
ten,  
Though death lurks behind each dark rock  
round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city  
Peal for me their old melodious chime;  
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,  
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-built,  
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—  
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,  
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling  
From many a well-known phantom band,  
And, through tears, can see my natural dwell-  
ing  
Far off in the spirit's luminous land!

WILHELM MUELLER. (German.)

Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

## GUY.

MORTAL mixed of middle clay,  
 Attempered to the night and day,  
 Interchangeable with things,  
 Needs no amulets or rings.  
 Guy possessed the talisman  
 That all things from him began;  
 And as, of old, Polycrates  
 Chained the sunshine and the breeze,  
 So did Guy betimes discover  
 Fortune was his guard and lover—  
 In strange junctures felt, with awe,  
 His own symmetry with law;  
 So that no mixture could withstand  
 The virtue of his lucky hand.  
 He gold or jewel could not lose,  
 Nor not receive his ample dues.  
 In the street, if he turned round,  
 His eye the eye 't was seeking found.  
 It seemed his genius discreet  
 Worked on the maker's own receipt,  
 And made each tide and element  
 Stewards of stipend and of rent;  
 So that the common waters fell  
 As costly wine into his well.

He had so sped his wise affairs  
 That he caught nature in his snares;  
 Early or late, the falling rain  
 Arrived in time to swell his grain;  
 Stream could not so perversely wind  
 But corn of Guy's was there to grind;  
 The siroc found it on its way  
 To speed his sails, to dry his hay;  
 And the world's sun seemed to rise  
 To drudge all day for Guy the wise.  
 In his rich nurseries timely skill  
 Strong crab with nobler blood did fill;  
 The zephyr in his garden rolled  
 From plum trees vegetable gold;  
 And all the hours of the year  
 With their own harvests honored were.  
 There was no frost but welcome came,  
 Nor freshet, nor midsummer flame.  
 Belonged to wind and world the toil  
 And venture, and to Guy the oil.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

Go now! and with some daring drug  
 Bait thy disease; and, whilst they tug,  
 Thou, to maintain their precious strife,  
 Spend the dear treasures of thy life.  
 Go! take physic—dote upon  
 Some big-named composition,  
 The oraculous doctor's mystic bills—  
 Certain hard words made into pills;  
 And what at last shalt gain by these?  
 Only a costlier disease.  
 That which makes us have no need  
 Of physic, that 's physic indeed.  
 Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see  
 Nature her old physician be?  
 Wilt see a man all his own wealth,  
 His own music, his own health—  
 A man whose sober soul can tell  
 How to wear her garments well—  
 Her garments that upon her sit  
 As garments should do, close and fit—  
 A well-clothed soul that 's not oppressed  
 Nor choked with what she should be dressed—  
 A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,  
 Through which all her bright features shine:  
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,  
 A thin ærial veil is drawn  
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,  
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride—  
 A soul whose intellectual beams  
 No mists do mask, no lazy streams—  
 A happy soul, that all the way  
 To heaven hath a summer's day?  
 Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood  
 Bathes him in a genuine flood?—  
 A man whose tuned humors be  
 A seat of rarest harmony?  
 Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, be-  
 guile  
 Age? Wouldst see December's smile?  
 Wouldst see nests of new roses grow  
 In a bed of reverend snow?  
 Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering  
 Winter's self into a spring?—  
 In sum, wouldst see a man that can  
 Live to be old, and still a man?  
 Whose latest and most leaden hours  
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;

And when life's sweet fable ends,  
Soul and body part like friends—  
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—  
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?  
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?  
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

### BACCHUS.

Bring me wine, but wine which never grew  
In the belly of the grape,  
Or grew on vines whose tap-roots, reaching  
through  
Under the Andes to the Cape,  
Suffered no savor of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute  
From a nocturnal root,  
Which feels the acrid juice  
Of Styx and Erebus;  
And turns the woe of night,  
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread,  
We buy diluted wine;  
Give me of the true,—  
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled  
Among the silver hills of heaven,  
Draw everlasting dew;  
Wine of wine,  
Blood of the world,  
Form of forms and mould of statures,  
That I intoxicated,  
And by the draught assimilated,  
May float at pleasure through all natures;  
The bird-language rightly spell,  
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed  
Like the torrents of the sun  
Up the horizon walls,  
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run  
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,  
Food which needs no transmuting,  
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited  
Wine which is already man,  
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which music is,—  
Music and wine are one,—  
That I, drinking this,  
Shall hear far chaos talk with me;  
Kings unborn shall walk with me;  
And the poor grass shall plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man.  
Quickened so, will I unlock  
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice  
For all I know:—  
Winds of remembering  
Of the ancient being blow,  
And seeming-solid walls of use  
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;—  
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!  
Vine for the vine be antidote,  
And the grapes requite the lot!  
Haste to cure the old despair,—  
Reason in nature's lotus drenched,  
The memory of ages quenched,  
Give them again to shine;  
Let wine repair what this undid;  
And where the infection slid,  
A dazzling memory revive;  
Refresh the faded tints,  
Recut the aged prints,  
And write my old adventures with the pen  
Which on the first day drew,  
Upon the tablets blue,  
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

#### PART I.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,  
Though green at noon, cut down at night  
Shows thy decay—  
All flesh is hay:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,  
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;  
Thou art e'en such—  
Gone with a touch:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.



And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Then thou behold'st the vanity  
Of worldly stuff—  
Gone with a puff:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;  
For then the fire  
It does require:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,  
Then to thyself thou mayest say  
That to the dust  
Return thou must:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

## PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?  
So was the plant of great renown,  
Which mercy sends  
For nobler ends:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed  
From such a naughty foreign weed?  
Then what's the power  
Of Jesse's flower?  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,  
And by the mouth of faith conveys  
What virtue flows  
From Sharon's rose:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow—  
Your pains in outward means are so,  
'Till heavenly fire  
Your heart inspire:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke like burning incense towers;  
So should a praying heart of yours  
With ardent cries  
Surmount the skies:  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF  
JUVENAL.

LET observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of  
fate,  
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous  
pride  
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,  
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant  
voice;  
How nations sink, by darling schemes op-  
pressed,  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,  
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,  
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful  
breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the  
bold  
Fall in the general massacre of gold;  
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined  
And crowds with crimes the records of man-  
kind;  
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;  
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor  
safety buys,  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the maddened land,  
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
How much more safe the vassal than the lord:  
Low skulks the hind below the rage of power,  
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower:

Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers  
sound,  
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding  
joy,  
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy:  
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering  
shade,  
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,  
One shows the plunder and one hides the  
thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,  
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;  
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or  
care,

The insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth;  
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,  
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest:  
Thou who couldst laugh, where want en-  
chained caprice,

Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;  
Where wealth unloved without a mourner  
died,

And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;  
Where ne'er was known the form of mock  
debate,

Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;  
Where change of favorites made no change  
of laws,

And senates heard before they judged a  
cause;

How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish  
tribe,

Dart the quick taunt and edge the piercing  
gibe?

Attentive truth and nature to desery,  
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,  
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,  
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:  
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth main-  
tain,

Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are  
vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's  
mind,

Renewed at every glance on human kind;  
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumbered suplicants crowd preferment's  
gate,

Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;  
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.  
On every stage the foes of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their  
end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's  
door

Pours in the mourning worshipper no more;  
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;  
From every room descends the painted face  
That hung the bright palladium of the place,  
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,  
To better features yields the frame of gold;  
For now no more we trace in every line  
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;  
The form distorted justifies the fall,  
And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
Sign her foes' doom, or guard the favorite's  
zeal?

Through freedom's sons no more remon-  
strance rings,

Degrading nobles and controlling kings;  
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,  
And ask no questions but the price of votes;  
With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;  
To him the church, the realm, their powers  
consign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,  
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,  
His smile alone security bestows;  
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,  
Claim leads to claim, and power advances  
power;

Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,  
And rights submitted left him none to seize;  
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of  
state

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to  
hate;

Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,  
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers  
fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
The liveried army, and the menial lord;  
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;  
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble  
peace repine,  
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be  
thine?

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?  
For why did Wolsey, near the steepes of fate,  
On weak foundations raise the enormous  
weight?

Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,  
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's  
knife,  
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?  
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled  
Hyde,  
By kings protected, and to kings allied?  
What but their wish indulged in courts to  
shine,  
And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his  
name,  
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;  
Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
Caught from the strong contagion of the  
gown;  
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,  
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.  
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious  
youth,  
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!

Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat  
Till captive science yields her last retreat;  
Should reason guide thee with her brightest  
ray,

And pour on misty doubt resistless day;  
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;  
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,  
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;  
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;  
Should no disease the torpid veins invade,  
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;  
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.  
Deign on the passing world to turn' thine  
eyes,

And pause awhile from letters to be wise;  
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
If dreams yet flatter, yet again attend,  
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize  
bestows,  
The glittering eminence exempt from foes;  
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or  
awed,  
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
From meaner minds though smaller fines  
content,  
The plundered palace or sequestered rent,  
Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets the  
shock,  
And fatal learning leads him to the block;  
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,  
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and  
sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphant show,  
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,  
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous  
tale,  
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,  
For such the steady Roman shook the world;  
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
And stain with blood the Danube or the  
Rhine;

This power has praise, that virtue scarce can  
warm

Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,  
Where wasted nations raise a single name;  
And mortgaged states their grandsire's wreaths  
regret,  
From age to age in everlasting debt;  
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right  
convey  
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's  
pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles  
decide:

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;  
Behold surrounding kings their powers com-  
bine,

And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms  
in vain;

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught  
remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost;  
He comes, nor want nor cold his course de-  
lay;—

Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:  
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
But did not chance at length her error mend?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
He left the name, at which the world grew  
pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes  
afford,

From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.  
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,  
With half mankind embattled at his side,  
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain  
prey,

And starves exhausted regions in his way;  
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,  
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no  
more;

Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his  
mind,

The waves he lashes, and enchains the  
wind,

New powers he claims, new powers are still  
bestowed,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.  
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,  
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;  
The insulted sea with humbler thought he  
gains,

A single skiff to speed his flight remains;  
The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded  
coast

Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,  
With unexpected legions bursts away,  
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;  
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mourn-  
ful charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;  
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze  
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of  
praise;

The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,  
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;  
The baffled prince, in honor's flattering bloom  
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,  
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,  
And steals to death from anguish and from  
shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"  
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant  
prays;

Hides from himself its state, and shuns to  
know

That life protracted is protracted woe.



Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
 And shuts up all the passages of joy.  
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
 The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;  
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
 He views, and wonders that they please  
     no more;  
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless  
     wines,  
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.  
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing  
     strain,  
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:  
 No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious  
     ear,  
 Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus  
     near;  
 Nor lute nor lyre his feebler powers attend,  
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;  
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.  
 The still returning tale, and lingering jest  
 Perplex the fawning niece and pampered  
     guest,  
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gather-  
     ing sneer,  
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;  
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence;  
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense;  
 Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,  
 And mould his passions till they make his  
     will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,  
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;  
 But unextinguished avarice still remains,  
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;  
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled  
     hands,  
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;  
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime  
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or  
     crime;  
 An age that melts with unperceived decay,  
 And glides in modest innocence away;  
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,  
 Whose night congratulating conscience  
     cheers;

The general favorite as the general friend;  
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end!

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,  
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;  
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;  
 Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;  
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
 Still drops some joy from withering life  
     away;  
 New forms arise, and different views en-  
     gage,  
 Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,  
 Till pitying nature signs the last release,  
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these  
     await,  
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.  
 From Lydia's monarch should the search de-  
     scend,  
 By Solon cautioned to regard his end,  
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise:  
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage  
     flow,  
 And Swift expires a drivel and a show!

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;  
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty  
     spring;  
 And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a  
     king.  
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;  
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night;  
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with  
     art,  
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;  
 What care, what rules, your heedless charms  
     shall save,  
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your  
     slave?  
 Against your fame with fondness hate com-  
     bines,  
 The rival batters, and the lover mines:

With distant voice neglected virtue calls,  
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance  
 falls;  
 Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery  
 reign,  
 And pride and prudence take her seat in  
 vain.  
 In crowd at once, where none the pass de-  
 fend,  
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend;  
 The guardians yield, by force superior plied:  
 To interest, prudence; and to flattery, pride.  
 Here beauty falls betrayed, despised, dis-  
 tressed,  
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects  
 find?  
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant  
 mind?  
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
 Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain  
 Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion  
 vain.  
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
 But leave to heaven the measure and the  
 choice.  
 Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar  
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer,  
 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,  
 Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.  
 Yet, when the sense of secret presence fires,  
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,  
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned;  
 For love, which scarce collective man can  
 fill;  
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;  
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat.  
 These goods for man the laws of heaven or-  
 dain;  
 These goods he grants, who grants the power  
 to gain;  
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,  
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## HENCE ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHTS.

HENCE all you vain delights,  
 As short as are the nights  
 Wherein you spend your folly!  
 There's naught in this life sweet,  
 If man were wise to see 't,  
 But only melancholy;  
 Oh sweetest melancholy!  
 Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,  
 A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,  
 A look that 's fastened to the ground,  
 A tongue chained up without a sound!  
 Fountain heads and pathless groves;  
 Places which pale passion loves;  
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;  
 A midnight bell, a parting groan—  
 These are the sounds we feed upon;  
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy  
 valley.  
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely mel-  
 ancholy.

BAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

## SONG.

Down lay in a nook my lady's brach  
 And said, my feet are sore;  
 I cannot follow with the pack  
 A-hunting of the boar.

And though the horn sounds never so clear,  
 With the hounds in loud uproar,  
 Yet I must stop and lie down here,  
 Because my feet are sore.

The huntsman, when he heard the same,  
 What answer did he give?  
 The dog that's lame is much to blame,  
 He is not fit to live.

HENRY TAYLOR.

## DEJECTION: AN ODE,

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,  
 With the old moon in her arm;  
 And I fear, I fear, my master dear!  
 We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

## I.

WELL! if the bard was weather-wise, who  
 made

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,  
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go  
 hence

Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade  
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy  
 flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draft that moans and  
 rakes

Upon the strings of the Eolian lute,  
 Which better far were mute.

For lo! the new-moon, winter-bright,  
 And overspread with phantom light—

With swimming phantom light o'erspread,  
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread!

I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling

The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swell-  
 ing,

And the slant night-shower driving loud  
 and fast!

Those sounds, which oft have raised me whilst  
 they awed,

And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse  
 give—

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move  
 and live.

## II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear—  
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,

Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear—

O lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green;

And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and  
 bars,

That give away their motion to the stars—  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or be-  
 tween,

Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always  
 seen—

Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue:

I see them all so excellently fair—

I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

## III.

My genial spirits fail;

And what can these avail

To lift the smothering weight from off my  
 breast?

It were a vain endeavor,

Though I should gaze forever

On that green light that lingers in the west;

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life whose fountains are  
 within.

## IV.

O lady! we receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does nature live;

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her  
 shroud!

And would we aught behold of higher  
 worth

Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd—

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the earth;

And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,

Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

## V.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me

What this strong music in the soul may be—

What, and wherein it doth exist—

This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous lady! Joy that ne'er was  
 given

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour—

Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and  
 shower

Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power  
Which, wedding nature to us, gives in dower  
A new earth and new heaven,  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous  
cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!  
And thence flows all that charms our ear or  
sight—  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was  
rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress;  
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
Whence fancy made me dreams of happi-  
ness.

For hope grew round me like the twining  
vine;

And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed  
mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth,  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
But to be still and patient, all I can;

And haply by abstruse research to steal  
From my own nature all the natural man—

This was my sole resource, my only plan;  
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of my  
soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my  
mind—

Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a  
scream

Of agony, by torture lengthened out,  
That lute sent forth! Thou wind, that ravest  
without!

Bare crag, or mountain-fairn, or, blasted  
tree,

Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
Mad lutanist! who, in this month of showers,  
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping  
flowers,

Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry  
song,

The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves  
among!

Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!

Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'T is of the rushing of a host in rout,

With groans of trampled men, with smart-  
ing wounds—

At once they groan with pain, and shudder  
with the cold.

But hark! there is a pause or deepest silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
With groans, and tremulous shuddering—all  
is over—

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep  
and loud;

A tale of less affright,

And tempered with delight,

As Otway's self had framed the tender  
lay:

'T is of a little child

Upon a lonesome wild—

Not far from home, but she hath lost her  
way;

And now moans low in bitter grief and  
fear—

And now screams loud, and hopes to make  
her mother hear.

VIII.

'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of  
sleep;

Full seldom may my friend such vigils  
keep!

Visit her, gentle sleep, with wings of heal-  
ing!

And may this storm be but a mountain-  
birth;

May all the stars hang bright above her  
dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping  
earth!

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes—



Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice!  
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole—  
 Their life the eddying of her living soul!  
 O simple spirit, guided from above!  
 Dear lady! friend devoutest of my choice!  
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight—  
 Good man! old man!  
 He's painted standing bolt upright,  
 With his hose rolled over his knee;  
 His periwig's as white as chalk,  
 And on his fist he holds a hawk;  
 And he looks like the head  
 Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide—  
 Good man! old man!  
 His spaniels lay by the fireside;  
 And in other parts, d'ye see,  
 Cross-bows, tobacco pipes, old hats,  
 A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;  
 And he looked like the head  
 Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate—  
 Good man! old man!  
 But was always ready to break the pate  
 Of his country's enemy.  
 What knight could do a better thing  
 Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?  
 And so may every head  
 Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN, "the younger."

### I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I AM a friar of orders gray,  
 And down in the valleys I take my way;  
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip—  
 Good store of venison fills my scrip;  
 My long bead-roll I merrily chant;  
 Where'er I waik no money I want,

And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—  
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.  
 What baron or squire,  
 Or knight of the shire,  
 Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper of heaven I dream,  
 But that is a pullet and clouted cream;  
 Myself, by denial, I mortify—  
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie;  
 I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin—  
 With old sack wine I'm lined within;  
 A chirping cup is my matin song,  
 And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.  
 What baron or squire,  
 Or knight of the shire,  
 Lives half so well as a holy friar?

JOHN O'KEEFE.

### THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,  
 That never has known the barber's shear,  
 All your wish is woman to win;  
 This is the way that boys begin—  
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;  
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer—  
 Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,  
 Under Bonnybell's window panes—  
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;  
 Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;  
 Then you know a boy is an ass,  
 Then you know the worth of a lass—  
 Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,  
 All good fellows whose beards are gray—  
 Did not the fairest of the fair  
 Common grow and wearisome ere  
 Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
 May pray and whisper and we not list,  
 Or look away and never be missed—  
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier—

How I loved her twenty years syne!

Marian's married; but I sit here,

Alone and merry at forty year,

Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### TO PERILLA.

Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see  
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?  
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid  
come,

And haste away to mine eternal home;

'T will not be long, Perilla, after this

That I must give thee the supremest kiss.

Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring

Part of the cream from that religious spring,

With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet;

That done, then wind me in that very sheet

Which wrapped thy smooth limbs when thou  
didst implore

The gods' protection, but the night before;

Follow me weeping to my turf, and there

Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear.

Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be

Devoted to the memory of me;

Then shall my ghost not walk about, but  
keep

Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

The wisest of the wise

Listen to pretty lies,

And love to hear them told;

Doubt not that Solomon

Listened to many a one—

Some in his youth, and more when he grew  
old.

I never sat among

The choir of wisdom's song,

But pretty lies loved I

As much as any king—

When youth was on the wing,

And (must it then be told?) when youth had  
quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not

The pleasant hour forgot,

When one pert lady said—

“O, Landor! I am quite

Bewildered with affright;

I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your  
head!”

Another, more benign,

Drew out that hair of mine,

And in her own dark hair

Pretended she had found

That one, and twirled it round.—

Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,

As he passed by the door;

And again

The pavement-stones resound

As he totters o'er the ground

With his cane.

They say that in his prime,

Ere the pruning-knife of time

Cut him down,

Not a better man was found

By the crier on his round

Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,

And he looks at all he meets

So forlorn;

And he shakes his feeble head,

That it seems as if he said,

“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest

On the lips that he has pressed

In their bloom;

And the names he loved to hear

Have been carved for many a year

On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—

Poor old lady! she is dead

Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff;  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches—and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### MEMORY.

THE mother of the muses, we are taught,  
Is memory; she has left me; they remain,  
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing  
About the summer days, my loves of old.  
“Alas! alas!” is all I can reply.  
Memory has left with me that name alone,  
Harmonious name, which other bards may  
sing,  
But her bright image in my darkest hour  
Comes back, in vain comes back, called or  
uncalled.  
Forgotten are the names of visitors  
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;  
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends  
Whose genial converse and glad countenance  
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;  
To these, when I have written, and besought  
Remembrance of me, the word “Dear” alone  
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.  
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,

If thy stream carried only weeds away,  
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike  
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years  
gone by,  
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow  
lie,  
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet  
wood and lea,  
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn  
for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the  
breeze's flight,  
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of  
the night;  
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow  
descant more,  
And scent the flowers that blow when the  
heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the thresh-  
old, now,  
There steps a weary one with a pale and fur-  
rowed brow;  
His count of years is full, his allotted task is  
wrought;  
He passes to his rest from a place that needs  
him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets  
the hour  
Of human strength and action, man's courage  
and his power.  
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down  
the golden day,  
And as I look down and listen the sadness  
wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, depart-  
ing, throws  
A look of longing backward, and sorrowful-  
ly goes;  
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from  
her hair,  
Moves mournfully away from amidst the  
young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !  
 Oh crimson flash of morning that darkens as  
     we gaze !

Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the  
     restless air

Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies, we  
     know not where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown  
     and then withdrawn ;

But still the sun shines round me ; the even-  
     ing bird sings on,

And I again am soothed, and, beside the an-  
     cient gate,

In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand  
     and wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant  
     group go out,

The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled  
     the sprightly shout.

Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the green-  
     sward strows

Its fair young buds unopened, with every  
     wind that blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by  
     side,

The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and  
     men of pride,

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between  
     those pillars gray,

And prints of little feet, mark the dust along  
     the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks  
     are blank with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy  
     in drawing near,

As if they saw dear faces, and caught the  
     gracious eye

Of him, the sinless teacher, who came for us  
     to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within  
     my heart,

Can neither wake the dread nor the longing  
     to depart ;

And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet  
     wood and lea,

I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn  
     for me.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done—the curtain drops,  
     Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;  
 A moment yet the actor stops,  
     And looks around, to say farewell.  
 It is an irksome word and task ;  
     And, when he 's laughed and said his say,  
 He shows, as he removes the mask,  
     A face that 's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends—  
     Let 's close it with a parting rhyme ;  
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
     As fits the merry Christmas time ;  
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,  
     That fate ere long shall bid you play ;  
 Good-night !—with honest gentle hearts  
     A kindly greeting go away !

Good-night !—I 'd say the griefs, the joys,  
     Just hinted in this mimic page,  
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
     Are but repeated in our age ;  
 I 'd say your woes were not less keen,  
     Your hopes more vain, than those of men—  
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
     At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say we suffer and we strive  
     Not less nor more as men than boys—  
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
     As erst at twelve in corduroys ;  
 And if, in time of sacred youth,  
     We learned at home to love and pray,  
 Pray heaven that early love and truth  
     May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
     I 'd say how fate may change and shift—  
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
     The race not always to the swift ;  
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
     The great man be a vulgar clown,  
 The knave be lifted over all,  
     The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?  
     Blessed be He who took and gave !  
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
     Be weeping at her darling's grave ?



We bow to heaven that willed it so,  
That darkly rules the fate of all,  
That sends the respite or the blow,  
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—  
Who brought him to that mirth and state?  
His betters, see, below him sit,  
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?  
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the awful will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Who misses, or who wins the prize—  
Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)  
The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days;  
The shepherds heard it overhead—  
The joyful angels raised it then:  
Glory to heaven on high, it said,  
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;  
I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still—  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### TIME'S CURE.

MOURN, O rejoicing heart!  
The hours are flying;  
Each one some treasure takes,  
Each one some blossom breaks,  
And leaves it dying;  
The chill, dark night draws near—  
The sun will soon depart,  
And leave thee sighing,  
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!  
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!  
The hours fly fast—  
With each some sorrow dies,  
With each some shadow flies;  
Until at last  
The red dawn in the east  
Bids weary night depart,  
And pain is past;  
Rejoice then grieving heart!  
The hours fly fast!

ANONYMOUS.

### A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, time!  
Let us glide adown thy stream  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three—  
(One is lost—an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, time!  
We've not proud nor soaring wings,  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime;—  
Touch us gently, gentle time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

## SONG.

TIME is a feathered thing,  
 And whilst I praise  
 The sparklings of thy looks, and call them  
     rays,  
 Takes wing—  
 Leaving behind him, as he flies,  
 An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they are told,  
 Do make us old;  
 And every sand of his fleet glass,  
 Increasing age as it doth pass,  
 Insensibly sows wrinkles here,  
 Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire  
 Doth into ice expire;  
 Flames turn to frost;  
 And ere we can  
 Know how our crow turns swan,  
 Or how a silver snow  
 Springs there where jet did grow,  
 Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

ANONYMOUS.

—♦—

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR  
 LOSSES.

THERE are gains for all our losses—  
 There are balms for all our pain;  
 But when youth, the dream, departs,  
 It takes something from our hearts,  
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,  
 Under manhood's sterner reign;  
 Still we feel that something sweet  
 Followed youth, with flying feet,  
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,  
 And we sigh for it in vain;  
 We behold it everywhere,  
 On the earth, and in the air,  
 But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## SONNET.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
 Crumbling away beneath our very feet;  
 Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing  
 In current unperceived, because so fleet;  
 Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in  
     sowing—  
 But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the  
     wheat;  
 Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in  
     blowing—  
 And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;  
 And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft  
     us  
 Of that which made our childhood sweeter  
     still;  
 And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us  
 A nearer good to cure an older ill;  
 And sweet are all things, when we learn to  
     prize them  
 Not for their sake, but His who grants them  
     or denies them!

AUBREY DE VERE.

—♦—

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I SAID to sorrow's awful storm,  
 That beat against my breast,  
 Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,  
 And lay it low at rest;  
 But still the spirit that now brooks  
 Thy tempest, raging high,  
 Undaunted on its fury looks,  
 With steadfast eye.

I said to penury's meagre train,  
 Come on! your threats I brave;  
 My last poor life-drop you may drain,  
 And crush me to the grave;  
 Yet still the spirit that endures  
 Shall mock your force the while,  
 And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
 With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,  
 Pass on! I heed you not;  
 Ye may pursue me till my form  
 And being are forgot;

Yet still the spirit which you see  
Undaunted by your wiles,  
Draws from its own nobility  
Its high-born smiles.

I said to friendship's menaced blow,  
Strike deep! my heart shall bear;  
Thou canst but add one bitter woe  
To those already there;  
Yet still the spirit that sustains  
This last severe distress,  
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,  
And scorn redress.

I said to death's uplifted dart,  
Aim sure! oh, why delay?  
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—  
A weak, reluctant prey;  
For still the spirit, firm and free,  
Unruffled by this last dismay,  
Wrapt in its own eternity,  
Shall pass away.

LAVINIA STODDARD.

#### MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow dies;  
All that we wish to stay  
Tempt, and then flies;  
What is this world's delight?  
Lightning that mocks the night,  
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!  
Friendship too rare!  
Love, how it sells poor bliss  
For proud despair!  
But we, though soon they fall,  
Survive their joy, and all  
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
Whilst flowers are gay,  
Whilst eyes that change ere night  
Make glad the day,  
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
Dream thou! and from thy sleep  
Then wake to weep.

PEROY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But, ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground—to die!  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDER.

#### NO MORE.

My wind has turned to bitter north,  
That was so soft a south before;  
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,  
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;  
My gay green leaves are yellow-black  
Upon the dank autumnal floor;  
For love, departed once, comes back  
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,  
For winds to blow and rains to pour;  
One frosty night befell—and lo!  
I find my summer days are o'er.  
The heart bereaved, of why and how  
Unknowing, knows that yet before  
It had what e'en to memory now  
Returns no more, no more.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## SONG.

Oh say not that my heart is cold  
 To aught that once could warm it—  
 That nature's form, so dear of old,  
 No more has power to charm it;  
 Or that the ungenerous world can chill  
 One glow of fond emotion  
 For those who made it dearer still,  
 And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view  
 In rapt and dreamy sadness—  
 Oft look on those who loved them too,  
 With fancy's idle gladness;  
 Again I longed to view the light  
 In nature's features glowing,  
 Again to tread the mountain's height,  
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and, frowning, flung  
 His leaden chain around me;  
 With iron look and sullen tongue  
 He muttered as he bound me:  
 "The mountain breeze, the boundless  
 heaven,  
 Unfit for toil the creature;  
 These for the free alone are given—  
 But what have slaves with nature?"

CHARLES WOLFE.

## ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!  
 O duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove—  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-  
 manity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth:  
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,  
 Who do thy work, and know it not;

Long may the kindly impulse last!  
 But thou, if they should totter, teach them  
 to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed;  
 Yet find that other strength, according to  
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust;  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly,  
 if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control,  
 But in the quietness of thought;  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
 I feel the weight of chance desires,  
 My hopes no more must change their name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
 Nor know we any thing so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face;  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
 And 'the most ancient heavens, through  
 thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let  
 me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



# WHY THUS LONGING.

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing,  
For the far-off, unattained and dim,  
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,  
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearnings it would still;  
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—  
No fond voices answer to thine own;  
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,  
Not by works that give thee world-renown,  
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,  
When all nature hails the lord of light,  
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,  
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,  
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,  
Sighing that they art not thine alone,  
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,  
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;  
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;  
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,  
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.  
HARRIET WINCLOW.

# LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand  
There sat a pilgrim band,  
Telling the losses that their lives had known:  
While evening waned away  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,  
Of a fair freighted ship,  
With all his household to the deep gone down;  
But one had wilder woe—  
For a fair face, long ago  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth  
With a most loving ruth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;  
And one upon the west  
Turned an eye that would not rest,  
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
Some of proud honors told,  
Some spake of friends that were their trust  
no more;  
And one of a green grave  
Beside a foreign wave,  
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

\* But when their tales were done,  
There spake among them one,  
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:  
"Sad losses have ye met,  
But mine is heavier yet;  
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,  
"For the living and the dead—  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea!  
But, however it came to thee,  
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWN.

## HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise  
Through all his art we view;  
And while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length  
And dangers little known,  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast;  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man in-  
herits  
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and  
pains!

It seems a story from the world of spirits  
When any man obtains that which he  
merits,  
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle  
strain!  
What wouldst thou have a good great man  
obtain?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,  
Or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain?  
Goodness and greatness are not means, but  
ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The great good man? Three treasures—love,  
and light,  
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's  
breath;  
And three fast friends, more sure than day or  
night—  
Himself, his maker,\* and the angel death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## SONNETS.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF  
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of  
youth,

Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth  
year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom  
showeth.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the  
truth,

That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear  
That some more timely-happy spirits in-  
du'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which time leads me, and the will  
of heaven:

All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great task-master's eye.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,  
whose bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains  
cold!

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of  
old,

When all our fathers worshipped stocks  
and stones,  
Forget not! in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient  
fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that  
rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their  
moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven. Their martyred blood and  
ashes sow  
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth  
sway  
The triple tyrant; that from these may  
grow  
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy  
way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and  
wide,  
And that one talent which is death to  
hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul  
more bent  
To serve therewith my maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide—  
"Doth God exact day-labor, light de-  
nied?"  
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not  
need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who  
best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best;  
his state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without  
rest;  
They also serve who only stand and  
wait."

JOHN MILTON.

## ROBIN HOOD.

No! those days are gone away,  
And their hours are old and gray,  
And their minutes buried all  
Under the down-trodden pall  
Of the leaves of many years;  
Many times have winter's shears,  
Frozen north, and chilling east  
Sounded tempests to the feast  
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,  
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No! the bugle sounds no more,  
And the twanging bow no more;  
Silent is the ivory shrill,  
Past the heath and up the hill;  
There is no mid-forest laugh,  
Where lone Echo gives the half  
To some wight amazed to hear,  
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June  
You may go, with sun or moon,  
Or the seven stars, to light you,  
Or the polar ray to right you;  
But you never may behold  
Little John, or Robin bold—  
Never one, of all the clan,  
Thrumming on an empty can  
Some old hunting ditty, while  
He doth his green way beguile  
To fair hostess merriment,  
Down beside the pasture Trent;  
For he left the merry tale,  
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din;  
Gone the song of Gamelyn;  
Gone the tough-belted outlaw,  
Idling in the "greené shawe"—  
All are gone away and past!  
And if Robin should be cast  
Sudden from his tufted grave,  
And if Marian should have  
Once again her forest days,  
She would weep, and he would craze;  
He would swear—for all his oaks,  
Fallen beneath the dock-yard strokes,

Have rotted on the briny seas;  
 She would weep that her wild bees  
 Sang not to her—strange! that honey  
 Can't be got without hard money!

So it is! yet let us sing  
 Honor to the old bow-string!  
 Honor to the bugle horn!  
 Honor to the woods unshorn!  
 Honor to the Lincoln green!  
 Honor to the archer keen!  
 Honor to tight little John,  
 And the horse he rode upon!  
 Honor to bold Robin Hood,  
 Sleeping in the underworld!  
 Honor to maid Marian,  
 And to all the Sherwood clan!  
 Though their days have hurried by,  
 Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KEATS.

## OH! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

Oh! the pleasant days of old, which so often  
 people praise!

True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace  
 our modern days:

Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the  
 walls let in the cold;

Oh! how they must have shivered in those  
 pleasant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnifi-  
 cent they were!

They threw down and imprisoned kings—to  
 thwart them who might dare?

They ruled their serfs right sternly; they  
 took from Jews their gold—

Above both law and equity were those great  
 lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their  
 valor so renowned!

With sword and lance, and armor strong,  
 they scoured the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they  
 met by wood or wold,

By right of sword they seized the prize—  
 those gallant knights of old!

Oh! the gentle dames of old! who, quite  
 free from fear or pain,

Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see  
 their champions slain;

They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which  
 made them strong and bold—

Oh! more like men than women were those  
 gentle dames of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old! with their  
 turrets, moat and keep,

Their battlements and bastions, their dun-  
 geons dark and deep.

Full many a baron held his court within the  
 castle hold;

And many a captive languished there, in  
 those strong towers of old.

Oh! the troubadours of old! with their gen-  
 tle minstrelsie

Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er  
 their lot might be—

For years they served their lady-love ere  
 they their passions told—

Oh! wondrous patience must have had those  
 troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old! with their  
 chivalry and state;

I love to read their chronicles, which such  
 brave deeds relate;

I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear  
 their legends told—

But, heaven be thanked! I live not in those  
 blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWN.

## THE WHITE ISLAND;

OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST.

IN this world, the isle of dreams,  
 While we sit by sorrow's streams,  
 Tears and terrors are our themes,  
 Reciting;

But when once from hence we flee,  
 More and more approaching nigh  
 Unto young eternitie,  
 Uniting



In that whiter island, where  
 Things are evermore sincere—  
 Candor here and lustre there  
     Delighting.  
 There no monstrous fancies shall  
 Out of hell an horror call,  
 To create, or cause at all,  
     Affrighting;  
 There in calm and cooling sleep  
 We our eyes shall never steep,  
 But eternal watch shall keep,  
     Attending  
 Pleasures, such as shall pursue  
 Me immortalized, and you—  
 And fresh joys, as never to  
     Have ending.

ROBERT HERBICK.

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### THE HAPPY VALLEY.

## I.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds;  
 A languid music haunted everywhere—  
 Like that with which a summer eve abounds,  
 From rustling corn, and song-birds calling  
     clear  
 Down sloping uplands, which some wood sur-  
     rounds,  
 With tinkling rills just heard, but not too  
     near;  
 And low of cattle on the distant plain,  
 And peal of far-off bells—now caught, then  
     lost again.

## II.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,  
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams did  
     flow;  
 Such tones came riding on the musk-winged  
     gale  
 The very air seemed sleepily to blow;  
 And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,  
 Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy  
     glow:  
 It was a valley drowsy with delight—  
 Such fragrance floated round, such beauty  
     dimmed the sight.

## III.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air;  
 The tall silk grasses bent and waved  
     along;  
 The trees slept in the steeping sunbeam's  
     glare;  
 The dreamy river chimed its undersong,  
 And took its own free course without a  
     care;  
 Amid the boughs did lute-tonged song-  
     sters throng,  
 And the green valley throbbed beneath their  
     lays,  
 Which echo echo chased through many a  
     leafy maze.

## IV.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the  
     flowers,  
 Sent down to see the summer beauties  
     dress,  
 And feed their fragrant mouths with silver  
     showers;  
 Their eyes peeped out from many a green  
     recess,  
 And their fair forms made light the thick-set  
     bowers;  
 The very flowers seemed eager to caress  
 Such living sisters; and the boughs, long-  
     leaved,  
 Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed  
     bosoms heaved.

## V.

One through her long loose hair was back-  
     ward peeping,  
 Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks  
     aside;  
 Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,  
 Or looking love-askance, and, when de-  
     sisted,  
 Her coy glance on the bedded greensward  
     keeping;  
 She pulled the flowers to pieces, as she  
     sighed—  
 Then blushed, like timid daybreak, when the  
     dawn  
 Looks crimson on the night, and then again's  
     withdrawn.

## VI.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms  
outspread,

On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade—  
Half turned the matchless sculpture of her  
head,

And half shook down her silken circling  
braid.

She seemed to float on air, so light she sped ;

Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow  
made ;

She skimmed the wavy flowers, as she passed  
by,

With fair and printless feet, like clouds along  
the sky.

## VII.

One sat alone within a shady nook,

With wild-wood songs the lazy hours be-  
guiling ;

Or looking at her shadow in the brook,

Trying to frown—then at the effort smil-  
ing ;

Her laughing eyes mocked every serious  
look ;

'T was as if Love stood at himself reviling,  
She threw in flowers, and watched them  
float away ;

Then at her beauty looked, then sang a  
sweeter lay.

## VIII.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,

The regal flowers athwart their full lips  
thrown,

And in one fragrance both their sweets com-  
bined,

As if they on the self-same stem had  
grown—

So close were rose and lip together twined,

A double flower that from one bud had  
blown ;

Till none could tell, so sweetly were they  
blended,

Where swelled the curving lip, or where the  
rose-bloom ended.

## IX.

One, half asleep, crushing the twined flowers,  
Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay—

Still as a lark that 'mid the daisies cowers ;

Her looped-up tunic, tossed in disarray,

Showed rounded limbs too fair for earthly  
bowers ;

They looked like roses on a cloudy day,  
The warm white dulled amid the colder  
green—

The flowers too rough a couch that lovely  
shape to screen.

## X.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the  
shore,

With ocean-pearl combing their golden  
locks,

And singing to the waves for evermore—

Sinking, like flowers at eve, beside the  
rocks,

If but a sound above the muffled roar

Of the low waves was heard. In little  
flocks

Others went trooping through the wooded  
alleys,

Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in  
sunny valleys.

## XI.

They were such forms as, imaged in the  
night,

Sail in our dreams across the heaven's  
steep blue,

When the closed lid sees visions streaming  
bright,

Too beautiful to meet the naked view—

Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.

Women they were! such as the angels  
knew—

Such as the mammoth looked on ere he fled,  
Scared by the lovers' wings that streamed in  
sunset red.

THOMAS MILLER.

## ARRANMORE.

O ARRANMORE, loved Arranmore,  
How oft I dream of thee!

And of those days when by thy shore

I wandered young and free.

Full many a path I 've tried since then,

Through pleasure's flowery maze,

But ne'er could find the bliss again

I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs  
 At sunny morn I've stood,  
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
 That danced along the flood!  
 Or when the western wave grew bright  
 With daylight's parting wing,  
 Have sought that Eden in its light  
 Which dreaming poets sing—

That Eden where th' immortal brave  
 Dwell in a land serene—  
 Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,  
 At sunset, oft are seen;  
 Ah dream, too full of saddening truth!  
 Those mansions o'er the main  
 Are like the hopes I built in youth—  
 As sunny and as vain!

THOMAS MOORE.

#### HONEST POVERTY.

Is there for honest poverty  
 Wha hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by;  
 We dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp—  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.  
 What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that;  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might—  
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that;  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that—  
 When man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### “CONTEMPLATE ALL THIS WORK.”

CONTEMPLATE all this work of time,  
 The giant laboring in his youth;  
 Nor dream of human love and truth  
 As dying nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead  
 Are breathers of an ampler day  
 For ever nobler ends. They say  
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,  
 And grew to seeming random forms,  
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
 Till at the last arose the man—

Who throve and branched from clime to clime  
 The herald of a higher race,  
 And of himself in higher place,  
 If so he types this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;  
 And crowned with attributes of woe  
 Like glories, move his course, and show  
 That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,  
 And heated hot with burning fears,  
 And dipped in baths of hissing tears,  
 And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly  
 The reeling faun, the sensual feast!  
 Move upward, working out the beast,  
 And let the ape and tiger die!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## IS IT COME?

Is it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile,

Who looked for the world's long-promised day,

And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,  
With the desert's sand and the granite gray.  
From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,

We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;  
They tell us of the tyrant's dread—  
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came, with his starry lore,  
And built up Babylon's crown and creed;  
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris shore  
With signs which our sages scarce can read.  
From Ninus' temple, and Nimrod's tower,  
The rule of the old east's empire spread  
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—  
But still, Is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame,  
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;  
And once, on the west a sunrise came,  
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true;  
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,  
With human gods, and with god-like men,  
No marvel the far-off day seemed near,  
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered, and revelled too,  
Till honor, and faith, and power, were gone;  
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,  
As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.  
The gown was learning, the sword was law;  
The people served in the oxen's stead;  
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,  
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught,  
Above the din of life's fears and frets;  
It marched with letters, it toiled with thought,  
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets.

And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,  
And traders barter our world away—  
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,  
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace  
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;  
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—  
The age is weary with work and gold;  
And high hopes wither, and memories wane,  
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;  
But that brave-faith hath not lived in vain—  
And this is all that our watcher said.

FRANCES BROWN.

## IF THAT WERE TRUE!

'T is long ago,—we have toiled and traded,  
Have lost and fretted, have gained and grieved,  
Since last the light of that fond faith faded;  
But, friends—in its day—what we believed!  
The poets' dreams and the peasants' stories—  
Oh, never will time that trust renew!  
Yet they were old on the earth before us,  
And lovely tales,—had they been true!

Some spake of homes in the greenwood hid den,  
Where age was fearless and youth was free—  
Where none at life's board seemed guests unbidden,  
But men had years like the forest tree:  
Goodly and fair and full of summer,  
As lives went by when the world was new,  
Ere ever the angel steps passed from her,—  
Oh, dreamers and bards, if that were true!

Some told us of a stainless standard—  
Of hearts that only in death grew cold,  
Whose march was ever in freedom's van guard,  
And not to be stayed by steel or gold.  
The world to their very graves was debtor—  
The tears of her love fell there like dew;  
But there had been neither slave nor fetter  
This day in her realms, had that been true!

Our hope grew strong as the giant-slayer.  
They told that life was an honest game,  
Where fortune favored the fairest player,  
And only the false found loss and blame—  
That men were honored for gifts and graces,  
And not for the prizes folly drew;  
But there would be many a change of places,  
In hovel and hall, if that were true!



Some said to our silent souls, What fear ye?  
 And talked of a love not based on clay—  
 Of faith that would neither wane nor weary,  
 With all the dust of the pilgrim's day;  
 They said that fortune and time were changers,  
 But not by their tides such friendship grew;  
 Oh, we had never been trustless strangers  
 Among our people, if that were true!

And yet since the fairy time hath perished,  
 With all its freshness, from hills and hearts,  
 The last of its love, so vainly cherished,  
 Is not for these days of schools and marts.  
 Up, up! for the heavens still circle o'er us;  
 There 's wealth to win and there 's work to do,  
 There 's a sky above, and a grave before us—  
 And, brothers, beyond them all is true!

FRANCES BROWN.

## THE WORLD.

'T is all a great show,  
 The world that we're in—  
 None can tell when 't was finished,  
 None saw it begin;  
 Men wander and gaze through  
 Its courts and its halls,  
 Like children whose love is  
 The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,  
 There are clouds in the sky—  
 Songs pour from the woodland,  
 The waters glide by;  
 Too many, too many  
 For eye or for ear,  
 The sights that we see,  
 And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber  
 Comes down on the mind;  
 So swift is life's train  
 To its objects we're blind;  
 I myself am but one  
 In the fleet-gliding show—  
 Like others I walk,  
 But know not where I go.

One saint to another  
 I heard say "How long?"  
 I listened, but naught more  
 I heard of his song;

The shadows are walking  
 Through city and plain—  
 How long shall the night  
 And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,  
 In this glimmer of things,  
 The light of which prophet  
 In prophecy sings?  
 And the gates of that city  
 Be open, whose sun  
 No more to the west  
 Its circuit shall run!

JONES VERY.

## BE PATIENT.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear  
 against the earth;  
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the  
 seed has birth—  
 How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its  
 little way,  
 Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and  
 the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of  
 mighty thought  
 Must have their silent undergrowth, must  
 underground be wrought;  
 But as sure as there 's a power that makes  
 the grass appear,  
 Our land shall be green with liberty, the  
 blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch  
 the wheat ears grow—  
 So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change  
 nor throe—  
 Day after day, day after day, till the ear is  
 fully grown,  
 And then again day after day, till the ripened  
 field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our  
 hopes are green,  
 The harvest fields of freedom shall be crown-  
 ed with sunny sheen.  
 Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your si-  
 lent way,  
 Till the whole broad land is tongued with  
 fire on freedom's harvest day!

ANONYMOUS.

## THERE BE THOSE.

THERE be those who sow beside  
The waters that in silence glide,  
Trusting no echo will declare  
Whose footsteps ever wandered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,  
The stream flows on as yesterday;  
Nor can it for a time be seen  
A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead  
Which in the lonely place is spread;  
It lives, it lives—the spring is nigh,  
And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground,  
No more unlovely shall be found;  
But scattered flowers of simplest grace  
Shall spread their beauty round the place.

And soon or late a time will come  
When witnesses, that now are dumb,  
With grateful eloquence shall tell  
From whom the seed, there scattered, fell.

BERNARD BARTON.

## EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked  
clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine  
height;

Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one—  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.  
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;  
For I did not bring home the river and  
sky:  
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam—  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild up-  
roar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,  
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the  
cage;  
The gay enchantment was undone—  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—  
I leave it behind with the games of youth."  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;  
Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and of deity;  
Again I saw, again I heard,  
The rolling river, the morning bird;  
Beauty through my senses stole—  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE LOST CHURCH.

In yonder dim and pathless wood  
 Strange sounds are heard at twilight hour,  
 And peals of solemn music swell  
 As from some minster's lofty tower.  
 From age to age those sounds are heard,  
 Borne on the breeze at twilight hour—  
 From age to age no foot hath found  
 A pathway to the minster's tower!

Late, wandering in that ancient wood,  
 As onward through the gloom I trod,  
 From all the woes and wrongs of earth  
 My soul ascended to its God.  
 When lo! in the hushed wilderness  
 I heard, far off, that solemn bell:  
 Still, heavenward as my spirit soared,  
 Wilder and sweeter rang the knell.

While thus in holy musings wrapt,  
 My mind from outward sense withdrawn,  
 Some power had caught me from the earth,  
 And far into the heavens upborne.  
 Methought a hundred years had passed  
 In mystic visions as I lay—  
 When suddenly the parting clouds  
 Seemed opening wide, and far away.

No midday sun its glory shed,  
 The stars were shrouded from my sight;  
 And lo! majestic o'er my head,  
 A minster shone in solemn light.  
 High through the lurid heavens it seemed  
 Aloft on cloudy wings to rise,  
 Till all its pointed turrets gleamed,  
 Far flaming, through the vaulted skies!

The bell with full resounding peal  
 Rang booming through the rocking tower;  
 No hand had stirred its iron tongue,  
 Slow swaying to the storm-wind's power.  
 My bosom beating like a bark  
 Dashed by the surging ocean's foam,  
 I trod with faltering, fearful joy  
 The mazes of the mighty dome.

A soft light through the oriel streamed  
 Like summer moonlight's golden gloom,  
 Far through the dusky arches gleamed,  
 And filled with glory all the room.

Pale sculptures of the sainted dead  
 Seemed waking from their icy thrall;  
 And many a glory-circled head  
 Smiled sadly from the storied wall.

Low at the altar's foot I knelt,  
 Transfixed with awe, and dumb with dread  
 For, blazoned on the vaulted roof,  
 Were heaven's fiercest glories spread.  
 Yet when I raised my eyes once more,  
 The vaulted roof itself was gone—  
 Wide open was heaven's lofty door,  
 And every cloudy veil withdrawn!

What visions burst upon my soul,  
 What joys unutterable there  
 In waves on waves for ever roll  
 Like music through the pulseless air—  
 These never mortal tongue may tell:  
 Let him who fain would prove their power  
 Pause when he hears that solemn knell  
 Float on the breeze at twilight hour.

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German).  
 Paraphrase of SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

## THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the garden of love,  
 And saw what I never had seen;  
 A chapel was built in the midst,  
 Where I used to play on the green.

And the gate of this chapel was shut,  
 And "thou shalt not" writ over the door;  
 So I turned to the garden of love,  
 That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
 And tomb-stones where flowers should be;  
 And priests in black gowns were walking  
 their rounds,  
 And binding with briars my joys and de-  
 sires.

WILLIAM BLAKE

## THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl—  
 I love a prophet of the soul;  
 And on my heart monastic aisles  
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;  
 Yet not for all his faith can see,  
 Would I that cowed churchman be.  
 Why should the vest on him allure  
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
 Never from lips of cunning fell  
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
 Out from the heart of nature rolled  
 The burdens of the bible old;  
 The litanies of nations came,  
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
 Up from the burning core below—  
 The canticles of love and woe;  
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,\*  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
 Himself from God he could not free;  
 He builded better than he knew—  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's  
 nest

Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?  
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
 Painting with morn each annual cell?  
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
 To her old leaves new myriads?  
 Such and so grew these holy piles,  
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
 As the best gem upon her zone;  
 And morning opes with haste her lids  
 To gaze upon the pyramids;  
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
 As on its friends, with kindred eye:  
 For out of thought's interior sphere  
 These wonders rose to upper air;  
 And nature gladly gave them place,  
 Adopted them into her race,  
 And granted them an equal date  
 With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass—  
 Art might obey, but not surpass.  
 The passive master lent his hand  
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;  
 And the same power that reared the shrine  
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
 Ever the fiery Pentecost  
 Girds with one flame the countless host,  
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
 And through the priest the mind inspires.  
 The word unto the prophet spoken  
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
 The word by seers or sibyls told,  
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
 Still floats upon the morning wind,  
 Still whispers to the willing mind.  
 One accent of the Holy Ghost  
 The heedless world hath never lost.  
 I know what say the fathers wise—  
 The book itself before me lies—  
 Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,  
 And he who blent both in his line,  
 The younger golden lips or mines—  
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;  
 His words are music in my ear—  
 I see his cowed portrait dear;  
 And yet, for all his faith could see,  
 I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much-respected  
 friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,  
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and  
 praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless  
 ways—

What Aiken in a cottage would have been;  
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier  
 there, I ween.



November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;  
 The short'ning winter day is near a close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their re-  
 pose.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes—  
 This night his weekly toil is at an end—  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his  
 hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does  
 hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher thro'  
 To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and  
 glee.  
 His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnille,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wife's  
 smile,  
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,  
 An' makes him quite forget his labor and  
 his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in—  
 At service out, among the farmers roun';  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie  
 rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town.  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her  
 ee,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new  
 gown,  
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hard-  
 ship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,  
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed  
 fleet;  
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years—  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,  
 Gars auld claes look amainst as weel's the  
 new;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistresses' com-  
 mand

The youngers a' are warned to obey,  
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play  
 An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain that sought the  
 Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;  
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his  
 name,  
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae  
 wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben—  
 A strappan youth, he tak's the mother's  
 eye;  
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and  
 kye;  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel be-  
 have;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae  
 grave—  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected  
 like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond com-  
 pare!  
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure  
 spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents  
 the evening gale.

Is there, in human form that bears a heart,  
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling  
smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their  
child—  
Then paints the ruined maid, and their dis-  
traction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple  
board:  
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's  
food;

The soup their only hawkie does afford,  
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her  
cud;

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck  
fell,

An' aft he's pressed, and aft he ca's it good;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell  
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was  
i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion  
glide

He wales a portion with judicious care;

And "Let us worship God!" he says with  
solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest  
aim;

Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures  
rise,

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name;

Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame—  
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays;

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures  
raise—

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's  
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:  
How Abraham was the friend of God on  
high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging  
ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred  
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was  
shed;

How he, who bore in heaven the second  
name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;  
How his first followers and servants sped—

The precepts sage they wrote to many a  
land;

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced  
by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal king,  
The saint, the father, and the husband  
prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"  
That thus they all shall meet in future days;

There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear—

Together hymning their creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in ær  
eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride.  
In all the pomp of method and of art,

When men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's every grace except the heart!

The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;

But haply, in some cottage far apart,

May hear, well pleased, the language of the  
soul,  
And in his book of life the inmates poor  
enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to heaven the warm re-  
quest

That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide—  
But chiefly in their hearts with grace di-  
vine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur  
springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered  
abroad.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—  
"An honest man's the noblest work of  
God;"

And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.  
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness re-  
fined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is  
sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet  
content!

And, oh! may heaven their simple lives pre-  
vent

From luxury's contagion weak and vile!  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-  
loved isle.

O thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted  
heart—

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part—

(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art—  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot and the patriot bard  
In bright succession raise, her ornament  
and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

### HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
Its maker meant not should be trod  
By man, the image of his God  
Erect and free,  
Unscourged by superstition's rod  
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and  
missed,  
The lips repose our love has kissed:—  
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
Yon churchyard's bowers?  
No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;  
The spot where love's first links were wound  
That ne'er are riven,  
Is hallowed, down to earth's profound,  
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run molten still in memory's mould;  
And will not cool  
Until the heart itself be cold  
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap!—  
In dews that hallows far distant weep  
Their turf may bloom,  
Or genii twine beneath the deep  
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—

And is he dead whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?—  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?  
He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
And murder sullies in heaven's sight  
The sword he draws:—  
What can alone ennoble fight?  
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace  
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space!  
The colors planted face to face,  
The charging cheer,  
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To heaven!—But heaven rebukes my zeal.  
The cause of truth and human weal,  
O God above!  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To peace and love.

Peace! love!—the cherubim that join  
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not;  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
And pompous rites in domes august?  
See mouldering stones and metal's rust  
Belie the vaunt,  
That men can bless one pile of dust  
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!  
But there's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given  
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—  
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling,  
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
And God himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Made music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?  
Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above?  
Ye must be heavens that make us sure  
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time:  
That man's regenerate soul from crime  
Shall yet be drawn,  
And reason, on his mortal clime,  
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives  
birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—  
Peace! independence! truth! go forth,  
Earth's compass round;  
And your high priesthood shall make earth  
All hallowed ground!

THOMAS CAMPBELL

## THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will—  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death—  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from humors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend:



This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall—  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

### MAN.

My God, I heard this day  
That none doth build a stately habitation  
But he that means to dwell therein.  
What house more stately hath there been,  
Or can be, than is man, to whose creation  
All things are in decay?

For man is every thing,  
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;  
A beast, yet is, or should be, more—  
Reason and speech we only bring.  
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute—  
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry—  
Full of proportions, one limb to another,  
And all to all the world besides.  
Each part may call the farthest brother;  
For head with foot hath private amitie,  
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre  
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.  
His eyes dismount the highest starre;  
He is in little all the sphere.  
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they  
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,  
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and foun-  
tains flow.  
Nothing we see but means our good,  
As our delight, or as our treasure;  
The whole is either our cupboard of food  
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed—  
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne  
withdraws.  
Musick and light attend our head;  
All things unto our flesh are kinde  
In their descent and being—to our minde  
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:  
Waters united are our navigation—  
Distinguished, our habitation;  
Below, our drink—above, our meat;  
Both are our cleanness. Hath one such  
beautie?  
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man  
Than he'll take notice of. In every path  
He treads down that which doth befriend  
him  
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.  
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast  
So brave a palace built, oh dwell in it,  
That it may dwell with thee at last!  
Till then afford us so much wit  
That, as the world serves us, we may serve  
thee,  
And both thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### HEAVENLY WISDOM.

Oh happy is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice;

For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold,  
And her reward is more secure  
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years;  
And in her left the prize of fame  
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,  
In pleasure's path to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,  
 So her rewards increase;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

JOHN LOGAN.

### SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields, which lie  
 Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,  
 Yet chill with winter's melted snow,  
 The husbandman goes forth to sow:

Thus, freedom, on the bitter blast  
 The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
 And trust to warmer sun and rain  
 To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?  
 Who deems it not its own reward?  
 Who, for its trials, counts it less  
 A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield  
 The sickle in the ripened field;  
 Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
 The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
 In unison with God's great thought,  
 The near and future blend in one,  
 And whatsoever is willed is done!

And ours the grateful service whence  
 Comes, day by day, the recompense—  
 The hope, the trust, the purpose staid,  
 The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
 The only end and aim of man,  
 Better the toil of fields like these  
 Than waking dream and slothful ease.

Our life, though falling like our grain,  
 Like that revives and springs again;  
 And early called, how blest are they  
 Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOL-  
 LECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

#### I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and  
 stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light—  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore:  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen, I now can see  
 no more.

#### II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose;  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from  
 the earth.

#### III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief;  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong.  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the  
 steep—  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.  
 I hear the echoes through the mountains  
 throng;  
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity;  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday;—  
 Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou  
 happy shepherd boy!

## IV.

Ye blessed creatures ! I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal—  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.  
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines  
 warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
 —But there's a tree, of many one,  
 A single field which I have looked upon—  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone ;  
 The pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat.  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar.  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
 From God, who is our home.  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy ;  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it  
 flows—  
 He sees it in his joy.  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind ;  
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses—  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art—  
 A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral—  
 And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song.  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part—  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous  
 stage"  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That life brings with her in her equipage ;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy soul's immensity !  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind !—  
 Mighty prophet ! Seer blest,  
 On whom those truths do rest  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave !  
 Thou over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by !  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou pro-  
 voke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly  
freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX.

Oh joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!  
The thought of our past years in me doth  
breed  
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,  
For that which is most worthy to be blest—  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his  
breast—  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to  
make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,  
To perish never—  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither—  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
more.

## X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!  
We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May!  
What though the radiance which was once so  
bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the  
hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the  
flower—  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind:  
In the primal sympathy  
Which, having been, must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and  
groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves.  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks which down their channels  
fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as  
they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are  
won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—  
To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



## THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;  
 And sinking silently,  
 All silently, the little moon  
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
 But the cold light of stars;  
 And the first watch of night is given  
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
 The star of love and dreams?  
 Oh no! from that blue tent above  
 A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain;  
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
 But the cold light of stars:  
 I give the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
 He rises in my breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still,  
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm!

Oh fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## NIGHT.

WHEN I survey the bright  
 Celestial sphere,  
 So rich with jewels hung that night  
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,  
 And heavenward flies,  
 The Almighty's mysteries to read  
 In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
 Shoots forth no flame  
 So silent but is eloquent  
 In speaking the Creator's name;

No unregarded star  
 Contracts its light  
 Into so small character,  
 Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,  
 We shall discern  
 In it, as in some holy book,  
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror  
 That far-stretched power,  
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,  
 Is but the triumph of an hour—

That from the farthest north  
 Some nation may,  
 Yet undiscovered, issue forth,  
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway!

Some nation, yet shut in  
 With hills of ice,  
 May be let out to scourge his sin,  
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And they likewise shall  
 Their ruin have;  
 For as yourselves your empires fall,  
 And every kingdom hath a grave,

There those celestial fires,  
Though seeming mute,  
The fallacy of our desires  
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first  
The world had birth,  
And found sin in itself accurst,  
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

### THE STURDY ROCK, FOR ALL HIS STRENGTH.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,  
By raging seas is rent in twain;  
The marble stone is pierced at length  
With little drops of drizzling rain;  
The ox doth yield unto the yoke;  
The steel obey'th the hammer stroke;

The stately stag, that seems so stout,  
By yelping hounds at bay is set;  
The swiftest bird that flies about  
Is caught at length in fowler's net;  
The greatest fish in deepest brook  
Is soon deceived with subtle hook;

Yea! man himself, unto whose will  
All things are bounden to obey,  
For all his wit and worthy skill  
Doth fade at length, and fall away:  
There is no thing but time doth waste—  
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphing still  
Upon the throne of glorious fame;  
Though spiteful death man's body kill,  
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.  
By life or death, whatso betides,  
The state of virtue never slides.

ANONYMOUS.

### VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky!  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye!  
Thy root is ever in its grave—  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses  
A box where sweets compacted lie!  
Thy music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate—  
Death lays his icy hands on kings;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield—  
They tame but one another still;  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon death's purple altar, now,  
See where the victor victim bleeds!  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb—

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

## THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is  
 still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness  
 prove,  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the  
 hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the  
 grove,  
 'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit  
 began;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:  
 "Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and  
 woe,  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay—  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee  
 to mourn!  
 Oh soothe him, whose pleasures like thine  
 pass away!  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never re-  
 turn.  
 "Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon, half extinguished, her crescent dis-  
 plays;  
 But lately I marked when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her  
 blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pur-  
 sue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again!  
 But man's faded glory what change shall re-  
 new?  
 Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!  
 "T is night, and the landscape is lovely no  
 more.  
 I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for  
 you;  
 For morn is approaching your charms to re-  
 store,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering  
 with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn—  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering  
 urn?  
 Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the  
 grave?  
 "'T was thus, by the glare of false science be-  
 trayed,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam from shade on-  
 ward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,  
 'Thy creature, who fain would not wander  
 from thee!  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only  
 canst free.'  
 "And darkness and doubt are now flying  
 away;  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See truth, love, and mercy in triumph de-  
 scending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses  
 are blending,  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

JAMES BEATTIE.

## THE STRIFE.

THE wish that of the living whole  
 No life may fall beyond the grave—  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likest God within the soul?  
 Are God and nature then at strife,  
 That nature lends such evil dreams?  
 So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life,  
 That I, considering every where  
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
 And finding that of fifty seeds  
 She often brings but one to bear—

I falter where I firmly trod;  
 And, falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs,  
 That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I fee. is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David!  
 He, a negro and enslaved—  
 Sang of Israel's victory,  
 Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
 Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist,  
 In a voice so sweet and clear  
 That I could not choose but hear—

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
 Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
 When upon the Red Sea coast  
 Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
 Filled my soul with strange emotion;  
 For its tones by turns were glad,  
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
 Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen;  
 And an earthquake's arm of might  
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel  
 Brings the slave this glad evangel?  
 And what earthquake's arm of might  
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE SLEEP

OF all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward unto souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
 Now tell me if that any is  
 For gift or grace surpassing this—  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?  
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved—  
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—  
 The senate's shout to patriot's vows—  
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?  
 A little faith, all undisproved—  
 A little dust to overweep—  
 And bitter memories, to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake!--  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
 But have no tune to charm away  
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep  
 But never doleful dream again  
 Shall break the happy slumber when  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
 O men, with wailing in your voices!  
 O delved gold the wailers' heap!  
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
 God makes a silence through you all,  
 "And giveth his beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
 His cloud above it saileth still,  
 Though on its slope men toil and reap.  
 More softly than the dew is shed,  
 Or cloud is floated overhead,  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan  
 A living, thinking, feeling man  
 In such a rest his heart to keep;  
 But angels say—and through the word  
 I wear their blessed smile is heard—  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."



For me, my heart that erst did go  
 Most like a tired child at a show,  
 That sees through tears the juggler's leap,  
 Would now its wearied vision close—  
 Would, childlike, on His love repose  
 Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends!—dear freinds!—when it shall be  
 That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,  
 Let one, most loving of you all,  
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall"—  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### AN OLD POET TO SLEEP.

No god to mortals oftener descends  
 Than thou, O sleep! yet thee the sad alone  
 Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.  
 Some thou invitest to explore the sands  
 Left by Pactolus; some to climb up higher.  
 Where points ambition to the pomps of war;  
 Others thou watchest while they tighten  
 obes

Which law throws round them loose, and  
 they meanwhile

Wink at a judge, and he the wink returns.  
 Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more  
 And leadest where unruffled rivers flow,  
 Or azure lakes 'neath azure skies expand.  
 These have no wider wishes, and no fears,  
 Unless a fear, in turning to molest  
 The silent, solitary, stately swan,  
 Disdaining the garrulity of groves  
 Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes,  
 Gentlest of gods! and age appeared far off  
 While thou wast standing close above the  
 couch,

And whispered'st, in whisper not unheard,  
 "I now depart from thee, but leave behind  
 My own twin-brother, friendly as myself,  
 Who soon shall take my place; men call him  
 Death.

Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do;  
 In sooth, why shouldst thou? What man hast  
 thou wronged

By deed or word? Few dare ask this within."

There was a pause; then suddenly said  
 Sleep,  
 "He whom I named approacheth, so fare-  
 well."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### SLEEP.

WEEP ye no more, sad fountains!  
 What need you flow so fast?  
 Look how the snowy mountains  
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.  
 But my sun's heavenly eyes  
 View not your weeping,  
 That now lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling—  
 A rest that peace begets;  
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,  
 When fair at even he sets?  
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes—  
 Melt not in weeping,  
 While she lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND

### LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE and Death are sisters fair;  
 Yes, they are a lovely pair.  
 Life is sung in joyous song;  
 While men do her sister wrong,  
 Calling her severe and stern,  
 While her heart for them doth burn;  
 Weave, then, weave a grateful wreath,  
 For the sisters Life and Death.

If fair Life her sister lost,  
 On a boundless ocean tost,  
 She would rove in great unrest,  
 Missing that warm loving breast.  
 Now, when scared by wild alarms,  
 She can seek her sister's arms—  
 To that tender bosom flee,  
 Sink to sleep in ecstasy.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade  
 Of Windsor forest's deepest glade,  
 A dying woman lay;  
 Three little children round her stood,  
 And there went up from the greenwood  
 A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,  
 "O mother, mother! do not die,  
 And leave us all alone."  
 "My blessed babes!" she tried to say—  
 But the faint accents died away  
 In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,  
 And fast and strong she drew her breath,  
 And up she raised her head;  
 And, peering through the deep wood maze  
 With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,  
 "Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,  
 A little maid's light form was seen,  
 All breathless with her speed;  
 And, following close, a man came on  
 (A portly man to look upon),  
 Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,  
 Or e'er she reached the woman's side,  
 And kissed her clay-cold cheek—  
 "I have not idled in the town,  
 But long went wandering up and down,  
 The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there—  
 I think they mocked me everywhere;  
 And when I found his home,  
 And begged him on my bended knee  
 To bring his book and come with me,  
 Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,  
 And could not go in peace away  
 Without the minister;  
 I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,  
 But oh! my heart was fit to break—  
 Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,  
 I ran back, fast as fast could be,  
 To come again to you;  
 And here—close by—this squire I met,  
 Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;  
 And when I told him true,—

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,  
 'God sends me to this dying bed'—  
 Mother, he's here, hard by."  
 While thus the little maiden spoke,  
 The man, his back against an oak,  
 Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,  
 With quivering flank and trembling knee,  
 Pressed close his bonny bay;  
 A statelier man—a statelier steed—  
 Never on greensward paced, I rede,  
 Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,  
 The man, his back against an oak,  
 Looked on with glistening eye  
 And folded arms, and in his look  
 Something that, like a sermon-book,  
 Preached—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face  
 Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,  
 He stepped to where she lay;  
 And, kneeling down, bent over her,  
 Saying—"I am a minister,  
 My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole  
 (God's words were printed on his soul!)  
 Into the dying ear  
 He breathed, as 't were an angel's strain,  
 The things that unto life pertain,  
 And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,  
 In Christ renewed, regenerate—  
 Of God's most blest decree,  
 That not a single soul should die  
 Who turns repentant, with the cry  
 "Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,  
 Endured but for a little while

In patience, faith, and love—  
 Sure, in God's own good time, to be  
 Exchanged for an eternity  
 Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebbed away—  
 He raised his hands and eyes to pray  
 That peaceful it might pass;  
 And then—the orphans' sobs alone  
 Were heard, and they knelt, every one,  
 Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes  
 Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,  
 Who reined their coursers back,  
 Just as they found the long astray,  
 Who, in the heat of chase that day,  
 Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,  
 And lighted down, as if agreed,  
 In silence at his side;  
 And there, uncovered all, they stood—  
 It was a wholesome sight and good  
 That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land  
 Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band;  
 And, central in the ring,  
 By that dead pauper on the ground,  
 Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
 Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT AND CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

### KING DEATH.

KING Death was a rare old fellow!  
 He sat where no sun could shine;  
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,  
 And poured out his coal-black wine.  
*Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!*

There came to him many a maiden  
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,  
 And widows, with grief o'erladen,  
 For a draught of his sleepy wine.  
*Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!*

The scholar left all his learning;  
 The poet his fancied woes;  
 And the beauty her bloom returning,  
 Like life to the fading rose.  
*Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!*

All came to the rare old fellow,  
 Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,  
 As he gave them his hand so yellow,  
 And pledged them in Death's black wine.  
*Hurrah! Hurrah!*  
*Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID  
 TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead past bury its dead!  
 Act—act in the living present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### "MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD."

My days among the dead are passed;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old;  
 My never-failing friends are they,  
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
 And seek relief in woe;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe,  
 My cheeks have often been bedewed  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
 I live in long-past years;  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
 Partake their hopes and fears,  
 And from their lessons seek and find  
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon  
 My place with them will be,  
 And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all futurity:  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count  
 The moments flying;  
 Come—tell the sweet amount  
 That's lost by sighing!  
 How many smiles?—a score?  
 Then laugh, and count no more;  
 For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,  
 And no more measure  
 The flight of time, nor weep  
 The loss of leisure;

But here, by this lone stream,  
 Lie down with us, and dream  
 Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same;  
 We love—for ever;  
 We laugh, yet few we shame—  
 The gentle never.  
 Stay, then, till sorrow dies;  
 Then—hope and happy skies  
 Are thine for ever!

BARRY CORNWALL

### LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;  
 We love; we droop; we die!  
 Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?  
 Why do we live or die?  
 Who knows that secret deep?  
 Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
 Unseen by human eye?  
 Why do the radiant seasons bring  
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?  
 Why do our fond hearts cling  
 To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;  
 We fight—and fly;  
 We love; we lose; and then, ere long,  
 Stone-dead we lie.  
 O life! is all thy song  
 "Endure and—die?"

BARRY CORNWALL

### AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,  
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
 An angel came to us, and we could bear  
 To see him issue from the silent air  
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours  
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
 News of dear friends, and children who have  
 never  
 Been dead indeed—as we shall know. for-  
 ever.



Alas! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;  
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart  
sings

In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

### KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaigne,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*;"

And slowly lifting up his kingly head,  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" the clerk made  
answer meet;

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
"Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my  
throne!"

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no  
light,

Save where the lamps that glimmered, few  
and faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was  
locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and com-  
plaints,

And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their  
stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of  
prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is  
there?"

Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely  
said,

"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a  
curse,

"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"  
Turned the great key and flung the portal  
wide;

A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor  
spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaigne,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with  
mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;  
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in  
his rage

To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding  
stair,

His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless  
speed;

Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with per-  
fume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and  
height,

But all transfigured with angelic light!  
It was an angel; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,  
Who met his looks of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes;  
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st  
thou here?"

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,  
"I am the king, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their  
swords;

The angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester;  
thou

Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped  
cape,

And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and  
prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down the  
stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange  
alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the  
king!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first  
beam,

He said within himself, "It was a dream!"  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their  
stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched  
ape.

It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned  
again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;  
Under the angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning  
breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear  
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are  
shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to  
scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.  
And when the angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the  
king!"

Almost three years were ended; when there  
came

Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and  
the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind.

King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they  
went.

The pope received them with great pomp,  
and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the angel unawares,  
Robert, the jester, bursting through the  
crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud :  
"I am the king! Look and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your  
eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;  
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange  
sport

To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of an angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor  
saw;

He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending  
heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on his throne in his great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire.  
And when they were alone, the angel said—  
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down  
his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his  
breast,

And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest  
best!

My sins are scarlet red; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones that pave the way to  
heaven

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"  
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and  
clear,

They heard the monks chant in the chapel  
near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street:  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree!"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the  
throne,

Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
But all apparelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
And when his courtiers came they found him  
there

Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent  
prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered  
To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall:

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door—  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine ;

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood—

E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past—and man forgot !

HENRY KING.

### MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—  
E'en such is man ;—whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes—and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearly dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan—  
E'en such is man ;—who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.—  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
The hour is short, the span is long,  
The swan's near death—man's life is done !

SIMON WASTELL.

### SONNET.

OF mortal glory, O soon darkened ray !  
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind !  
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray !  
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments  
blind !  
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away  
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each  
mind,  
And, with that sun from whence it came  
combined,



Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.

Let beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears;  
Let widowed music only roar and groan;  
Poor virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres,

For dwelling-place on earth for thee is none!  
Death hath thy temple razed, love's empire foiled,

The world of honor, worth, and sweetness spoiled.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

### LINES ON A SKELETON.

BENOLD this ruin!—'T was a skull

Once of ethereal spirit full!

This narrow cell was life's retreat;

This space was thought's mysterious seat;

What beauteous pictures filled this spot—

What dreams of pleasures long forgot!

Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,

Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy

Once shone the bright and busy eye;

But start not at the dismal void;—

If social love that eye employed,

If with no lawless fire it gleamed,

But through the dew of kindness beamed,

That eye shall be forever bright

When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung

The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:

If falsehood's honey it disdained,

And, where it could not praise, was chained—

If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,

Yet gentle concord never broke,

That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee

When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,

Or with its envied rubies shine?

To hew the rock or wear the gem

Can nothing now avail to them;

But if the page of truth they sought,

Or comfort to the mourner brought,

These hands a richer meed shall claim

Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod

These feet the path of duty trod?

If from the bowers of joy they fled

To soothe affliction's humble bed—

If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,

And home to virtue's lap returned,

Those feet with angel's wings shall vie,

And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

### HYMN OF THE CHURCH-YARD.

AH me! this is a sad and silent city:

Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey

Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!

Where are its children? where their glee-  
some play?

Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,—

Their playthings are thrown by, and they  
asleep.

This is pale beauty's bower; but where the  
beautiful,

Whom I have seen come forth at evening's  
hours,

Leading their aged friends, with feelings du-  
tiful,

Amid the wreaths of spring to gather flow-  
ers?

Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of  
death,

And those who once were sweetest sleep be-  
neath.

This is a populous place; but where the  
bustling—

The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—

The lookers-on,—the snowy garments rust-  
ling,—

The money-changers, and the men of art  
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,  
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are  
they,—

The rich, the great, the glorious, and the  
wise?

Where are the trappings of the proud, the  
gay,—

The gaudy guise of human butterflies?

Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,  
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose.

Where are the poor, the old, the weary  
wight,  
The scorned, the humble, and the man of  
woes,  
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for  
night?  
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they  
sleep  
Beside their scorers, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom: where are the  
gloomy?

The gloomy are not citizens of death—  
Approach and look, where the long grass is  
plummy;  
See them above! they are not found be-  
neath!  
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,  
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic  
smiles.

This is a place of sorrow: friends have met  
And mingled tears o'er those who answered  
not;  
And where are they whose eyelids then were  
wet?  
Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all for-  
got;  
They, too, are landed in this silent city,  
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor  
pity.

This is a place of fear: the firmest eye  
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;  
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects  
high,  
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,  
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,  
And long to end his painful journey here.

JOHN BETHUNE.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When  
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow  
house,

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at  
heart—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid with many  
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall  
claim

Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements—  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The  
oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy  
mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie  
down

With patriarchs of the infant world—with  
kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the  
good—

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the  
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between—  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured  
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that  
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are  
there;

And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall  
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall  
come

And make their bed with thee. As the long  
train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who  
goes

In the full strength of years—matron, and  
maid,

And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed  
man,—

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to  
join

The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall  
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained  
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

### OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther  
side,

The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing  
tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own  
blue;

He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal  
view.

We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see:  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;

We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;

We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:

Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and  
pale;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning  
hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for  
aye.

We may not sunder the vail apart

That hides from our vision the gates of  
day;

We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's  
oar;

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman  
pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

### THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,  
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;—  
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?  
And where, insidious death! thy sting?

Farewell conflicting joys and fears,  
Where light and shade alternate dwell!  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears;—  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While heaven and earth combine to say  
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!"

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary  
way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to  
me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the  
sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning  
flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon com-  
plain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's  
shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a moulder-  
ing heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw  
built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly  
bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall  
burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy  
stroke!



Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er  
 gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.—  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies  
 raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and  
 fretted vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of  
 praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial  
 fire—  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have  
 swayed,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er un-  
 roll;  
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless  
 breast,  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood—  
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's  
 blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes  
 confined—

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a  
 throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to  
 hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-  
 ture decked,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlet-  
 tered muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply;  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look be-  
 hind?

On some fold breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored  
 dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of  
 dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,  
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so  
high,  
His listless length at noontide would he  
stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles  
by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in  
scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would  
rove—  
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one for-  
lorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless  
love.

One morn I missed him on the custom'd  
hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite  
tree;  
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was  
he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw  
him borne:—  
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the  
lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged  
thorn."

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere—  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from heaven ('t was all he  
wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread  
abode—  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.



## PART X.

### POEMS OF RELIGION.

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Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!  
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear—  
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,  
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer?

Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,  
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!  
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower  
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,  
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ;  
There cannot be a creature more divine,  
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high  
God hath raised man, since God a man became;  
The angels do admire this mystery,  
And are astonished when they view the same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,  
Nor made them on the body's life depend:  
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,  
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.





## POEMS OF RELIGION.

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### DARKNESS IS THINNING.

DARKNESS is thinning; shadows are retreating:  
 Morning and light are coming in their beauty.

Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,  
 God the Almighty!

So that our Master, having mercy on us,  
 May repel languor, may bestow salvation,  
 Granting us, Father, of Thy loving kindness  
 Glory hereafter!

This of His mercy, ever blessed Godhead,  
 Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us—  
 Whom through the wide world celebrate for  
 ever

Blessing and glory!

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT. (Latin.)

Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

### RULES AND LESSONS.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun.  
 The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and  
 leave  
 Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.  
 Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt  
 thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun. Prayer shou'd  
 Dawn with the day. There are set, awful  
 hours  
 'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not  
 good  
 After sun-rising; far-day sullies flow'ers.

Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,  
 And heaven's gate opens when this world's  
 is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the  
 hush  
 And whispers amongst them. There's not a  
 spring

Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each  
 bush  
 And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not  
 sing?

O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,  
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go,  
 Until thou hast a blessing; then resign  
 The whole unto Him; and remember who  
 Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.  
 Pour oyle upon the stones; weep for thy  
 sin;

Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's  
 youth,

Man's resurrection, and the future's bud  
 Shroud in their births; the crown of life,  
 light, truth

Is still'd their starre, the stone, and hidden  
 food.

Three blessings wait upon them, two of  
 which

Should move: they make us holy, happy,  
 rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm  
 abroad,

Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each  
 clay;

Dispatch necessities ; life bath a load  
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.  
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the  
heart

Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and dis-  
course,

Let mildness and religion guide thee out ;  
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force ?  
But what 's not good and just ne'er go about.  
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick ;  
That gain is dreadful which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true ;  
If priest and people change, keep thou thy  
ground.

Who sels religion is a Judas Jew ;  
And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be  
sound.

The perjurer 's a devil let loose : what can  
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and  
man ?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd ;  
stick thou

To thy sure trot ; a constant, humble mind  
Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too ;  
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.  
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul  
Out-runs the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart ;  
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap ;  
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,  
For honesty is safe, come what can hap ;  
It is the good man's feast, the prince of  
flowres,

Which thrives in storms, and smels best after  
showres.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor ; but give  
Proportion to their merits, and thy purse :  
Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince relieve,  
Who, when thy sins call for 't, can fence a  
curse.

Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters  
stray,

The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,  
For tears are not thine own ; if thou giv'st  
words,

Dash not with them thy friend, nor heav'n ;  
O smother

A viperous thought ; some syllables are  
swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their penance double ;  
They shame their owners, and their hearers  
trouble.

In jure not modest bloud, while spirits rise  
In judgement against lewdness ; that 's base  
wit,

That voyds but filth and stench. Hast thou  
no prize

But sickness or infection ? stifle it.  
Who makes his jest of sins, must be at least,  
If not a very devill, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed ;  
But meet to quench his longings and thy  
thirst ;

Allow your joyes religion ; that done, speed,  
And bring the same man back thou wert at  
first.

Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,  
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all  
night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low  
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'r  
thou hast,

Observe God in His works ; here fountains  
flow,

Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th'  
earth stands fast ;

Above are restles motions, running lights,  
Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

When seasons change, then lay before thine  
eyes

His wondrous method ; mark the various  
scenes

In heav'n ; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow,  
and ice,

Calmes, tempests, light, and darkness by His  
means.

Thou canst not misse His praise : each tree,  
herb, flowre,

Are shadows of His wisdom and His pow'r.

To meales when thou doest come, give Him  
the praise

Whose arm supply'd thee ; take what may  
suffice,

And then be thankful; O admire His ways  
Who fills the world's unempty'd granaries!  
A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast  
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays; provide  
Thee other thoughts; away with friends and  
mirth;

The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to  
hide

Under the dark and melancholy earth.  
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the man  
Whose rise, height, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all  
Thy beams home with thee; trim thy lamp,  
buy oyl,

And then set forth: who is thus drest, the fall  
Further his glory, and gives death the foyl.  
Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire  
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain  
the way

'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with  
delays;

But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say,  
"Ther's one sun more strung on my bead of  
days."

What's good score up for joy; the bad well  
seann'd

Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's  
hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave  
one houre

Before thy time; be not a stranger there,  
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's  
poor flow'r

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear  
This conversation; but the good man lyes  
Intombed many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, close not thy  
eyes

Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing  
In some good thoughts; so when the day shall  
rise,

And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will  
bring

New flames; besides where these lodge, vain  
heats mourn

And die; that bush, where God is, shall not  
burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake  
In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark outvies  
Two in the day; then from the damps and ake  
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste; God  
prys

Through thickest nights; though then the  
sun be far,

Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, doe as thou would'st be done unto,  
Love God, and love thy neighbour; watch,  
and pray.

These are the words and works of life; this do.  
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost  
heav'n's way.

O lose it not! look up, wilt change those  
lights

For chains of darknes and eternal nights?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

#### THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

SING aloud! His praise rehearse,  
Who hath made the universe.  
He the boundless heavens has spread,  
All the vital orbs has kned;  
He that on Olympus high  
Tends His flock with watchful eye;  
And this eye has multiplied  
Midst each flock for to reside.  
Thus, as round about they stray,  
Toucheth each with outstretched ray.  
Nimbly they hold on their way,  
Shaping out their night and day.  
Never slack they; none respire,  
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,  
Echoes sweet be gently drove  
Through heaven's vast hollowness,  
Which unto all comers press—  
Music, that the heart of Jove  
Moves to joy and sportful love,  
Fills the listening sailor's ears,  
Riding on the wandering spheres.  
Neither speech nor language is  
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong—  
Witness all the creature-throng—  
Is confessed by every tongue.  
All things back from whence they sprung,



As the thankful rivers pay  
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now, myself, I do resign;  
Take me whole, I all am Thine.  
Save me, God! from self-desire,  
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire  
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;  
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I'll sing,  
Loudly sweep the trembling string.  
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,  
Freed from vain religions!  
Lo! from far I you salute,  
Sweetly warbling on my lute—  
India, Egypt, Araby,  
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,  
Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,  
With the Mountains of the Moon,  
From whence muddy Nile doth run;  
Or, wherever else you won,  
Breathing in one vital air—  
One we are though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice!  
Odors sweet perfume the skies.  
See how heavenly lightning fires  
Hearts inflamed with high aspires;  
All the substance of our souls  
Up in clouds of incense rolls!  
Leave we nothing to ourselves  
Save a voice—what need we else?  
Or a hand to wear and tire  
On the thankful lute or lyre.

Sing aloud! His praise rehearse  
Who hath made the universe.

HENRY MORE.

#### THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! Thy wonders do not singly stand,  
Nor far removed where feet have seldom  
strayed;

Around us ever lies the enchanted land,  
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed;  
In finding Thee are all things round us found;  
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;  
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices  
sound;

And to our eyes the vision is denied;  
We wander in the country far remote,

Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;  
Or on the records of past greatness dote,  
And for a buried soul the living sell;  
While on our path bewildered falls the night  
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

#### THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need—  
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The works of God, above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Father's love;  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like His grace:  
It steals in silence down;  
But where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the earth and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee  
And read Thee every where.

JOHN KEBLE

#### FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ETERNAL source of every joy!  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
While in Thy temple we appear  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole;  
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores  
And winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With opening light and evening shade.

Here in Thy house shall incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;  
Still will we make Thy mercies known,  
Around Thy board, and round our own.

Oh may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;  
And in those brighter courts adore  
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

#### MARK THE SOFT-FALLING SNOW."

MARK the soft-falling snow,  
And the diffusive rain:  
To heaven from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again,  
But waters earth  
Through every pore,  
And calls forth all  
Its secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beast is fed  
By Providence divine;  
The harvest bows  
Its golden ears,  
The copious seed  
Of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,  
"My gospel shall descend—  
Almighty to effect  
The purpose I intend;

●Millions of souls  
Shall feel its power,  
And bear it down  
To millions more.

"Joy shall begin your march,  
And peace protect your ways,  
While all the mountains round  
Echo melodious praise;  
The vocal groves  
Shall sing the God,  
And every tree  
Consenting nod."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

#### AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine  
"The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

## EVENING.

FATHER! by Thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour :  
Light has vanished, labors cease,  
Weary creatures rest in peace.

Thou, whose genial dews distil  
On the lowliest weed that grows,  
Father! guard our couch from ill,  
Lull Thy children to repose.  
We to Thee ourselves resign,  
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour! to Thy Father bear  
This our feeble evening prayer ;  
Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
We, like sheep, have gone astray :  
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,  
Wishes to Thy cross untrue,  
Secret faults, and undescried,  
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view,  
Blessed Saviour! yet through Thee  
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit! breath of balm !  
Fall on us in evening's calm :  
Yet awhile before we sleep  
We with Thee will vigils keep ;  
Lead us on our sins to muse,  
Give us truest penitence,  
Then the love of God infuse,  
Breathing humble confidence ;  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Softens, strengthen, comfort still !

Blessed Trinity! be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear ;  
When the help of man is far,  
Ye more clearly present are :  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Watch o'er our defenceless head,  
Let your angels' guardian host,  
Keep all evil from our bed,  
Till the flood of morning's rays  
Wake us to a song of praise.

ANONYMOUS.

## IN A CLEAR STARRY NIGHT.

A HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF  
BELIEVERS.

LOED! when those glorious lights I see  
With which Thou hast adorned the skies,  
Observing how they moved be,  
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,

Methinks it is too large a grace,  
But that Thy love ordained it so—  
That creatures in so high a place  
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there  
In size and lustre doth exceed  
The noblest of Thy creatures here,  
And of our friendship hath no need.

Yet these upon mankind attend,  
For secret aid, or public light ;  
And from the world's extremest end  
Repair unto us every night.

Oh! had that stamp been undefaced  
Which first on us Thy hand had set,  
How highly should we have been graced,  
Since we are so much honored yet.

Good God, for what but for the sake  
Of Thy beloved and only Son,  
Who did on Him our nature take,  
Were these exceeding favors done!

As we by Him have honored been,  
Let us to Him due honors give ;  
Let His uprightness hide our sin,  
And let us worth from Him receive.

Yea, so let us by grace improve  
What Thou by nature doth bestow,  
That to Thy dwelling-place above  
We may be raised from below.

GEORGE WITHER

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

## I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring—  
For so the holy sages once did sing—

That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual  
peace.

## II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty  
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-  
table

To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mor-  
tal clay.

## III.

Say, heavenly muse! shall not thy sacred  
vein

Afford a present to the infant God?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn  
strain,

To welcome Him to this His new abode—

Now while the heaven, by the sun's team  
untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching  
light,

And all the spangled host keep watch in  
squadrons bright?

## IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!  
Oh! run prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,  
From out His secret altar touched with hal-  
lowed fire.

## THE HYMN.

## I.

It was the winter wild  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger  
lies—

Nature, in awe to Him,  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great master so to sympathize;  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty para-  
mour.

## II.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent  
snow,

And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw—  
Confounded that her maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformi-  
ties.

## III.

But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed peace;

She, crowned with olive green, came softly  
sliding

Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds divid-  
ing;

And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea  
and land.

## IV.

Nor war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around—

The idle spear and shield were high up-  
hung;

The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed  
throng;

And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord  
was by.



## v.

But peaceful was the night  
 Wherein the prince of light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began;  
 The winds, with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kissed,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
 charmed wave.

## vi.

The stars with deep amaze  
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influence;  
 And will not take their flight  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid  
 them go.

## vii.

And though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted  
 speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlightened world no more should  
 need;  
 He saw a greater sun appear  
 Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree  
 could bear.

## viii.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or e'er the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
 Full little thought they then  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy  
 keep.

## ix.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet  
 As never was by mortal finger strook—  
 Divinely-warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took;  
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each  
 heavenly close.

## x.

Nature, that heard such sound  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last ful-  
 filling;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier  
 union.

## xi.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shamefaced night  
 arrayed;  
 The helmed cherubim  
 And sworded seraphim  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings  
 displayed,  
 Harping in loud and solemn choir,  
 With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-  
 born heir—

## xii.

Such music (as 't is said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges  
 hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy  
 channel keep.

## xiii.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time,  
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ  
 blow;

And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic sym-  
phony.

## XIV.

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of  
gold;  
And speckled vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly  
mould;  
And hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the  
peering day.

## XV.

Yea, truth and justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories  
wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down  
steering;  
And heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace  
hall.

## XVI.

But wisest fate says No—  
This must not yet be so;  
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss,  
So both Himself and us to glorify.  
Yet first to those ye chained in sleep  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder  
through the deep,

## XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds  
out-brake;  
The aged earth, aghast  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake—  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread  
his throne.

## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is—  
But now begins; for from this happy day  
The old dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX.

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words  
deceiving;  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
leaving;  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the pro-  
phetic cell.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
thickets mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The lars and lemures moan with midnight  
plaint;  
In urns and altars round  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamens at their service  
quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power foregoes his  
wonted seat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;

And mooned Ashtaroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn—  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded  
 Thammuz mourn.

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
 In vain, with cymbals' ring,  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast—  
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis—haste.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
 Trampling the unshowered grass with  
 lowings loud;  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest—  
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his  
 shroud;  
 In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-  
 shipped ark.

## XXV.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded infant's hand—  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide—  
 Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;  
 Our babe, to show His God-head true,  
 Can in His swaddling bands control the  
 damned crew.

## XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,  
 Curtained with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail—  
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several  
 grave;

And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their  
 moon-loved maze.

## XXVII.

But see the virgin blest  
 Hath laid her babe to rest—  
 Time is our tedious song should here have  
 ending;  
 Heaven's youngest teemed star  
 Hath fixed her polished car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp  
 attending;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order service-  
 able.

JOHN MILTON.

## EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-  
 ing,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
 aid!  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!  
 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
 Low lies His bed with the beasts of the  
 stall;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—  
 Maker, and monarch, and Saviour of all.  
 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
 ocean—  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the  
 mine?  
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would His favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
 aid!  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

REGINALD HEBEL.

## MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song—  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire  
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times the bard begun:  
A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!  
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the  
skies!

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall  
aid—

From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds  
shall fail;

Returning justice lift aloft her scale,  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white-robed innocence from heaven de-  
scend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected  
morn!

Oh spring to light! auspicious babe, be born!  
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to  
bring,

With all the incense of the breathing spring!  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;  
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—  
The rocks proclaim the approaching deity.  
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending  
skies!

Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys,  
rise!

With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!  
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give  
way!

The Saviour comes! by ancient bards fore-  
told—

Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!

He from thick films shall purge the visual  
ray,

And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;  
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall  
clear,

And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;  
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch  
forego,

And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall  
hear—

From every face He wipes off every tear.  
In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep di-  
rects,

By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
The tender lambs He raises in His arms—  
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom  
warms:

Thus shall mankind His guardian care en-  
gage—

The promised father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the  
field;

The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;  
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush  
nods;

Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with  
thorn,

The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;  
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed;  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the ver-  
dant mead,

And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;



The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents liek the pilgrim's  
feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—  
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forked tongue shall innocent-  
ly play.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem,  
rise!

Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
kings,

And heaped with products of Sabea springs!  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains  
glow.

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,  
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall  
shine

Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke de-  
cay,

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fixed His word, His saving power re-  
mains;

Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah  
reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

#### TWELFTH DAY, OR THE EPIPHANY.

THAT so Thy blessed birth, O Christ,  
Might through the world be spread about,  
Thy star appeared in the east,  
Whereby the Gentiles found Thee out;  
And offering Thee myrrh, incense, gold,  
Thy three-fold office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus, let that star of Thine—  
Thy grace, which guides to find out Thee—  
Within our hearts for ever shine,  
That Thou of us found out mayst be;  
And Thou shalt be our king therefore,  
Our priest and prophet evermore.

Tears that from true repentance drop,  
Instead of myrrh, present will we;  
For incense we will offer up  
Our prayers and praises unto Thee;  
And bring for gold each pious deed  
Which doth from saving grace proceed.

And as those wise men never went  
To visit Herod any more;  
So, finding Thee, we will repent  
Our courses followed heretofore;  
And that we homeward may retire,  
The way by Thee we will inquire.

GEORGE WITHER.

#### LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA  
VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

WHILE young John runs to greet  
The greater infant's feet,  
The mother standing by, with trembling  
passion  
Of devout admiration,  
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and  
pretty adoration;  
Nor knows as yet the full event  
Of those so low beginnings  
From whence we date our winnings,  
But wonders at the intent  
Of those new rites, and what that strange  
child-worship meant.

But at her side  
An angel doth abide,  
With such a perfect joy  
As no dim doubts alloy—  
An intuition,  
A glory, an amenity,  
Passing the dark condition  
Of blind humanity,  
As if he surely knew  
All the blest wonders should ensue,

Or he had lately left the upper sphere,  
And had read all the sovereign schemes  
and divine riddles there.

CHARLES LAMB.

# THE REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed—  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared  
While sun and moon endure—  
Beloved, obeyed, revered;  
For He shall judge the poor,  
Through changing generations,  
With justice, mercy, truth,  
While stars maintain their stations  
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth;  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee,  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see;  
With offerings of devotion  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows, ascend—  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end;  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever;  
That name to us is—love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## "JESUS SHALL REIGN."

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run,—  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet  
To pay their homage at His feet,  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS

## PASSION SUNDAY.

THE royal banners forward go :  
The cross shines forth in mystic glow ;  
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid—

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,  
Life's torrent rushing from His side,  
To wash us in that precious flood  
Where mingled water flowed and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told  
In true prophetic song of old :  
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,  
Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree of light!  
O tree with royal purple dight!  
Elect on whose triumphal breast  
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,  
The weight of this world's ransom hung—  
The price of human kind to pay,  
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, eternal three in one,  
Let homage meet by all be done,  
Whom by the cross Thou dost restore,  
Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS (Latn.)

Anonymous Translation.

— ♦ —

GETHSEMANE.

JESUS, while He dwelt below,  
As divine historians say,  
To a place would often go—  
Near to Kedron's brook it lay  
In this place He loved to be,  
And 't was named Gethsemane.

'T was a garden, as we read,  
At the foot of Olivet—  
Low, and proper to be made  
The Redeemer's lone retreat ;  
When from noise he would be free,  
Then He sought Gethsemane,

Thither, by their Master brought,  
His disciples likewise came ;  
There the heavenly truths He taught  
Often set their hearts on flame ;  
Therefore they, as well as He,  
Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat,  
Or might join with Christ in prayer ;  
Oh ! what blest devotion that,  
When the Lord Himself is there !  
All things thus did there agree  
To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,  
On the conflict much He thought ;  
This He knew the destined place,  
And He loved the sacred spot ;  
Therefore Jesus chose to be  
Often in Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night ;  
Vengeance with its iron rod,  
Stood, and with collected might  
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God ;  
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,  
Prostrate in Gethsemane !

View Him in that olive press,  
Wrung with anguish, whelmed with  
blood—

Hear Him pray in His distress,  
With strong cries and tears, to God :  
Then reflect what sin must be,  
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,  
Washed by Kedron's water pool,  
Grow most rank and bitter weeds !  
Think on these, my soul, my soul !  
Wouldst thou sin's dominion see—  
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,  
Did for man short sweetness breathe :  
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,  
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death  
But of life the healing tree  
Grows in rich Gethsemane.







Hither, Lord, Thou didst resort  
 Ofttimes with Thy little train;  
 Here wouldst keep Thy private court—  
 Oh! confer that grace again;  
 Lord, resort with worthless me,  
 Ofttimes to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share  
 In a favor so divine;  
 But since sin first fixed Thee there,  
 None have greater sins than mine;  
 And to this my woeful plea  
 Witness thou, Gethsemane!

Sins against a holy God,  
 Sins against His righteous laws,  
 Sins against His love, His blood,  
 Sins against His name and cause,  
 Sins immense as is the sea—  
 Hide me, O Gethsemane!

Saviour, all the stone remove  
 From my flinty, frozen heart!  
 Thaw it with the beams of love,  
 Pierce it with Thy mercy's dart!  
 Wound the heart that wounded Thee!  
 Break it, in Gethsemane!

JOSEPH HART.

### GETHSEMANE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
 Turn not from his griefs away—  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment-hall—  
 View the Lord of life arraigned!  
 Oh the wormwood and the gall!  
 Oh the pangs his soul sustained!  
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss—  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time—  
 Gods own sacrifice complete!

"It is finished!"—hear the cry—  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb  
 Where they laid His breathless clay—  
 All is solitude and gloom;  
 Who hath taken Him away?  
 Christ is risen!—he meets our eyes!  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### WEEPING MARY.

MARY to her Saviour's tomb  
 Hastened at the early dawn;  
 Spice she brought, and rich perfume—  
 But the Lord she loved was gone.  
 For a while she weeping stood,  
 Struck with sorrow and surprise,  
 Shedding tears, a plenteous flood—  
 For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,  
 Though too often unperceived,  
 Comes his drooping child to cheer,  
 Kindly asking why she grieved.  
 Though at first she knew him not—  
 When He called her by her name,  
 Then her griefs were all forgot,  
 For she found He was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled  
 When she heard His welcome voice;  
 Just before she thought Him dead,  
 Now He bids her heart rejoice.  
 What a change His word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!  
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her  
 When she thought her all was lost,  
 Will for your relief appear,  
 Though you now are tempest-tossed.  
 On His word your burden cast,  
 On His love your thoughts employ;  
 Weeping for a while may last,  
 But the morning brings the joy.

JOHN NEWTON.

## AN EASTER HYMN.

AWAKE, thou, wintry earth—  
 Fling off thy sadness!  
 Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth  
 Your ancient gladness!  
 Christ is risen!

Wave, woods, your blossoms all—  
 Grim death is dead!  
 Ye weeping funeral trees,  
 Lift up your head!  
 Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;  
 It is light; let's go  
 Where our loved ones rest  
 In hope below!  
 Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new,  
 Full of spring and light;  
 Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue  
 Of sleep and night?  
 Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath,  
 Leave thy worldly love!  
 Begin the better life  
 With God above!  
 Christ is risen!

THOMAS BLACKBURN.

## EASTER.

Rise, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His  
 praise

Without delays  
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou like-  
 wise

With Him mayst rise—  
 That, as His death calcined thee to dust,  
 His life may make thee gold, and much more  
 just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part  
 With all thy art!  
 The cross taught all wood to resound His name  
 Who bore the same;  
 His stretched sinews taught all strings what  
 key  
 Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song  
 Pleasant and long!  
 Or since all music is but three parts vied  
 And multiplied,  
 Oh let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,  
 And make up our defects with His sweet art

I got me flowers to strew thy way—  
 I got me boughs off many a tree;  
 But thou wast up by break of day,  
 And broughtst thy sweets along with thee.

The sun arising in the east,  
 Though he give light, and th' east perfume.  
 If they should offer to contest  
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
 Though many suns to shine endeavor?  
 We count three hundred, but we miss—  
 There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## HYMN.

From my lips in their defilement,  
 From my heart in its beguilement,  
 From my tongue which speaks not fair,  
 From my soul stained everywhere—  
 O my Jesus, take my prayer!

Spurn me not, for all it says,—  
 Not for words, and not for ways,—  
 Not for shamelessness endured!  
 Make me brave to speak my mood,  
 O my Jesus, as I would!  
 Or teach me, which I rather seek,  
 What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she  
 Who, learning where to meet with Thee  
 And bringing myrrh the highest priced,  
 Anointed bravely, from her knee,  
 Thy blessed feet accordingly—  
 My God, my Lord, my Christ!  
 As thou saidest not "Depart,"  
 To that suppliant from her heart,  
 Scorn me not, O Word, that art

The gentlest one of all words said!  
But give Thy feet to me instead,  
That tenderly I may them kiss,  
And clasp them close, and never miss,  
With over-dropping tears, as free  
And precious as that myrrh could be,  
T' anoint them bravely from my knee!

Wash me with Thy tears! draw nigh me,  
That their salt may purify me!  
Thou remit my sins who knowest  
All the sinning, to the lowest—  
Knowest all my wounds, and seest  
All the stripes Thyself decreest;  
Yea, but knowest all my faith—  
Seest all my force to death,—  
Hearest all my wailings low  
That mine evil should be so!  
Nothing hidden but appears  
In Thy knowledge, O Divine,  
O Creator, Saviour mine!—  
Not a drop of falling tears,  
Not a breath of inward moan,  
Not a heart-beat—which is gone!

ST. JOANNES DAMASCENUS. (Greek.)  
Translation of E. B. BROWNING.

### MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

My God, I love Thee! not because  
I hope for heaven thereby;  
Nor because those who love Thee not  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace!  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
Yea, death itself—and all for one  
That was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell!

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing—  
Solely because thou art my God,  
And my eternal king.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. (Latin.)  
Translation of EDWARD CASWELL.

### "I JOURNEY THROUGH A DESERT DREAR AND WILD."

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,  
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace,  
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;  
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,  
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—  
The tale of love unfolded in those years  
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,  
I love again and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,  
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;  
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,  
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day  
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;  
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,  
Oh! what a sunrise will that advent be!

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,  
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

ANONYMOUS.



## WRESTLING JACOB.

## FIRST PART.

COME, O Thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am;  
My sin and misery declare;  
Thyself hast called me by my name;  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free;  
I never will unloose my hold:  
Art Thou the man that died for me?  
The secret of Thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain  
And murmur to contend so long;  
I rise superior to my pain;  
When I am weak, then am I strong!  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

## SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;  
Be conquered by my instant prayer;  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy name be Love.

'Tis love! 'tis love! Thou diedst for me;  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
Pure, universal love Thou art;

To me, to all, Thy bowels move,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face;  
I see Thee face to face and live!  
In vain I have not wept and strove;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end;  
Thy mercies never shall remove;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The sun of righteousness on me  
Hath rose, with healing in his wings;  
Withered my nature's strength; from Thee  
My soul its life and succor brings;  
My help is all laid up above;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end;  
All helplessness, all weakness, I  
On Thee alone for strength depend;  
Nor have I power from Thee to move;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;  
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;  
Through all eternity to prove  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## THE CALL.

COME, my way, my truth, my life,—  
Such a way as gives us breath;  
Such a truth as ends all strife;  
Such a life as killeth death.

Come my light, my feast, my strength!—  
Such a light as shows a feast;  
Such a feast as mends in length:  
Such a strength as makes His guest.

Come my joy, my love, my heart!  
Such a joy as none can move;  
Such a love as none can part;  
Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me on my way;  
Who sued so humbly for relief  
That I could never answer "Nay."  
I had not power to ask His name;  
Whither He went, or whence He came;  
Yet there was something in His eye  
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered. Not a word He spake.  
Just perishing for want of bread,  
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,  
And ate;—but gave me part again.  
Mine was an angel's portion then;  
For while I fed with eager haste,  
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock; His strength was  
gone;  
The heedless water mocked His thirst;  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran to raise the sufferer up;  
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,  
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;—  
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out,—it blew  
A winter hurricane aloof;  
I heard His voice abroad, and flew  
To bid Him welcome to my roof;  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest—  
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;  
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
I found Him by the highway side;  
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,  
Revived His spirit and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed.  
I had, myself, a wound concealed—  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored Him midst shame and scorn.  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for Him would die;  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,  
The stranger darted from disguise;  
The tokens in His hands I knew—  
My Saviour stood before mine eyes.  
He spake; and my poor name he named—  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
Fear not! thou didst them unto me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE ODOR.

How sweetly doth My Master sound!—My  
Master!

As ambergris leaves a rich scent  
Unto the taster,  
So do these words a sweet content  
An oriental fragrancy—My Master!

With these all day I do perfume my mind,  
My mind even thrust into them both—  
That I might find  
What cordials make this curious broth,  
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my  
mind.

My Master shall I speak? Oh that to Thee  
My servant were a little so  
As flesh may be;  
That these two words might creep and  
grow

To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before  
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,  
And tell me more;  
For pardon of my imperfection  
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,  
 And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,  
 Shall call and meet  
 My servant, as Thee not displeasing,  
 That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweet-  
 'ning me,  
 (As sweet things traffick when they meet)  
 Return to Thee;  
 And so this new commerce and sweet  
 Should all my life employ, and busy me.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### THE FEAST.

Oh come away!  
 Make no delay—  
 Come while my heart is clean and steady!  
 While faith and grace  
 Adorn the place,  
 Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent  
 Is permanent—  
 Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;  
 Short sips and sights  
 Endear delights;  
 Who seeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,  
 Quick'ning the dead,  
 Whose eater shall not, cannot die!  
 Come, antedate  
 On me that state  
 Which brings poor dust the victory!—

Aye, victory!  
 Which from thine eye,  
 Breaks as the day doth from the east,  
 When the spilt dew,  
 Like tears, doth shew  
 The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O wine!  
 And springing shine  
 With some glad message from His heart,  
 Who did, when slain,  
 These means ordain  
 For me to have in Him a part!—

Such a sure part  
 In His blest heart,  
 The well where living waters spring,  
 That, with it fed,  
 Poor dust, though dead,  
 Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,  
 Which strikes death dead,  
 The food of man's immortal being!  
 Under veils here  
 Thou art my cheer,  
 Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost Thou fly,  
 And search and pry  
 Through all my parts, and, like a quick  
 And knowing lamp,  
 Hunt out each damp  
 Whose shadow makes me sad or sick.

Oh what high joys!  
 The turtle's voice  
 And songs I hear! O quick'ning showers—  
 Of my Lord's blood,  
 You make rocks bud,  
 And crown dry hills with wells and flowers!

For this true ease,  
 This healing peace,  
 For this brief taste of living glory,  
 My soul and all,  
 Kneel down and fall,  
 And sing His sad victorious story

O thorny crown,  
 More soft than down!  
 O painful cross, my bed of rest!  
 O spear, the key  
 Opening the way!  
 O Thy worst state my only best

Oh, all Thy griefs  
 Are my reliefs,  
 As all my sins Thy sorrows were  
 And what can I  
 To this reply?  
 What, O God! but a silent tear!

Some toil and sow  
That wealth may flow,  
And dress this earth for next year's meat;  
But let me heed  
Why Thou didst bleed,  
And what in the next world to eat.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,  
Because Thou art  
My power and wisdom! Put me not to shame,  
Because I am  
Thy clay that sweeps, Thy dust that calls!

Thou art the Lord of glory—  
The deed and story  
Are both Thy due; but I a silly fly,  
That live or die  
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?  
Shows not Thy word  
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,  
To weep or cry?  
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathful power  
Afflict my hour,  
My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power  
Contract my hour,  
That I may climb and find relief.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## SONNETS.

How orient is Thy beauty! How divine!  
How dark's the glory of the earth to Thine!  
Thy veiled eyes outshine heaven's greater  
light,  
Unconquered by the shady cloud of night;  
Thy curious tresses dangle, all unbound,  
With unaffected order to the ground:  
How orient is Thy beauty! How divine!  
How dark's the glory of the earth to Thine!

NOR myrrh, nor cassia, nor the choice per-  
fumes  
Of unctious nard, or aromatic fumes

Of hot Arabia do enrich the air  
With more delicious sweetness than the fair  
Reports that crown the merits of Thy name  
With heavenly laurels of eternal fame,  
Which makes the virgins fix their eyes upon  
Thee,  
And all that view Thee are enamored on Thee.

Who ever smelt the breath of morning flow-  
ers  
New sweetened with the dash of twilight  
showers,  
Of pounded amber, or the flowing thyme,  
Or purple violets in their proudest prime,  
Or swelling clusters from the cypress-tree?  
So sweet's my love; aye, far more sweet is  
He—  
So fair, so sweet, that heaven's bright eye is  
dim,  
And flowers have no scent, compared with  
Him.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

## THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O, Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in  
spring—  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled  
heart  
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone  
Quite under ground; as flowers depart  
To see their mother-root when they have  
blown,

Where they together,  
All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power:  
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell  
And up to heaven in an hour,  
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss,  
This or that is—  
Thy word is all, if we could spell.



Oh, that I once past' changing were—  
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can  
wither!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning  
thither;

Nor doth my flower  
Want a spring-shower,  
• My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,  
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine  
own,

Thy anger comes, and I decline;  
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone  
Where all things burn,  
When Thou dost turn  
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again—  
After so many deaths I live and write;  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing; O my only light,

It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love—  
To make us see we are but flowers that  
glide;

Which when we once can find and  
prove,  
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.

Who would be more,  
Swelling through store,  
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

#### A PRAYER LIVING AND DYING.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure—  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,

All for sin could not atone—  
Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring—  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked come to Thee for dress—  
Helpless look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly—  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

#### JESUS.

None upon earth I desire beside Thee.  
Psalms lxxiii. 25.

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers,

Have lost all their sweetness with me;  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume;  
And sweeter than music His voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice;  
I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I—  
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind;  
While blest with a sense of His love  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
 If Thou art my sun and my song—  
 Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 Oh drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me unto Thee on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

## THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

My dear Redeemer, and my God,  
 I read my duty in Thy word;  
 But in Thy life the law appears  
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
 Such love, and meekness so divine,  
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
 Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;  
 The desert Thy temptations knew—  
 Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
 More of Thy gracious image here;  
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

## COME UNTO ME.

Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden,  
 and I will give you rest."

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice—  
 Come and make my paths your choice!  
 I will guide you to your home—  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain—  
 Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes  
 Watch to see the morning rise—

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,  
 In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,  
 Here repose your heavy care—  
 A wounded spirit who can bear!

Sinner, come! for here is found  
 Balm that flows for every wound—  
 Peace, that ever shall endure—  
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

## THE WATCHMAN'S REPORT.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night—  
 What its signs of promise are!  
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star!  
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
 Traveller, yes; it brings the day—  
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night—  
 Higher yet that star ascends!  
 Traveller, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveller, ages are its own—  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight—  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveller, lo! the prince of peace—  
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

JOHN BOWRING.

## "JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL"

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high!  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past:  
 Safe into Thy haven guide—  
 Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none—  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone—  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring:  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
 Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?  
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—  
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care;  
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand,  
 While I of Thy strength receive!  
 Hoping against hope I stand—  
 Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want—  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name—  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False, and full of sin I am :—  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound—  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art—  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart—  
 Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## "JESUS, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE."

JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
 On Thee I cast my care—  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
 Give me on Thee to wait  
 Till I can all things do—  
 On Thee, almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,  
 A self-renouncing will  
 That tramples down, and casts behind,  
 The baits of pleasing ill—  
 A soul inured to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss—  
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
 The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,  
 A quick discerning eye,  
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly—  
 A spirit still prepared,  
 And armed with jealous care—  
 Forever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,  
 To pray, and never cease;  
 Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
 Or wish my sufferings less.  
 This blessing, above all,  
 Always to pray, I want;—  
 Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
 And never, never faint.

I want a true regard—  
 A single, steady aim  
 (Unmoved by threatening or reward),  
 To Thee and Thy great name—  
 A jealous, just concern  
 For Thine immortal praise—  
 A pure desire that all may learn  
 And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word,—  
 The promise is for me;  
 My succor and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from Thee;

But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

### LIVING BY CHRIST.

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
Oh knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there.  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am—  
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

Oh grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;  
Oh may Thy love possess me whole—  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!  
Strange flames far from my heart remove—  
My every act, word, thought, be love.

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!  
All pain before Thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away  
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;  
O Jesu, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

Unwearied may I this pursue—  
Dauntless, to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;  
And, day and night, be all my care  
To guard the sacred treasure there.

My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me  
In shame, in want, in pain, hast showed;  
For me, on the accursed tree,  
Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless blood;  
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,  
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

More hard than marble is my heart,  
And foul with sins of deepest stain;  
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,  
Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain;  
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may  
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

Oh that I, as a little child,  
May follow Thee, and never rest  
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild  
And lowly mind into my breast!  
Nor ever may we parted be  
Till I become one spirit with Thee.

Still let Thy love point out my way!  
How wondrous things Thy love hath  
wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray—  
Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
As if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
In weakness be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

PAUL GERHARD. (German.)

Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

### "ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE."

ETERNAL beam of light divine,  
Fountain of unexhausted love,  
In whom the Father's glories shine  
Through earth beneath, and heaven above

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from Thee,  
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill—  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!  
So shall each murmuring thought be gone  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.



Speak to my warring passions,—Peace!  
 Say to my trembling heart,—Be still!  
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
 For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

O death! where is thy sting? Where now  
 Thy boasted victory, O grave?  
 Who shall contend with God? or who  
 Can hurt whom God delights to save?

CHARLES WESLEY.

“FRIEND OF ALL.”

FRIEND of all who seek Thy favor,  
 Us defend  
 To the end—  
 Be our utmost Saviour!

Us, who join on earth to adore Thee,  
 Guard and love,  
 Till above  
 Both appear before Thee!

Fix on Thee our whole affection—  
 Love divine,  
 Keep us Thine,  
 Safe in Thy protection!

Christ, of all our conversation  
 Be the scope—  
 Lift us up  
 To Thy full salvation!

Bring us every moment nearer;  
 Fairer rise  
 In our eyes—  
 Dearer still, and dearer!

Infinitely dear and precious,  
 With Thy love  
 From above  
 Evermore refresh us!

Strengthened by the cordial blessing,  
 Let us haste  
 To the feast,  
 Feast of joys unceasing!

Perfect let us walk before Thee—  
 Walk in white  
 To the sight  
 Of Thy heavenly glory!

Both with calm impatience press on  
 To the prize—  
 Scale the skies,  
 Take entire possession—

Drink of life's exhaustless river—  
 Take of Thee  
 Life's fair tree—  
 Eat, and live for ever!

CHARLES WESLEY

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
 Low we bow the adoring knee;  
 When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes—  
 O, by all Thy pains and woe  
 Suffered once for man below,  
 Bending from Thy throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;  
 By Thy life of want and tears;  
 By Thy days of sore distress,  
 In the savage wilderness;  
 By the dread, mysterious hour  
 Of the insulting tempter's power—  
 Turn, O turn, a favoring eye—  
 Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept  
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
 By the boding tears that flowed  
 Over Salem's loved abode;  
 By the anguished sigh that told  
 Treachery lurked within the fold—  
 From Thy seat above the sky  
 Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;  
 By Thine agony of prayer;

By the cross, the wail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice—  
Listen to our humble cry:  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God!  
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, reascended Lord—  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

## HYMN.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He sees my wants; allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,—  
Still He who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall His pitying aid bestow  
Who felt on earth severer woe,  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,  
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict—but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

## HYMN

FOR SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear:  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear:  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls  
For our own departed souls—  
When our final doom is near,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;  
 Though the sins were not Thine own,  
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear:  
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

### THE DEAD CHRIST.

TAKE the dead Christ to my chamber—  
 The Christ I brought from Rome;  
 Over all the tossing ocean,  
 He has reached His western home:  
 Bear Him as in procession,  
 And lay Him solemnly  
 Where, through weary night and morning,  
 He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other  
 Than that I bore by birth;  
 And I've given life to children  
 Who'll grow and dwell on earth;  
 But the time comes swiftly towards me—  
 Nor do I bid it stay—  
 When the dead Christ will be more to me  
 Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead Christ beside me—  
 Oh, press Him on my heart;  
 I would hold Him long and painfully,  
 Till the weary tears should start—  
 Till the divine contagion  
 Heal me of self and sin,  
 And the cold weight press wholly down  
 The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me;  
 Towards the free, the sunny lands,  
 From the chaos of existence,  
 I stretch these feeble hands—  
 And, penitential, kneeling,  
 Pray God would not be wroth,  
 Who gave not the strength of feeling  
 And strength of labor both.

Thou'rt but a wooden carving,  
 Defaced of worms, and old;  
 Yet more to me Thou couldst not be  
 Wert Thou all wrapt in gold,

Like the gem-bedizened baby  
 Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,  
 They show from the Ara Cœli's steps  
 To a merry dancing tune.

I ask of Thee no wonders—  
 No changing white or red;  
 I dream not Thou art living,  
 I love and prize Thee dead.  
 That salutary deadness  
 I seek through want and pain,  
 From which God's own high power can bid  
 Our virtue rise again.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

### SONNET.

In the desert of the Holy Land I strayed,  
 Where Christ once lived, but seems to live  
 no more;  
 In Lebanon my lonely home I made;  
 I heard the wind among the cedars roar,  
 And saw far off the Dead Sea's solemn shore—  
 But 't is a dreary wilderness, I said,  
 Since the prophetic spirit hence has sped.  
 Then from the convent in the vale I heard,  
 Slow chanted forth, the everlasting Word—  
 Saying "I am He that liveth, and was dead;  
 And lo I am alive for evermore."  
 Then forth upon my pilgrimage I fare,  
 Resolved to find and praise Him every where

ANONYMOUS.

### A HYMN.

Drop, drop, slow tears,  
 And bathe those beauteous feet  
 Which brought from heaven  
 The news and prince of peace.  
 Cease not, wet eyes,  
 His mercies to entreat  
 To cry for vengeance  
 Sin doth never cease;  
 In your deep floods  
 Drown all my faults and fears;  
 Nor let His eye  
 See sin, but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

## A. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!  
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
 Had Rome been growing up to might,  
 And now was queen of land and sea.  
 No sound was heard of clashing wars—  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!  
 The senator of haughty Rome,  
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
 From lordly revel rolling home;  
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
 His breast with thoughts of boundless  
 sway;  
 What recked the Roman what befell  
 A paltry province far away,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago?

Within that province far away  
 Went plodding home a weary boor;  
 A streak of light before him lay,  
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door  
 Across his path. He passed—for naught  
 Told what was going on within;  
 How keen the stars, his only thought—  
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high  
 Drownsd over common joys and cares;  
 The earth was still—but knew not why  
 The world was listening, unawares.  
 How calm a moment may precede  
 One that shall thrill the world for ever!  
 To that still moment, none would heed,  
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever—  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!  
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
 The darkness—charmed and holy now!

The night that erst no name had worn,  
 To it a happy name is given;  
 For in that stable lay, new-born,  
 The peaceful prince of earth and heaven.  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMMETT.

## CHRISTMAS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
 The year is dying in the night—  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land—  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



## ST. PETER'S DAY.

THOU thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,  
 Watch by Thine own forgiven friend!  
 In sharpest perils faithful proved,  
 Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep  
 His slumber on the eve of death?  
 And wherefore smiles he in his sleep,  
 As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again—  
 Can his soul choose but be at rest?  
 Sorrow hath fled away, and pain  
 Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone;  
 For his winged thoughts are soaring high,  
 Where never yet frail heart was known  
 To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps; but more than tears  
 Have sealed Thy welcome and his love—  
 One look lives in him, and endears  
 Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove—

That gracious chiding look, Thy call  
 To win him to himself and Thee,  
 Sweetening the sorrow of his fall  
 Which else were rued too bitterly;

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,  
 The memory of that kindly glance;—  
 The angel, watching by, divines,  
 And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake  
 His vision wafts him back, to talk  
 With Jesus, ere his flight he take,  
 As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of his friend,  
 The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,  
 Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,  
 Both bought and nourished with His blood;

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,  
 Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,  
 Might cast o'er hope and memory,  
 O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,  
 His passport through th' eternal gates,  
 To his sweet home—so nearly won,  
 He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear  
 Of angel song and angel motion,  
 Rising and falling on the ear  
 Like waves in joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed—the tyrant's voice  
 Calls to that last of glorious deeds—  
 But as he rises to rejoice,  
 Not Herod, but an angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,  
 Glancing around his prison room;  
 But 't is a gleam of heavenly light  
 That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years  
 Deep through the chambers of the dead  
 Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,  
 Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched, he upstarts—his chains unbind—  
 Through darksome vault, up massy stair,  
 His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind  
 To freedom and cool, moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,  
 Though for awhile his hand forego,  
 Just as it touched, the martyr's palm,  
 He turns him to his task below.

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,  
 To wield awhile in gray-haired might—  
 Then from his cross to spring forgiven,  
 And follow Jesus out of sight.

JOHN KEBLE

## THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied—  
From a small boat, that rowed along,  
The list'ning winds received this song:

What should we do but sing His praise  
That led us through the watery maze  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own?  
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks  
That lift the deep upon their backs,  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.  
He gave us this eternal spring  
Which here enamels every thing,  
And sends the fowls to us in care,  
On daily visits through the air.  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet.  
But apples—plants of such a price  
No tree could ever bear them twice.  
With cedars, chosen by His hand  
From Lebanon, He stores the land;  
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,  
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple, where to sound His name.  
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;  
Which, then, perhaps rebounding, may  
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sang they, in the English boat,  
A holy and a cheerful note;  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

## HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen;  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze—  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, the blood of goats,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize—  
A contrite heart, and humble thoughts,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

## THE LABORER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

UP to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And He accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim;

Nor will He turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide:  
Then, here reposing, let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,  
We need not toil from morn to night;  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot—  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun  
Already half his race hath run;  
He cannot halt nor go astray—  
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east  
If we have faltered or transgressed,  
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,  
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short  
day,  
Our upward and our downward way;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast—to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour—  
Or ragged to go—  
Or show  
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate—  
To circumsise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin—  
And that's to keep thy lent.

ROBERT HERRICK

#### FASTING.

Is fasting then the thing that God requires?  
Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires  
That sin hath blown to such a mighty  
flame?

Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame?  
Can ashes cleanse thy blot, or purge thy of-  
fence?

Or do thy hands make heaven a recompense,  
By strewing dust upon thy briny face?  
Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly  
grace?—

No! though thou pine thyself with willing  
want,

Or face look thin, or carcass ne'er so gaunt;  
Although thou worse weeds than sackcloth  
wear,

Or naked go, or sleep in shirts of hair;  
Or though thou choose an ash-tub for thy bed,  
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head;—  
Thy labor is not poised with equal gains,  
For thou hast naught but labor for thy  
pains.

Such holy madness God rejects and loathes,  
That sinks no deeper than the skin or clothes.  
'Tis not thine eyes, which, taught to weep  
by art,

Look red with tears (not guilty of thy heart):  
'Tis not the holding of thy hands so ligh,  
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye:

Tis not your mimic mouths, your antic  
faces,

Your Scripture phrases, or affected graces,  
Nor prodigal up-banding of thine eyes,  
Whose gashful balls do seem to pelt the  
skies;

'Tis not the strict reforming of your hair,  
So close that all the neighbor skull is  
bare;

'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,  
Nor yet the lowering of thy sullen brow;  
Nor wolvish howling that disturbs the air,  
Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer:  
No, no! 'tis none of this, that God regards—  
Such sort of fools their own applause re-  
wards;

Such puppet-plays to heaven are strange and  
quaint;

Their service is unsweet, and foully taint;  
Their words fall fruitless from their idle  
brain—

But true repentance runs in other strain:  
Where sad contrition harbors, there the  
heart

Is truly acquainted with the secret smart  
Of past offences—hates the bosom sin  
The most, which the soul took pleasure in.  
No crime unsifted, no sin unrepresented,  
Can lurk unseen; and seen, none unlament-  
ed.

The troubled soul's amazed with dire aspects  
Of lesser sins committed, and detects  
The wounded conscience; it cries amain  
For mercy, mercy—cries, and cries again;  
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments;  
It yearns for grace, reforms, returns, re-  
pents.

Aye, this is incense whose accepted favor  
Mounts up the heavenly Throne, and findeth  
favor;

Aye, this is it whose valor never fails—  
With God 't stoutly wrestles, and prevails;  
Aye, this is it that pierces heaven above,  
Never returning home, like Noah's dove,  
But brings an olive leaf, or some increase  
That works salvation, and eternal peace.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

CHARITY AND HUMILITY.

FAR have I clambered in my mind,  
But naught so great as love I find;  
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,  
Are naught compared to that good spright.  
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!  
Sure source of lasting happiness!  
Higher than heaven, lower than hell!  
What is thy tent? where mayest thou dwell

My mansion hight humility,  
Heaven's vastest capability—

The further it doth downward tend  
The higher up it doth ascend;

If it go down to utmost naught  
It shall return with that it sought.

Lord, stretch Thy tent in my strai-  
breast—

Enlarge it downward, that sure rest  
May there be pight; for that pure fire  
Wherewith thou wontest to inspire  
All self-dead souls. My life is gone—  
Sad solitude's my irksome wonne.  
Cut off from men and all this world,  
In Lethe's lonesome ditch I'm hurled.  
Nor might nor sight doth aught me move,  
Nor do I care to be above.

O feeble rays of mental light,  
That best be seen in this dark night!  
What are you? what is any strength  
If it be not laid in one length  
With pride or love? I naught desire  
But a new life, or quite t' expire.  
Could I demolish with mine eye  
Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in sky,  
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,  
Or turn black midnight to bright noon—  
Though all things were put in my hand—  
As parched, as dry, as the Libyan sand  
Would be my life, if charity

Were wanting. But humility  
Is more than my poor soul durst crave,  
That lies intombed in lowly grave.  
But if 't were lawful up to send  
My voice to heaven, this should it read:

Lord, thrust me deeper into dust  
That Thou mayest raise me with the just!

HENRY MORE



## HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing  
Sings in the shade, where all things rest;  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
And Lydia's gently opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet:  
Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest  
crown  
In deepest adoration bends:  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most, when most his soul ascends:  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

— ♦ —

"IS THIS A TIME TO PLANT AND  
BUILD?"

Is this a time to plant and build,  
Add house to house, and field to field,  
When round our walls the battle lowers—  
When mines are hid beneath our towers,  
And watchful foes are stealing round  
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams  
Of love and home, by mazy streams—  
For fancy with her shadowy toys,  
Aerial hopes and pensive joys,  
While souls are wandering far and wide,  
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart  
To act the martyr's sternest part—  
To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,  
Thy darling visions as they die,  
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,  
Have faded into twilight gray.  
Yes—let them pass without a sigh;  
And if the world seem dull and dry—

If long and sad thy lonely hours,  
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers—  
Bethink thee what thou art, and where,  
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall—  
Thou know'st it—on this earthly ball;  
Full many a soul, the price of blood  
Marked by the Almighty's hand for good,  
To utter death that hour shall sweep—  
And will the saints in heaven dare weep?

Then in His wrath shall God uproot  
The trees He set, for lack of fruit;  
And down in rude tempestuous blaze  
The towers His hand had deigned to raise.  
In silence, ere that storm begin,  
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart—  
From visions vain content to part,  
Strong for love's sake its woe to hide—  
May cheerful wait the cross beside:  
Too happy if, that dreadful day,  
Thy life be given thee for a prey.

Snatched sudden from the avenging rod,  
Safe in the bosom of thy God,  
How wilt thou then look back, and smile  
On thoughts that bitterest seemed erewhile,  
And bless the pangs that made thee see  
This was no world of rest for thee!

JOHN KEELE.

— ♦ —

HYMN

FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE DAYS.

LoRD, living here are we—  
As fast united yet  
As when our hands and hearts by Thee  
Together first were knit.  
And in a thankful song  
Now sing we will Thy praise,  
For that Thou dost as well prolong  
Our loving as our days.

Together we have now  
 Begun another year;  
 But how much time Thou wilt allow  
 Thou mak'st it not appear.  
 We, therefore, do implore  
 That live and love we may,  
 Still so as if but one day more  
 Together we should stay.

Let each of other's wealth  
 Preserve a faithful care,  
 And of each other's joy and health  
 As if one soul we were.  
 Such conscience let us make,  
 Each other not to grieve,  
 As if we daily were to take  
 Our everlasting leave.

The frowardness that springs  
 From our corrupted kind,  
 Or from those troublous outward things  
 Which may distract the mind,  
 Permit Thou not, O Lord,  
 Our constant love to shake—  
 Or to disturb our true accord,  
 Or make our hearts to ache.

But let these frailties prove  
 Affection's exercise;  
 And that discretion teach our love  
 Which wins the noblest prize.  
 So time, which wears away,  
 And ruins all things else,  
 Shall fix our love on Thee for aye,  
 In whom perfection dwells.

GEORGE WITHER.

#### DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,  
 The vision of sweet peace is named;  
 In heaven her glorious turrets shine—  
 Her walls of living stones are framed;  
 While angels guard her on each side—  
 Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire from heaven,  
 Her wedding chamber now descends,  
 Prepared in marriage to be given  
 To Christ, on whom her joy depends.

Her walls, wherewith she is inclosed,  
 And streets, are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,  
 The way to hidden glory show;  
 And thither, by the blessed might  
 Of faith in Jesus' merits, go

All those who are on earth distressed  
 Because they have Christ's name pro-  
 fessed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat  
 Before they thoroughly polished are;  
 Then each is in his proper seat  
 Established by the builder's care—  
 In this fair frame to stand for ever,  
 So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,  
 Glory and power given be!  
 To Father, Son, and Paraclete,  
 Who reign in equal dignity—  
 Whose boundless power we still adore,  
 And sing Their praise for evermore!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### THE PRIEST.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine  
 That had the bible at my fingers' ends;  
 That men might hear out of this mouth of  
 mine,  
 How God doth make His enemies His  
 friends;  
 Rather than with a thundering and long  
 prayer  
 Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be—  
 But a religious servant of my God;  
 And know there is none other God but He,  
 And willingly to suffer mercy's rod—  
 Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,  
 And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,  
 For all estates within the state of grace,  
 That careful love might never know despair,  
 Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;  
 And this would I both day and night devise  
 To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life ;  
 Persuade the troubled soul to patience ;  
 The husband care, and comfort to the wife,  
 To child and servant due obedience ;  
 Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor  
 peace,  
 That love might live, and quarrels all might  
 cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,  
 Confession unto all that are convicted,  
 And patience unto all that are displeased,  
 And comfort unto all that are afflicted,  
 And mercy unto all that have offended,  
 And grace to all: that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

ON A PRAYER BOOK SENT TO MRS.  
 M. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,  
 (Fear it not, sweet—  
 It is no hypocrite! )  
 Much larger in itself than in its look!

It is—in one rich handful—heaven, and all  
 Heaven's royal hosts encamped—thus small  
 To prove, that true schools use to tell,  
 A thousand angels in one point can dwell.  
 It is love's great artillery,  
 Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie  
 Close couched in your white bosom, and from  
 thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence,  
 Against the ghostly foe to take your part,  
 And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armory of light—  
 Let constant use but keep it bright,  
 You'll find it yields  
 To holy hands and humble hearts  
 More swords and shields  
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.  
 Only be sure  
 The hands be pure  
 That hold these weapons, and the eyes  
 Those of turtles—chaste and true,  
 Wakeful and wise.  
 Here is a friend shall fight for you;

Hold but this book before your heart—  
 Let prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart  
 That studies this high art  
 Must be a sure house-keeper,  
 And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong—  
 Mercy will come ere long,  
 And bring her bosom full of blessings—  
 Flowers of never-fading graces,  
 To make immortal dressings  
 For worthy souls, whose wise embraces  
 Store up themselves for Him who is alone  
 The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's son.

But if the noble bridegroom, when he comes,  
 Shall find the wandering heart from  
 home,  
 Leaving her chaste abode  
 To gad abroad—  
 Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies  
 To take her pleasures, and to play,  
 And keep the devil's holiday—  
 To dance in the sun-shine of some smiling,  
 But beguiling

Spear of sweet and sugared lies—  
 Some slippery pair  
 Of false, perhaps as fair,  
 Flattering but forswearing eyes—

Doubtless some other heart  
 Will get the start,  
 And, stepping in before,  
 Will take possession of the sacred store  
 Of hidden sweets and holy joys—  
 Words which are not heard with ears,  
 (These tumultuous shops of noise)  
 Effectual whispers, whose still voice  
 The soul itself more feels than hears—

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,  
 Sights which are not seen with eyes—  
 Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,  
 Whose pure and subtle lightning flies  
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,  
 And melts it down in sweet desire ;  
 Yet doth not stay  
 To ask the windows leave to pass that way—

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations  
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations—

A thousand unknown rites  
Of joys, and rarified delights—  
An hundred thousand loves and graces,  
And many a mystic thing  
Which the divine embraces  
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will  
bring,

For which it is no shame  
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this hidden store  
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,

If, when He come,  
He find the heart from home,

Doubtless He will unload  
Himself some otherwhere,

And pour abroad  
His precious sweets

On the fair soul whom first He meets.

Oh fair! oh fortunate! oh rich! oh dear!

Oh happy and thrice happy she—

Dear silver-breasted dove,

Whoe'er she be—

Whose early love

With winged vows

Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,

And close with His immortal kisses—

Happy soul! who never misses

To improve that precious hour,

And every day

Seize her sweet prey—

All fresh and fragrant as He rises,

Dropping with a balmy shower,

A delicious dew of spices!

Oh! let that happy soul hold fast

Her heavenly armful; she shall taste

At once ten thousand paradises—

She shall have power

To rifle and deflower

The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets

Which, with a swelling bosom, there she  
meets—

Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures

Of pure inebriating pleasures:

Happy soul! she shall discover

What joy, what bliss,

How many heavens at once, it is

To have a God become her lover.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

## THE TRUE USE OF MUSIC.

Listed into the cause of sin,

Why should a good be evil?

Music, alas! too long has been

Pressed to obey the devil—

Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay

Flowed to the soul's undoing—

Widened, and strewed with flowers,  
way

Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,

Innocent sound recover—

Fly on the prey, and take the prize,

Plunder the carnal lover—

Strip him of every moving strain,

Every melting measure—

Music in virtue's cause retain,

Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come let us try if Jesus' love

Will not as well inspire us;

This is the theme of those above—

This upon earth shall fire us.

Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing

Is there a subject greater?

Harmony all its strains may bring;

Jesus' name is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is—

His is the noblest passion;

Jesus's name is joy and peace,

Happiness and salvation;

Jesus's name the dead can raise—

Show us our sins forgiven—

Fill us with all the life of grace—

Carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing—

Us whom His mercy raises?

Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;

Cheerful are all our faces;

Who of His love doth once partake

He evermore rejoices;

Melody in our hearts we make—

Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath—

He that in God is merry—

Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith.

Joyful and never weary;



Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
 Hearty and never ceasing—  
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise,  
 Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

Then let us in His praises join—  
 Triumph in His salvation;  
 Glory ascribe to love divine,  
 Worship and adoration;  
 Heaven already is begun—  
 Opened in each believer;  
 Only believe, and still sing on:  
 Heaven is ours for ever.

CHARLES WESLEY.

### CENTENNIAL ODE.

BREAK forth in song, ye trees,  
 As, through your tops, the breeze  
 Sweeps from the sea!  
 For, on its rushing wings,  
 To your cool shades and springs,  
 That breeze a people brings,  
 Exiled though free.

Ye sister hills, lay down  
 Of ancient oaks your crown,  
 In homage due;  
 These are the great of earth—  
 Great, not by kingly birth,  
 Great in their well-proved worth—  
 Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,  
 That from your bold, green heights  
 Shall shine afar,  
 Till they who name the name  
 Of freedom, toward the flame  
 Come, as the magi came  
 Toward Bethlehem's star.

Gone are those great and good  
 Who here in peril stood  
 And raised their hymn.  
 Peace to the reverend dead!—  
 The light, that on their head  
 Two hundred years have shed,  
 Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God  
 Rise where our fathers' trod,  
 Guard well your trust:  
 The faith that dared the sea;  
 The truth that made them free;  
 Their cherished purity,  
 Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,  
 Whose care for sire and son  
 All nature fills—  
 While day shall break and close,  
 While night her crescent shows,  
 Oh, let Thy light repose  
 On these our hills!

JOHN PIERPONT.

### THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
 At eve hold not thine hand—  
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed—  
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,  
 The highway furrows stock—  
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow  
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground  
 Expect not here nor there;  
 O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found:  
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive—  
 The late or early sown;  
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive,  
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain—  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry  
 Shall foster and mature the grain  
 For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe  
Who madly seeks your overthrow,  
Dread not his rage and power;  
What though your courage sometimes faints?  
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs  
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,  
Leave it to Him, our Lord.  
Though hidden from all our eyes,  
He sees the Gideon who shall rise  
To save us, and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,  
Not earth or hell with all their crew  
Against us shall prevail.  
A jest and by-word are they grown;  
God is with us, we are His own,  
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!  
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;  
Fight for us once again!  
So shall the saints and martyrs raise  
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,  
World without end! Amen.

MICHAEL ALTENBURG. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

### THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
The martyrs' ashes, watched,  
Shall gathered be at last;

And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath;  
And vain is Satan's boast  
Of victory in their death;  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land,  
The one availing name.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Translation of WILLIAM JOHN FOX.

### WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed—  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear—  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near,

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try—  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—  
The Christian's native air—  
His watchword at the gates of death—  
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone—  
The Holy Spirit pleads—  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—  
The life, the truth, the way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### "OH, YET WE TRUST."

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath-made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not any thing;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all—  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night—  
An infant crying for the light—  
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Nor on a prayerless bed, nor on a prayerless  
bed

Compose thy weary limbs to rest;  
For they alone are blessed  
With balmy sleep  
Whom angels keep;  
Nor, though by care oppressed.  
Or anxious sorrow,

Or thought in many a coil perplexed  
For coming morrow,  
Lay not thy head  
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall  
close,

That earthly cares and woes  
To thee may e'er return?

Arouse, my soul!  
Slumber control,

And let thy lamp burn brightly;

So shall thine eyes discern

Things pure and sightly;

Taught by the Spirit, learn

Never on prayerless bed

To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,  
That calls for holy prayer?

Has thy day been so bright  
That in its flight

There is no trace of sorrow?

And thou art sure to-morrow

Will be like this, and more

Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,

And still make plans for more?

Thou fool! this very night

Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,

That ploughs the ocean deep,

And when storms sweep

The wintry, lowering sky,

For whom thou wak'st and weepest?

Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,

Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;

For He that slumbereth not is there—

His ear is open to thy cry.

Oh, then, on prayerless bed  
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,  
Till in communion blest  
With the elect ye rest—  
Those souls of countless number;  
And with them raise  
The note of praise,  
Reaching from earth to heaven—  
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;  
So lay thy happy head,  
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

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HYMN.

WHEN the angels all are singing  
All of glory ever-springing,  
In the ground of heaven's high graces,  
Where all virtues have their places,  
Oh that my poor soul were near them,  
With an humble faith to hear them!

Then should faith, in love's submission,  
Joying but in mercy's blessing,  
Where that sins are in remission  
Sing the joyful soul's confessing—  
Of her comforts high commending,  
All in glory never-ending.

But, ah wretched sinful creature!  
How should the corrupted nature  
Of this wicked heart of mine  
Think upon that love divine,  
That doth tune the angels' voices  
While the host of heaven rejoices?

No! the song of deadly sorrow  
In the night that hath no morrow—  
And their pains are never ended  
That have heavenly powers offended—  
Is more fitting to the merit  
Of my foul infected spirit.

Yet while mercy is removing  
All the sorrows of the loving,  
How can faith be full of blindness  
To despair of mercy's kindness—  
While the hand of heaven is giving  
Comfort from the ever-living?

No, my soul, be no more sorry—  
Look unto that life of glory  
Which the grace of faith regardeth,  
And the tears of love rewardeth—  
Where the soul the comfort getteth  
That the angels' music setteth.

There—when thou art well conducted,  
And by heavenly grace instructed  
How the faithful thoughts to fashion  
Of a ravished lover's passion—  
Sing with saints, to angels nighest,  
Hallelujah in the highest!

*Gloria in excelsis Domino!*

NICHOLAS BRETON

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MARY.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer;  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But—he was dead, and there he sits  
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete.  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's  
feet

With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What souls possess themselves so  
pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

ALFRED TENNYSON



## JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings;  
 It is the Lord, who rises  
 With healing in His wings.  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new;  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may!

It can bring with it nothing  
 But He will bear us through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing  
 Will clothe His people too.  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed;  
 And He who feeds the ravens  
 Will give His children bread.

The vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Their wonted fruit should bear,  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there:  
 Yet God the same abiding  
 His praise shall tune my voice,  
 For, while in Him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## CHARITY.

COULD I command, with voice or pen,  
 The tongues of angels and of men,  
 A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,  
 My speech and preaching would surpass;  
 Vain were such eloquence to me,  
 Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,  
 Give all my goods to feed the poor—  
 Had I the faith from Alpine steep  
 To hurl the mountain to the deep—

What were such zeal, such power, to me  
 Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye  
 Things future, as the things gone by—  
 Could I all earthly knowledge scan,  
 And mete out heaven with a span—  
 Poor were the chief of gifts to me  
 Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind—  
 Charity bears a humble mind—  
 Rejoices not when ills befall,  
 But glories in the weal of all;  
 She hopes, believes, and envies not,  
 Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,  
 Prophets discern not things to come,  
 Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,  
 And miracles no more be wrought;  
 But charity shall never fail—  
 Her anchor is within the veil.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

## FOR BELIEVERS.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,  
 Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am if Thou art mine!  
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,  
 And keeps my happy soul above;  
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
 And joy, and everlasting love;  
 To me, with Thy dear name, are given  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art—  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;  
 The medicine of my broken heart;  
 In war my peace; in loss my gain;  
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;  
 In shame my glory and my crown;

In want my plentiful supply;  
 In weakness my almighty power;  
 In bonds my perfect liberty;  
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;  
 In grief my joy unspeakable;  
 My life in death; my heaven in hell.

CHARLES WESTLEY

## DESIRING TO LOVE.

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by Thee?  
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,—  
 The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell;  
 Its riches are unsearchable;  
 The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depth to see—  
 They cannot reach the mystery,  
 The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God—  
 Oh that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor stony heart!  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine—  
 Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit  
 With Mary at the Master's feet!  
 Be this my happy choice—  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this—  
 To hear the bridegroom's voice.

Oh that, with humbled Peter, I  
 Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,  
 My faithfulness to prove!  
 Thou knowest, for, all to Thee is known—  
 Thou knowest, O Lord, and Thou alone—  
 Thou knowest that Thee I love.

Oh that I could, with favored John,  
 Recline my weary head upon  
 The dear Redeemer's breast!  
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
 My everlasting rest!

Thy only love do I require—  
 Nothing in earth beneath desire,  
 Nothing in heaven above;  
 Let earth and heaven and all things go—  
 Give me Thy only love to know,  
 Give me Thy only love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

## DIVINE LOVE.

Thou hidden love of God! whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows—  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
 My heart is pained; nor can it be  
 At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;  
 And fain I would; but though my will  
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;  
 Yet hindrances strew all the way—  
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought  
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee!  
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,  
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
 Oh when shall all my wanderings end,  
 And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with Thee my heart to share!  
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone—  
 The Lord of every motion there!  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live!  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling lust survive!  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire or seek, but Thee

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart  
 To save me from low-thoughted care;  
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there;  
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn—  
 Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;  
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn  
 Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame.  
 Oh help, that I may never move  
 From the blest footsteps of Thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
 "I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"  
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. (German.)

Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

### LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,  
 When temptations me oppress,  
 And when I my sins confess,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
 Sick at heart, and sick in head,  
 And with doubts discomforted,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
 And the world is drowned in sleep,  
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees  
 No one hope, but of his fees,  
 And his skill runs on the lees,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,  
 His or none or little skill,  
 Meet for nothing, but to kill—  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,  
 And the Furies, in a shoal,  
 Come to fright a parting soul,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
 And the comforters are few,  
 And that number more than true,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
 And I nod to what is said  
 Because my speech is now decayed,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about  
 Either with despair or doubt,  
 Yet before the glass be out,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th  
 With the sins of all my youth,  
 And half damns me with untruth,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
 Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,  
 And all terrors me surprise,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,  
 And that opened which was sealed—  
 When to Thee I have appealed,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK.

### OH! FEAR NOT THOU TO DIE.

Oh fear not thou to die—  
 Far rather fear to live!—for life  
 Has thousand snares thy feet to try,  
 By peril, pain, and strife.  
 Brief is the work of death;  
 But life—the spirit shrinks to see  
 How full, ere heaven recalls the breath,  
 The cup of woe may be.

Oh fear not thou to die—  
 No more to suffer or to sin—  
 No snare without, thy faith to try—  
 No traitor heart within;  
 But fear, oh rather fear  
 The gay, the light, the changeful scene,  
 The flattering smiles that greet thee here.  
 From heaven thy heart to wean.

Oh fear not thou to die—  
 To die and be that blessed one  
 Who in the bright and beauteous sky  
 May feel his conflict done—  
 May feel that never more  
 The tear of grief, of shame, shall come,  
 For thousand wanderings from the power  
 Who loved and called thee home.

ANONYMOUS

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame.  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away!  
 What is this absorbs me quite,  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears;  
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring:  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE VALEDICTION.

VAIN world, what is in thee?  
 What do poor mortals see  
 Which should esteemed be  
     Worthy their pleasure?  
 Is it the mother's womb,  
 Or sorrows which soon come,  
 Or a dark grave and tomb;  
     Which is their treasure?  
 How dost thou man deceive  
     By thy vain glory?  
 Why do they still believe  
     Thy false history?

Is it children's book and rod,  
 The laborer's heavy load,  
 Poverty undertrod,  
     The world desireth?  
 Is it distracting cares,  
 Or heart-tormenting fears,  
 Or pining grief and tears,  
     Which man requireth?

Or is it youthful rage,  
     Or childish toying?  
 Or is decrepit age  
     Worth man's enjoying?

Is it deceitful wealth,  
 Got by care, fraud, or stealth,  
 Or short, uncertain health,  
     Which thus befool men?  
 Or do the serpent's lies,  
 By the world's flatteries  
 And tempting vanities,  
     Still overrule them?  
 Or do they in a dream  
     Sleep out their season?  
 Or borne down by lust's stream,  
     Which conquers reason?

The silly lambs to-day  
 Pleasantly skip and play,  
 Whom butchers mean to slay,  
     Perhaps to-morrow;  
 In a more brutish sort  
 Do careless sinners sport,  
 Or in dead sleep still snort,  
     As near to sorrow;  
 Till life, not well begun,  
     Be sadly ended,  
 And the web they have spun  
     Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,  
 And what is that to come?  
 Is it not now as none?  
     The present stays not.  
 Time posteth, oh how fast!  
 Unwelcome death makes haste;  
 None can call back what's past—  
     Judgment delays not;  
 Though God bring in the light,  
     Sinners awake not—  
 Because hell's out of sight,  
     They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show;  
 They know, yet will not know;  
 Sit still when they should go—  
     But run for shadows,  
 While they might taste and know  
 The living streams that flow,  
 And crop the flowers that grow,  
     In Christ's sweet meadows.



Life's better slept away  
 Than as they use it;  
 In sin and drunken play  
 Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu!  
 Where no foul vice is new—  
 Only to Satan true,  
     God still offended;  
 Though taught and warned by God,  
 And His chastising rod,  
 Keeps still the way that's broad,  
     Never amended.  
 Baptismal vows some make,  
     But ne'er perform them;  
 If angels from heaven spake,  
     'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,  
 They labor hard for death,  
 Run themselves out of breath  
     To overtake it.  
 Hell is not had for naught,  
 Damnation's dearly bought,  
 And with great labor sought—  
     They 'll not forsake it.  
 Their souls are Satan's fee—  
     He 'll not abate it.  
 Grace is refused that's free—  
     Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse,  
 It's too rough work for verse  
 His badness to rehearse,  
     And show his folly;  
 He 'll die at any rates—  
 He God and conscience hates,  
 Yet sin he consecrates,  
     And calls it holy.  
 The grace he 'll not endure  
     Which would renew him—  
 Constant to all, and sure,  
     Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth,  
 And takes root in the earth—  
 As nature shooteth forth,  
     His feet grow highest,  
 To kick at all above,  
 And spurn at saving love;  
 His God is in his grove,  
     Because it's highest;

He loves this world of strife,  
 Hates that would mend it;  
 Loves death that's called life,  
 Fears what would end it.

All that is good he 'd crush,  
 Blindly on sin doth rush—  
 A pricking thorny bush,  
     Such Christ was crowned with;  
 Their worship's like to this—  
 The reed, the Judas kiss:  
 Such the religion is  
     That these abound with;  
 They mock Christ with the knee  
     Whene'er they bow it—  
 As if God did not see  
     The heart, and know it.

Of good they choose the least,  
 Despise that which is best—  
 The joyful, heavenly feast  
     Which Christ would give them;  
 Heaven hath scarce one cold wish:  
 They live unto the flesh;  
 Like swine they feed on wash—  
     Satan doth drive them.  
 Like weeds, they grow in mire  
     Which vices nourish—  
 Where, warmed by Satan's fire,  
     All sins do flourish.

Is this the world men choose,  
 For which they heaven refuse,  
 And Christ and grace abuse,  
     And not receive it?  
 Shall I not guilty be  
 Of this in some degree,  
 If hence God would me free,  
     And I'd not leave it?  
 My soul, from Sodom fly,  
 Lest wrath there find thee;  
 Thy refuge-rest is nigh—  
     Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,  
 None of the hellish crew;  
 God's promise is most true—  
     Boldly believe it.  
 My friends are gone before,  
 And I am near the shore;  
 My soul stands at the door—  
     O Lord, receive it

It trusts Christ and His merits—  
The dead He raises ;  
Join it with blessed spirits  
Who sing Thy praises.

RICHARD BAXTER.

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HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh, how shall I appear ?

If yet while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought—

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis-  
closed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh, how shall I appear ?

But Thou hast told the troubled mind  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart  
Ere yet it be too late,  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans  
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure.  
Who knows Thine only Son has died  
To make her pardon sure.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

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HYMN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow is unknown—  
From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and sin released,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,  
And hast borne the heavy load ;  
But Christ hath taught thy wandering feet  
To reach His blest abode.  
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,  
On his Father's faithful breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,  
Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
And the Holy Spirit fail.  
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,  
Whom on earth thou lovest best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Thus the solemn priest hath said—  
So we lay the turf above thee now,  
And seal thy narrow bed ;  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away  
Among the faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us  
Whom thou now hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find ;  
May each, like thee, depart in peace,  
To be a glorious, happy guest  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

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THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave—we no longer  
deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed through its portals  
before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer  
 behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by  
 thy side;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-  
 fold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has  
 died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion  
 forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered  
 long,  
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on  
 thy waking,  
 And the song which thou heard'st was the  
 seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong  
 to deplore thee,  
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,  
 thy guide;  
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will  
 restore thee,  
 Where death hath no sting, since the Sa-  
 viour hath died.

REGINALD HEBER.

## DEATH.

Ah, lovely appearance of death!  
 What sight upon earth is so fair?  
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe  
 Can with a dead body compare;  
 With solemn delight I survey  
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled—  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft  
 Of all that could burden his mind!  
 How easy the soul that has left  
 This wearisome body behind!  
 Of evil incapable, thou,  
 Whose relics with envy I see—  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more  
 With sickness, or shaken with pain:  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex him again;  
 No anger henceforward, or shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent clay;  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanished away.

This languishing head is at rest—  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
 This quiet, immovable breast  
 Is heaved by affliction no more;  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble, and torturing pain;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat—  
 It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep—  
 Sealed up in their mortal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep;  
 The fountains can yield no supplies—  
 These hollows from water are free;  
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in a prison I breathe,  
 And still for deliverance pine,  
 And press to the issues of death;  
 What now with my tears I bedew  
 Oh might I this moment become!  
 My spirit created anew,  
 My flesh be consigned to the tomb!

CHARLES WESLEY

## A DIRGE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"  
 Here the evil and the just,  
 Here the youthful and the old,  
 Here the fearful and the bold,  
 Here the matron and the maid,  
 In one silent bed are laid;  
 Here the vassal and the king  
 Side by side lie withering;  
 Here the sword and sceptre rust—  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along  
 O'er this pale and mighty throng;  
 Those that wept them, they that weep,  
 All shall with these sleepers sleep;  
 Brothers, sisters of the worm,  
 Summer's sun, or winter's storm,  
 Song of peace, or battle's roar  
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;  
 Death shall keep his sullen trust—  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast—  
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!  
 It shall come in fear and wonder,  
 Heralded by trump and thunder;  
 It shall come in strife and toil,  
 It shall come in blood and spoil;  
 It shall come in empire's groans,  
 Burning temples, ruined thrones;  
 Then, ambition, rue thy lust!  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;  
 In the east the king shall shine,  
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate—  
 Thousands, thousands, round His state—  
 Spirits with the crown and plume;  
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!  
 Heaven shall open on thy sight,  
 Earth be turned to living light—  
 Kingdom of the ransomed just—  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,  
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem!  
 Then shall in the desert rise  
 Fruits of more than Paradise;  
 Earth by angel feet be trod—  
 One great garden of her God!  
 Till are dried the martyr's tears,  
 Through a thousand glorious years!  
 Now in hope of Him we trust—  
 Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

GEORGE CROLY.

## FOR A WIDOWER OR WIDOW

DEPRIVED OF A LOVING YOREFELLOW.

How near me came the hand of death,  
 When at my side he struck my dear,  
 And took away the precious breath  
 Which quickened my beloved peer!  
 How helpless am I thereby made—  
 By day how grieved, by night how sad  
 And now my life's delight is gone,  
 Alas, how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem  
 Than music in her sweetest key,  
 Those eyes which unto me did seem  
 More comfortable than the day—  
 Those now by me, as they have been,  
 Shall never more be heard or seen;  
 But what I once enjoyed in them  
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus—  
 So little hold of them have we  
 That we from them or they from us  
 May in a moment ravished be;  
 Yet we are neither just nor wise  
 If present mercies we despise,  
 Or mind not how there may be made  
 A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,  
 Though these beseeching tears I drop,  
 The loss of my beloved one  
 As they that are deprived of hope;  
 But in expressing of my grief  
 My heart receiveth some relief,  
 And joyeth in the good I had,  
 Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust  
 Which my dear spouse reposed in me!  
 To him now dead preserve me just  
 In all that should performed be;  
 For though our being man and wife  
 Extendeth only to this life,  
 Yet neither life nor death should end  
 The being of a faithful friend.



Those helps which I through him enjoyed,  
 Let Thy continual aid supply—  
 That, though some hopes in him are void,  
 I always may on Thee rely;  
 And whether I shall wed again,  
 Or in a single state remain,  
 Unto Thine honor let it be,  
 And for a blessing unto me.

GEORGE WITHER.

### THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
 And I alone sit lingering here!  
 Their very memory is fair and bright,  
 And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove—  
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
 Whose light doth trample on my days—  
 My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility—  
 High as the heavens above!  
 These are your walks, and you have showed  
 them me  
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—  
 Shining nowhere but in the dark!  
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
 Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest  
 may know,  
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
 So some strange thoughts transcend our  
 wonted themes,  
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
 Her captive flames must needs burn there,  
 But when the hand that locked her up gives  
 room,  
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
 Created glories under Thee!  
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall  
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and  
 fill

My perspective still as they pass;  
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
 Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

### EACH SORROWFUL MOURNER

EACH sorrowful mourner, be silent!  
 Fond mothers, give over your weeping!  
 Nor grieve for those pledges as perished—  
 This dying is life's reparation.

Now take him, O earth, to thy keeping,  
 And give him soft rest in thy bosom;  
 I lend thee the frame of a Christian—  
 I entrust thee the generous fragments.

Thou holily guard the deposit—  
 He will well, He will surely, require it,  
 Who, forming it, made its creation  
 The type of His image and likeness.

But until the resolvable body  
 Thou recallest, O God, and reformest,  
 What regions, unknown to the mortal,  
 Dost Thou will the pure soul to inhabit?

It shall rest upon Abraham's bosom,  
 As the spirit of blest Eleazar,  
 Whom, afar in that Paradise, Dives  
 Beholds from the flames of his torments.

We follow Thy saying, Redeemer,  
 Whereby, as on death Thou wast trampling  
 The thief, Thy companion, Thou willedest  
 To tread in Thy footsteps and triumph.

To the faithful the bright way is open,  
Henceforward, to Paradise leading,  
And to that blessed grove we have access  
Whereof man was bereaved by the serpent.

Thou leader and guide of Thy people,  
Give command that the soul of Thy servant  
May have holy repose in the country  
Whence, exile and erring, he wandered.

We will honor the place of his resting  
With violets and garlands of flowers,  
And will sprinkle inscription and marble  
With odors of costliest fragrance.

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS. (Latin.)

Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

### A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the rising and the setting  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the gathering and the strowing  
I shall be soon;

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the frost chain and the fever  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the rock waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

HORATIUS BONAR.

### GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF THE SAINTS ABOVE.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
With all your feeble light;  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts  
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light  
Shall there His beams display,  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief  
 Shall swell into mine eyes,  
 Nor the meridian sun decline  
 Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints  
 Shall in one song unite,  
 And each the bliss of all shall view  
 With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea,  
 And linger shivering on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unobscured eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
 flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

### THE NEW JERUSALEM; OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAV- ENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,  
 Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerúsalem,  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end—  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 O happy harbor of God's saints!  
 O sweet and pleasant soil!  
 In thee no sorrows can be found—  
 No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,  
 No hurt, nor any sore;  
 There is no death nor ugly night,  
 But life for evermore.  
 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,  
 No cloud nor darksome night,  
 But every soul shines as the sun—  
 For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
 There envy bears no sway;  
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
 But pleasures every way.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
 Would God I were in thee!  
 Oh! that my sorrows had an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,  
 No woeful night is there;  
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—  
 No well-away, no fear.  
 Jerusalem the city is  
 Of God our king alone;  
 The lamb of God, the light thereof,  
 Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem  
 With speed may go behold!  
 For why? the pleasures there abound  
 Which here cannot be told.  
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
 With carbuncles do shine—  
 With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,  
 Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,  
 Thy windows crystal clear,  
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—  
 There angels do appear.  
 Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,  
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl—  
 O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come  
 That is not passing clean;  
 No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,  
 No filth may there be seen.  
 Jehovah, Lord, now come away,  
 And end my griefs and plaints—  
 Take me to Thy Jerusalem,  
 And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crowned with glory great,  
 And see God face to face,  
 They triumph still, and aye rejoice—  
 Most happy is their case.  
 But we that are in banishment,  
 Continually do moan;  
 We sign, we mourn, we sob, we weep—  
 Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
 Our pleasures are but pain,  
 Our joys not worth the looking on—  
 Our sorrows aye remain.  
 But there they live in such delight,  
 Such pleasure and such play,  
 That unto them a thousand years  
 Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!  
 Thy joys when shall I see—  
 The king sitting upon His throne,  
 And thy felicity?

Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,  
 So wonderfully rare,  
 Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,  
 Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,  
 Continually are green;  
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.

There cinnamon and sugar grow,  
 There nard and balm abound;  
 No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
 The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—  
 There music's ever sweet;  
 There many a fair and dainty thing  
 Are trod down under feet.  
 Quite through the streets, with pleasant  
 sound,  
 The flood of life doth flow;  
 Upon the banks, on every side,  
 The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened  
 fruit—  
 For evermore they spring;  
 And all the nations of the world  
 To thee their honors bring.  
 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place  
 Full sore I long to see;  
 Oh! that my sorrows had an end,  
 That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,  
 As master of the choir;  
 A thousand times that man were blest  
 That might his music hear.  
 There Mary sings "Magnificat,"  
 With tunes surpassing sweet;  
 And all the virgins bear their part,  
 Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,  
 St. Austin doth the like;  
 Old Simeon and Zacharie  
 Have not their songs to seek.  
 There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
 And cheerfully doth sing,  
 With all blest saints whose harmony  
 Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
 Thy joys fain would I see;  
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
 And take me home to Thee;  
 Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,  
 And take me hence away,  
 That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,  
 And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—  
 Jehovah's throne on high!  
 O sacred city, queen, and wife  
 Of Christ eternally!



O come, y queen with glory clad,  
 With honor and degree.  
 All fair thou art, exceeding bright—  
 No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,  
 The comfort of us all;  
 For thou art fair and beautiful—  
 None ill can thee befall.

In thee, Jerusalem, I say,  
 No darkness dare appear—  
 No night, no shade, no winter foul—  
 No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,  
 No glittering star to light;  
 For Christ, the king of righteousness,  
 For ever shineth bright.

A lamb unspotted, white and pure,  
 To thee doth stand in lieu  
 Of light—so great the glory is  
 Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings, beset  
 In midst His servants' sight;  
 And they, His happy household all,  
 Do serve Him day and night.

There, there the choir of angels sing—  
 There the supernal sort  
 Of citizens, which hence are rid  
 From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,  
 The apostles six and six,  
 The glorious martyrs in a row,  
 And confessors betwixt.

There doth the crew of righteous men  
 And matrons all consist—  
 Young men and maids that here on earth  
 Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped  
 The snare of death and hell,  
 Triumph in joy eternally,  
 Whereof no tongue can tell;

And though the glory of each one  
 Doth differ in degree,  
 Yet is the joy of all alike  
 And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,  
 And Christ is all in all,  
 Whom they most perfectly behold  
 In joy celestial.

They love, they praise—they praise, they  
 love;

They "Holy, holy," cry;  
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
 But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,  
 If, after wretched days,  
 I might with listening ears conceive  
 Those heavenly songs of praise,  
 Which to the eternal king are sung  
 By happy wights above—  
 By saved souls and angels sweet,  
 Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,  
 Might I be worthy found  
 To wait upon my God and king,  
 His praises there to sound;  
 And to enjoy my Christ above,  
 His favor and His grace,  
 According to His promise made,  
 Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth he, "let them  
 Which Thou hast put of old  
 To me, be there where lo! I am—  
 Thy glory to behold;  
 Which I with Thee, before the world  
 Was made in perfect wise,  
 Have had—from whence the fountain great  
 Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve  
 Thee, let him follow me;  
 For where I am, he there, right sure,  
 Then shall my servant be."  
 And still: "If any man loves me,  
 Him loves my father dear,  
 Whom I do love—to him myself  
 In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,  
 That then I may be bold  
 With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,  
 Thy glory to behold;  
 And so in Zion see my king,  
 My love, my Lord, my all—  
 Where now as in a glass I see,  
 There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart—  
 Their sovereign they shall see;  
 O ye most happy, heavenly wights,  
 Which of God's household be!  
 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,  
 These gins and fetters strong;  
 For I have dwelt within the tents  
 Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!  
 Fetch me Thy fold unto,  
 That all Thy angels may rejoice,  
 While all Thy will I do.  
 O mother dear! Jerusalem!  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end,  
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,  
 To quit me from all strife,  
 That to Thy hill I may attain,  
 And dwell there all my life—  
 With cherubims and seraphims  
 And holy souls of men,  
 To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!  
 Forever and amen!

ANONYMOUS.

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### PEACE.

My soul, there is a country  
 Afar beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a winged sentry,  
 All skilful in the wars.  
 There, above noise and danger,  
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,  
 And One born in a manger  
 Commands the beauteous files.  
 He is thy gracious friend,  
 And (O my soul awake!)  
 Did in pure love descend,  
 To die here for thy sake.  
 If thou canst get but thither,  
 There grows the flower of peace—  
 The rose that cannot wither—  
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
 Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;  
 For none can thee secure,  
 But One who never changes—  
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

### OF HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure  
 Of an eterral pleasure!  
 Thy throne is seated far  
 Above the highest star,  
 Where Thou preparest a glorious place,  
 Within the brightness of Thy face,  
 For every spirit  
 To inherit  
 That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,  
 And loves Thee with a holy charity.  
 What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes  
 Clear as the morning rise,  
 Can speak, or think, or see  
 That bright eternity,  
 Where the great king's transparent throne  
 Is of an entire jasper stone?  
 There the eye  
 O' the chrysolite,  
 And a sky  
 Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase—  
 And above all, Thy holy face—  
 Makes an eternal charity.  
 When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that day  
 Remember us, we pray—  
 That where the beryl lies,  
 And the crystal 'bove the skies,  
 There Thou mayest appoint us place  
 Within the brightness of Thy face—  
 And our soul  
 In the scroll  
 Of life and blissfulness enroll,  
 That we may praise Thee to eternity. Al-  
 lelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

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### THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:  
 "O my people, faint and few,  
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
 Fair abodes I build for you;  
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation  
 Shall no more perplex your ways;  
 You shall name your walls salvation,  
 And your gates shall all be praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All His bounty shall bestow.  
Still in undisturbed possession  
Peace and righteousness shall reign;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons, no more shall see;  
But, your griefs for ever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me.  
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night;  
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light."

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### THE WILDERNESS TRANSFORMED.

AMAZING, beauteous change!  
A world created new!  
My thoughts with transport range,  
The lovely scene to view;  
In all I trace,  
Saviour divine,  
The work is Thine—  
Be Thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play  
Amidst the burning sands;  
The river's winding way  
Shines through the thirsty lands;  
New grass is seen,  
And o'er the meads  
Its carpet spreads  
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,  
Entwined with horrid thorn,  
Gay flowers, for ever new,  
The painted fields adorn—  
The blushing rose  
And lily there,  
In union fair  
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood  
All bare and disarrayed,  
See the wide-branching wood  
Diffuse its grateful shade;  
Tall cedars nod,  
And oaks and pines,  
And elms and vines  
Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain  
Their savage chase give o'er—  
No more they rend the slain,  
And thirst for blood no more:  
But infant hands  
Fierce tigers stroke,  
And lions yoke  
In flowery bands.

Oh when, Almighty Lord,  
Shall these glad scenes arise,  
To verify Thy word,  
And bless our wondering eyes!  
That earth may raise,  
With all its tongues,  
United songs  
Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDGE

#### ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever,  
No desert intervene;  
No deep, sad-flowing river  
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward towering,  
Shall bound our eager sight;  
No tempest, darkly lowering,  
Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union  
Of soul with those we love,  
Nearness and glad communion,  
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,  
No thought of ache or pain,  
No fretting hours of weakness,  
Shall mar our peace again.

No death, our homes o'ershading,  
 Shall e'er our harps unstring;  
 For all is life unfading  
 In presence of our king.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Yet to Thee my soul should raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise,  
 And, when every blessing's flown,  
 Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

### PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days—  
 Bounteous source of every joy,  
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield,  
 For the vine's exalted juice,  
 For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,  
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse—

All that spring, with bounteous hand,  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
 All that liberal autumn pours  
 From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe—  
 Source whence all our blessings flow!  
 And for these my soul shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
 From its stem the ripening ear—  
 Should the fig-tree's blossoms shoot  
 Drop her green untimely fruit—

Should the vine put forth no more,  
 Nor the olive yield her store—  
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
 And the herds desert the stall—

Should Thine altered hand restrain  
 The early and the latter rain,  
 Blast each opening bud of joy,  
 And the rising year destroy;

### VENI, CREATOR!

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every pious mind;  
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

O source of uncreated light,  
 The Father's promised Paraclete!  
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire,  
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
 To sanctify us while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!  
 Thou strength of His almighty hand  
 Whose power does heaven and earth com-  
 mand!

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
 And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;  
 But oh, inflame and fire our hearts!  
 Our frailties help, our vice control—  
 Submit the senses to the soul;  
 And when rebellious they are grown,  
 Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
 And, lest our feet should step astray,  
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
 And practise all that we believe;  
 Give us Thyself, that we may see  
 The Father, and the Son, by Thee.



Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the almighty Father's name!  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died!  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

ST. AMBROSE. (Latin.)

Paraphrase of JOHN DRYDEN.

### HYMN OF PRAISE.

Lo! God is here! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place;  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face!  
Who know His power, His grace who prove,  
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here! Him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toils of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;  
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give—  
Oh take! oh seal them for Thine own!  
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord—  
Be Thou by all Thy works adored!

Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;  
To thee may all our thoughts arise—  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

In Thee we move; all things of Thee  
Are full, Thou source and life of all;  
Thou vast unfathomable sea!  
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,  
Ye sons of men! For God is man!)  
All may we lose, so Thee we gain!

As flowers their opening leaves display,  
And glad drink in the solar fire,  
So may we catch Thy every ray,  
So may Thy influence us inspire—  
Thou beam of the eternal beam!  
Thou purging fire, Thou quickening flame!

GERHARD TERSTERGEN. (German.)

Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

### THE LORD THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my shepherd, nor want shall I  
know;

I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters  
flow,

Restores me when wandering, redeems  
when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death  
though I stray,

Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;  
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my  
stay;

No harm can befall with my comforter  
near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-  
neth o'er;

With perfume and oil Thou anointest my  
head;

Oh! what shall I ask of Thy Providence  
more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!  
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above:  
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod  
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy  
kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

### SONNET.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet in  
deed,

If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That of its native self can nothing feed.

Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,  
That quickens only where thou say'st it may.  
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,  
No man can find it; Father! thou must lead.  
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into  
my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,  
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of SAMUEL WORDSWORTH.

### PRAISE.

COME, oh come! with sacred lays  
Let us sound the Almighty's praise!  
Hither bring, in true consent,  
Heart, and voice, and instrument.  
Let the orpharion sweet  
With the harp and viol meet;  
Let your voices tune the lute;  
Let not tongue nor string be mute;  
Nor a creature dumb be found  
That hath either voice or sound!

Let such things as do not live,  
In still music praises give!  
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep  
On the earth, or in the deep;  
Loud aloft your voices strain,  
Beasts, and monsters of the main;  
Birds, your warbling treble sing;  
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;  
Sun and moon, exalted higher,  
And you, stars, augment the choir!

Come, ye sons of human race,  
In this chorus take your place!  
And amid this mortal throng  
Be you masters of the song.  
Angels and celestial powers,  
Be the noblest tenor yours!  
Let, in praise of God, the sound  
Run a never-ending round,  
That our holy hymn may be  
Everlasting as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb  
Music's deepest bass shall come;  
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,  
Shall the counter-tenor roar;  
To this concert, when we sing,  
Whistling winds, your descant bring,  
Which may bear the sound above  
Where the orb of fire doth move,  
And so climb from sphere to sphere,  
Till our song the Almighty hear!

So shall He, from heaven's high tower,  
On the earth His blessings shower;  
All this huge wide orb we see  
Shall one choir, one temple be;  
There our voices we will rear,  
Till we fill it every where,  
And enforce the fiends, that dwell  
In the air, to sink to hell.

Then, oh come! with sacred lays  
Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

GEORGE WITHER.

### THE POET'S HYMN FOR HIMSELF.

GREAT Almighty, king of heaven,  
And one God in persons three—  
Honor, praise, and thanks be given  
Now and evermore to Thee,  
Who hast more for Thine prepared  
Than by words can be declared!

By Thy mercies I was taken  
From the pits of miry clay,  
Wherein, wretched and forsaken,  
Helpless, hopeless too, I lay;  
And those comforts Thou didst give me  
Whereof no man can deprive me.

By Thy grace the passions, troubles,  
And what most my heart oppressed,  
Have appeared as airy bubbles,  
Dreams, or sufferings but in jest;  
And with profit that hath ended  
Which my foes for harm intended.

Those afflictions and those terrors,  
Which did plagues at first appear,  
Did but show me what mine errors  
And mine imperfections were;

But they wretched could not make me,  
Nor from Thy affection shake me.

Therefore as Thy blessed Psalmist,  
When his warfares had an end,  
And his days were at the calmest,  
Psalms and hymns of praises penned—  
So my rest, by Thee enjoyed,  
To Thy praise I have employed.

Lord! accept my poor endeavor,  
And assist Thy servant so,  
In well doing to persever,  
That more perfect I may grow—  
Every day more prudent, meeker,  
And of Thee a faithful seeker.

Let no passed sin or folly,  
Nor a future fault in me,  
Make unfruitful or unholy  
What I offer now to Thee;  
But with favor and compassion  
Cure and cover each transgression.

And with Israel's royal singer  
Teach me so faith's hymns to sing—  
So Thy ten-stringed law to finger,  
And such music thence to bring—  
That by grace I may aspire  
To Thy blessed angel choir!

GEORGE WITHER.

### PSALM XIII.

#### I.

LORD, how long, how long wilt Thou  
Quite forget, and quite neglect me?  
How long, with a frowning brow,  
Wilt Thou from Thy sight reject me?

#### II.

How long shall I seek a way  
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,  
Where my grieved mind, night and day,  
Is with thinking tired and vexed?  
How long shall my scornful foe,  
On my fall his greatness placing,  
Build upon my overthrow,  
And be graced by my disgracing?

#### III.

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries!  
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;  
And illuminate mine eyes,  
Heavenly beams in them infusing—  
Lest my woes, too great to bear,  
And too infinite to number,  
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,  
Into death's eternal slumber—

#### IV.

Lest my foes their boasting make:  
Spite of right, on him we trample;  
And a pride in mischief take,  
Hastened by my sad example.

#### V.

As for me, I'll ride secure  
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor;  
And, undaunted, will endure  
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

#### VI.

These black clouds will overblow—  
Sunshine shall have his returning;  
And my grief-dulled heart, I know,  
Into mirth shall change his mourning.  
Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing  
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,  
Who to happy pass will bring  
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

### PSALM XVIII.

#### PART FIRST.

O God, my strength and fortitude, of force I  
must love Thee!  
Thou art my castle and defence in my neces-  
sity—  
My God, my rock in whom I trust, the  
worker of my wealth  
My refuge, buckler, and my shield, the horn  
of all my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord most worthy  
to be served,  
Then from my foes I am right sure that I  
shall be preserved.

The pangs of death did compass me, and  
bound me everywhere;  
The flowing waves of wickedness did put me  
in great fear.

The sly and subtle snares of hell were round  
about me set;  
And for my death there was prepared a deadly  
trapping net.  
I, thus beset with pain and grief, did pray to  
God for grace;  
And he forthwith did hear my plaint out of  
His holy place.

Such is His power that in His wrath He made  
the earth to quake—  
Yea, the foundation of the mount of Basan  
for to shake.  
And from His nostrils came a smoke, when  
kindled was His ire;  
And from His mouth came kindled coals of  
hot consuming fire.

The Lord descended from above, and bowed  
the heavens high;  
And underneath His feet He cast the darkness  
of the sky.  
On cherubs and on cherubims full royally He  
rode;  
And on the wings of all the winds came fly-  
ing all abroad.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

## PSALM XIX.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!  
In every star Thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days Thy power confess;  
But the blest volume Thou hast writ  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So, when Thy truth begun its race  
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world Thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light or feel the sun.

Great sun of righteousness, arise!  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise—  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy word my guide to heaven!

ISAAC WATTS.

## PSALM XXIII.

## I.

God, who the universe doth hold  
In His fold,  
Is my shepherd, kind and heedful—  
Is my shepherd, and doth keep  
Me, His sheep,  
Still supplied with all things needful.

## II.

He feeds me in His fields, which been  
Fresh and green,  
Mottled with spring's flowery painting—  
Thro' which creep, with murmuring crooks,  
Crystal brooks,  
To refresh my spirit's fainting.

## III.

When my soul from heaven's way  
Went astray,  
With earth's vanities seduced,  
For His name's sake, kindly, He  
Wandering me  
To His holy fold reduced.

## IV.

Yea, though I stray through death's vale,  
Where His pale  
Shades did on each side enfold me,  
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,  
Should I bide;  
For Thy rod and staff uphold me.



## V.

Thou my board with messes large  
 Dost surcharge;  
 My bowls full of wine Thou pourest;  
 And before mine enemies'  
 Envious eyes  
 Balm upon my head Thou showerest.

## VI.

Neither dures Thy bounteous grace  
 For a space;  
 But it knows no bound nor measure;  
 So my days, to my life's end,  
 I shall spend  
 In Thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

## PSALM XXIII.

Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!  
 Want shall never more be mine.  
 In a pasture fair and large  
 He shall feed His happy charge,  
 And my couch with tenderest care  
 'Midst the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer's heat,  
 He shall lead my weary feet  
 To the streams that, still and slow,  
 Through the verdant meadows flow.  
 He my soul anew shall frame;  
 And, His mercy to proclaim,  
 When through devious paths I stray,  
 Teach my steps the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread  
 By the shades of death o'erspread;  
 There I walk from terror free,  
 While my every wish I see  
 By Thy rod and staff supplied—  
 This my guard, and that my guide.

While my foes are gazing on,  
 Thou Thy favoring care hast shown;  
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;  
 Thou with oil refreshed my head;  
 Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows;  
 For Thy love no limit knows.  
 Constant, to my latest end,  
 This my footsteps shall attend,  
 And shall bid Thy hallowed dome  
 Yield me an eternal home.

JAMES MERRICK.

## PSALM XXX.

## I.

LORD, to Thee, while I am living,  
 Will I sing hymns of thanksgiving;  
 For Thou hast drawn me from a gulf of woes,  
 So that my foes  
 Do not deride me.

## II.

When Thine aid, Lord, I implored,  
 Then by Thee was I restored;  
 My mournful heart with joy thou straight  
 didst fill,  
 So that none ill  
 Doth now betide me.

## III.

My soul, grievously distressed,  
 And with death well-nigh oppressed,  
 From death's devouring jaws, Lord, Thou  
 didst save,  
 And from the grave  
 My soul deliver.

## IV.

Oh, all ye that e'er had savor  
 Of God's everlasting favor,  
 Come! come and help me grateful praises  
 sing  
 To the world's king,  
 And my life's giver.

## V.

For His anger never lasteth,  
 And His favor never wasteth.  
 Though sadness be thy guest in sullen night,  
 The cheerful light  
 Will cheerful make thee.

## VI.

Lulled asleep with charming pleasures,  
 And base, earthly, fading treasures,  
 Rest, peaceful soul, said I, in happy state—  
 No storms of fate  
 Shall ever shake thee

## VII.

For Jehovah's grace unbounded  
 Hath my greatness surely founded;  
 And hath my state as strongly fortified,  
 On every side,  
 As rocky mountains.

## VIII.

But away His face God turned—  
I was troubled then, and mourned;  
Then thus I poured forth prayers and doleful  
cries.

With weeping eyes  
Like watery fountains:

## IX.

In my blood there is no profit;  
If I die what good comes of it?  
Shall rotten bones or senseless dust express  
Thy thankfulness,  
And works of wonder?

## X.

Oh then hear me, prayers forthpouring,  
Drowned in tears, from moist eyes show-  
ering;  
Have mercy, Lord, on me; my burden ease,  
If Thee it please,  
Which I groan under!

## XI.

Thus prayed I, and God, soon after,  
Changed my mourning into laughter;  
Mine ashy sackcloth, mark of mine annoy,  
To robes of joy  
Eftsoons He turned:

## XII.

Therefore, harp and voice, cease never,  
But sing sacred lays for ever  
To great Jehovah mounted on the skies,  
Who dried mine eyes  
When as I mourned.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

## PSALM XLVI.

God is the refuge of His saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there—  
Convulsions shake the solid world;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God—  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode;

That sacred stream Thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls;  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threaten'ing hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on His truth, and armed with power

ISAAC WATTS.

## PSALM XLVI.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'taken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour—  
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—  
Full soon were we down-ridden;  
But for us fights the proper man,  
Whom God himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, Who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is His name,  
The Lord Zebaoth's son—  
He and no other one  
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore—  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit;  
For why? His doom is writ—  
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,  
 One moment will not linger;  
 But, spite of hell, shall have its course—  
 'T is written by His finger.  
 And though they take our life,  
 Goods, honor, children, wife,  
 Yet is their profit small;  
 These things shall vanish all—  
 The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER. (German.)

Translation of THOMAS CARLYLE.

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PSALM LXV.

SECOND PART.

'T is by Thy strength the mountains stand,  
 God of eternal power!  
 The sea grows calm at Thy command,  
 And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light and evening shade  
 Successive comforts bring;  
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad—  
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,  
 Heaven, earth, and air, are Thine;  
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,  
 The author is divine.

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,  
 Borne by the winds around,  
 With watery treasures well supply  
 The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
 And ranks of corn appear;  
 Thy ways abound with blessings still—  
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

ISAAC WATTS.

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PSALM LXVI.

HAPPY sons of Israel,  
 Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,  
 Fill the air with shouts of joy—  
 Shouts redoubled from the sky.  
 Sing the great Jehovah's praise,  
 Trophies to His glory raise;

Say: How wonderful Thy deeds!  
 Lord, Thy power all power exceeds!  
 Conquest on Thy sword doth sit—  
 Trembling foes through fear submit.

Let the many-peopled earth,  
 All of high and humble birth,  
 Worship our eternal king—  
 Hymns unto His honor sing.  
 Come, and see what God hath wrought—  
 Terrible to human thought!  
 He the billows did divide,  
 Walled with waves on either side,  
 While we passed safe and dry;  
 Then our souls were rapt with joy.

Endless His dominion—  
 All beholding from His throne.  
 Let not those who hate us most,  
 Let not the rebellious, boast.  
 Bless the Lord! His praise be sung  
 While an ear can hear a tongue!  
 He our feet establisheth;  
 He our souls redeems from death.

Lord, as silver purified,  
 Thou hast with affliction tried;  
 Thou hast driven into the net,  
 Burdens on our shoulders set.  
 Trod on by their horse's hooves—  
 Theirs whom pity never moves—  
 We through fire, with flames embraced,  
 We through raging floods have passed;  
 Yet by Thy conducting hand  
 Brought into a wealthy land.

I will to Thy house repair,  
 Worship, and Thy power declare—  
 Offerings on Thy altar lay,  
 All my vows devoutly pay,  
 Uttered with my heart and tongue,  
 When oppressed with powerful wrong.  
 Fatlings I will sacrifice;  
 Incense in perfume shall rise—  
 Bullocks, shaggy goats, and rams,  
 Offered up in sacred flames.

You who great Jehovah fear,  
 Come, oh come, you blest! and bear  
 What for me the Lord hath wrought,  
 Then when near to ruin brought.  
 Fervently to Him I cried;  
 I His goodness magnified.  
 If I vices should affect,  
 Would not He my prayers reject?

But the Lord my prayers hath heard  
Which my tongue with tears preferred,  
Source of mercy be Thou blest,  
That hast granted my request!

GEORGE SANDYS.

PSALM LXXII.

FIRST PART.

GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son—  
Extend His power, exalt His throne!

Thy sceptre well becomes His hands—  
All heaven submits to his commands;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads the oppressor in the dust;  
His worship and His fear shall last  
Till hours and years, and time, be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send His influence down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at His first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM XCH.

THOU who art enthroned above—  
Thou by whom we live and move!  
Oh how sweet, how excellent,  
Is 't, with tongue and heart's consent,  
Thankful hearts, and joyful tongues,  
To renown Thy name in songs—

When the morning paints the skies,  
When the sparkling stars arise,  
Thy high favors to rehearse,  
Thy firm faith in grateful request!

Take the lute and violin;  
Let the solemn harp begin—  
Instruments strung with ten strings—  
While the silver cymbal rings.

From Thy works my joy proceeds;  
How I triumph in Thy deeds!  
Who Thy wonders can express?  
All Thy thoughts are fathomless—  
Hid from men, in knowledge blind—  
Hid from fools to vice inclined.  
Who that tyrant sin obey,  
Though they spring like flowers in May,  
Parched with heat, and nipped with frost,  
Soon shall fade, forever lost.

Lord, Thou art most great, most high—  
Such from all eternity.  
Perish shall Thy enemies—  
Rebels that against Thee rise.  
All who in their sins delight  
Shall be scattered by Thy might;  
But Thou shalt exalt my horn,  
Like a youthful unicorn;  
Fresh and fragrant odors shed  
On Thy crowned prophet's head.

I shall see my foe's defeat,  
Shortly hear of their retreat;  
But the just, like palms, shall flourish  
Which the plains of Judah nourish—  
Like tall cedars mounted on  
Cloud-ascending Lebanon.  
Plants set in Thy court, below  
Spread their roots and upwards grow;  
Fruit in their old age shall bring—  
Ever fat and flourishing.  
This God's justice celebrates—  
He, my rock, injustice hates.

GEORGE SANDYS.

PSALM C.

WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise—  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before Him songs of praise—



Convinced that He is God alone,  
 From whom both we and all proceed—  
 We whom He chooses for His own,  
 The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.

Oh enter then His temple gate,  
 Thence to his courts devoutly press;  
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
 And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord supremely good,  
 His mercy is forever sure;  
 His truth, which all times firmly stood,  
 To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY.

## PSALM CXVII.

From all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord—  
 Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

## PSALM CXXX.

From the deeps of grief and fear,  
 O Lord! to Thee my soul repairs;  
 From Thy heaven bow down Thine ear—  
 Let Thy mercy meet my prayers:  
 Oh! if Thou mark'st  
 What's done amiss,  
 What soul so pure  
 Can see Thy bliss?

But with Thee sweet mercy stands,  
 Sealing pardons, working fear;  
 Wait, my soul, wait on His hands—  
 Wait, mine eye; oh! wait, mine ear!  
 If He His eye  
 Or tongue affords,  
 Watch all His looks,  
 Catch all His words!

As a watchman waits for day,  
 And looks for light, and looks again,  
 When the night grows old and gray,  
 To be relieved he calls amain;  
 So look, so wait,  
 So long mine eyes,  
 To see my Lord,  
 My sun, arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord—  
 For from His tongue sweet mercy flows.  
 Wait on His cross, wait on His word—  
 Upon that true redemption grows;  
 He will redeem  
 His Israel  
 From sin and wrath,  
 From death and hell.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

## HYMN, FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptured thought obey,  
 And praise the Almighty's name;  
 Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise,  
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
 Ye scenes divinely fair!  
 Your maker's wondrous power proclaim—  
 Tell how He formed your shining frame,  
 And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!  
 While all the adoring thrones around  
 His boundless mercy sing:  
 Let every listening saint above  
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;  
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
 The mighty chorus aid;  
 Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,  
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,  
 And praise Him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God!  
 Who called you worlds from night;  
 "Ye shades, dispel!"—the Eternal said,  
 At once the involving darkness fled,  
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains  
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,  
 United praise bestow;  
 Ye dragons, sound His awful name  
 To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,  
 Ye swelling deeps below!

Let every element rejoice;  
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
 To Him who bids you roll;  
 His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
 And breathe it to the soul!

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow;  
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,  
 Your great Creator own!  
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,  
 How Sinai kindled at His look,  
 And trembled at His frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,  
 Ye insects fluttering on the gale,  
 In mutual concourse rise;  
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,  
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,  
 In incense to the skies!

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing—  
 Ye plumy warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise  
 To Him who shaped your finer mould,  
 Who tipped your glittering wings with  
 gold,  
 And tuned your voice to praise!

Let man—by nobler passions swayed—  
 The feeling heart, the judging head,  
 In heavenly praise employ;  
 Spread His tremendous name around,  
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the  
 sound,  
 The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,  
 Nursed on the downy lap of ease,  
 Fall prostrate at His throne;  
 Ye princes, rulers, all, adore—  
 Praise Him, ye kings, who make your  
 power  
 An image of His own!

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,  
 Oh praise the eternal source of love,  
 With youth's enlivening fire;  
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
 Sigh His blessed name—then soar away,  
 And ask an angel's lyre!

JOHN OGILVIE

## PSALM CXLVIII.

You who dwell above the skies,  
 Free from human miseries—  
 You whom highest heaven embowers,  
 Praise the Lord with all your powers!  
 Angels, your clear voices raise—  
 Him your heavenly armies praise;  
 Sun and moon, with borrowed light;  
 All you sparkling eyes of night;  
 Waters hanging in the air;  
 Heaven of heavens—His praise declare,  
 His deserved praise record,  
 He who made you by His word—  
 Made you evermore to last,  
 Set you bounds not to be passed!  
 Let the earth His praise resound;  
 Monstrous whales, and seas profound;  
 Vapors, lightnings, hail, and snow;  
 Storms which, when He bids them, blow;  
 Flowery hills and mountains high;  
 Cedars, neighbors to the sky;  
 Trees that fruit in season yield;  
 All the cattle of the field;  
 Savage beasts, all creeping things;  
 All that cut the air with wings;  
 You who awful sceptres sway,  
 You inured to obey—  
 Princes, judges of the earth,  
 All of high and humble birth;  
 Youths and virgins flourishing  
 In the beauty of your spring;  
 You who bow with age's weight,  
 You who were but born of late;

Praise His name with one consent.  
 Oh, how great! how excellent!  
 Than the earth profounder far,  
 Higher than the highest star,  
 He will us to honor raise;  
 You, His saints, resound His praise—  
 You who are of Jacob's race,  
 And united to His grace!

GEORGE SANDYS.

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HYMN.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravished heart?—  
 But Thou canst read it there!

Thy providence my life sustained,  
 And all my wants redrest,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
 It gently cleared my way,  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness oft hast Thou  
 With health renewed my face,  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk  
 Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bias  
 Has made my cup run o'er,  
 And in a kind and faithful friend  
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ,  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 And after death in distant worlds  
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide Thy works no more,  
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 For oh! eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON

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HYMN.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!  
 How sure is their defence!  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
 Supported by Thy care,  
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt  
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,  
 Made every region please;  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes  
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep  
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,  
And fear in every heart,  
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free;  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer  
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave;  
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
Obedient to Thy will;  
The sea, that roared at Thy command,  
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore—  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

### THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

God is a name my soul adores—  
The almighty Three, the eternal One!  
Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
Confess the infinite Unknown.

From Thy great self Thy being springs—  
Thou art Thy own original,  
Made up of uncreated things;  
And self-sufficiency bears them all.

Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,  
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;  
But nothing like Thyself appears  
Through all these spacious works of Thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows—  
From change to change the creatures run  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all Thy vast designs are one.

A glance of Thine runs through the globes,  
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their  
frame;  
Broad sheets of light compose Thy robes;  
Thy guards are formed of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,  
And worship in submissive forms:  
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,  
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare  
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace—  
Beneath Thy feet we lie so far,  
And see but shadows of Thy face!

Who can behold the blazing light—  
Who can approach consuming flame?  
None but Thy wisdom knows Thy might—  
None but Thy word can speak Thy name.

ISAAC WATTS.

### LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.



Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace:  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain:  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I SOUGHT Thee round about, O Thou my God!  
 In thine abode.  
 I said unto the earth: "Speak! art thou he?"  
 She answered me:  
 "I am not."—I enquired of creatures all,  
 In general,  
 Contained therein—they with one voice pro-  
 claim  
 That none amongst them challenged such a  
 name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,  
 My God to know;  
 I asked the reptiles, and whatever is  
 In the abyss—  
 Even from the shrimp to the leviathan  
 Enquiry ran;  
 But in those deserts which no line can sound,  
 The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air, if that were he; but  
 It told me no.  
 I from the towering eagle to the wren  
 Demanded then  
 If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were  
 such;  
 But they all, much  
 Offended with my question, in full choir  
 Answered: "To find thy God thou must look  
 higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars—  
 but they  
 Said: "We obey  
 The God thou seekest." I asked, what eye  
 or ear

Could see or hear—  
 What in the world I might descry or know,  
 Above, below;  
 —With an unanimous voice, all these things  
 said:  
 "We are not God, but we by Him were  
 made."

I asked the world's great universal mass,  
 If that God was;  
 Which with a mighty and strong voice re-  
 plied,

As stupefied:  
 "I am not He, O man! for know that I  
 By Him on high  
 Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated  
 And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued flat-  
 tery there  
 Deceived each ear;  
 In the thronged city there was selling, buy-  
 ing,  
 Swearing and lying;  
 I' the country, craft in simpleness arrayed—  
 And then I said:  
 "Vain is my search, although my pains be  
 great—  
 Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I, then,  
 Even thus, began:  
 "O man, what art thou?"—What more could  
 I say  
 Than dust and clay—  
 Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,  
 That cannot last—  
 Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,  
 Formed from that earth to which I must re-  
 turn?

I asked myself, what this great God might  
 be  
 That fashioned me;  
 I answered: The all-potent, solely immense,  
 Surpassing sense—

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,  
 Lord over all;  
 The only terrible, strong, just, and true,  
 Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give  
 To all that live  
 Both breath and being. He is the creator  
 Both of the water,  
 Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that sub-  
 sist

He hath the list—  
 Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,  
 He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their  
 names.

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,  
 Thy glorious face  
 (So far forth as it may discovered be)  
 Methinks I see;  
 And though invisible and infinite,  
 To human sight  
 Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appear-  
 est—  
 In which to our weak sense Thou comest  
 nearest.

Oh make us apt to seek, and quick to find,  
 Thou God, most kind!  
 Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,  
 Thou God, most just!  
 Remit all our offences, we entreat—  
 Most good, most great!  
 Grant that our willing, though unworthy  
 quest  
 May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst  
 the blest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

#### WALKING WITH GOD.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame,  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed—  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!  
 Sweet messenger of rest:  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
 And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

WILLIAM COWPER

#### ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,  
 And not be in sorrow too?  
 Can I see another's grief,  
 And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
 And not feel my sorrow's share?  
 Can a father see his child  
 Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear  
 An infant groan, an infant fear?  
 No! no! never can it be—  
 Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,  
 Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
 Hear the small bird's grief and care  
 Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,  
 Pouring pity in their breast?  
 And not sit the cradle near,  
 Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,  
 Wiping all our tears away?  
 Oh, no! never can it be—  
 Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;  
He becomes an infant small,  
He becomes a man of woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy maker is not nigh;  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,  
That our griefs He may destroy.  
Till our grief is fled and gone  
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

# "HOW GRACIOUS AND HOW WISE."

How gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God!  
And oh! how rich the blessings are  
Which blossom from His rod!

He lifts it up on high  
With pity in His heart,  
That every stroke His children feel  
May grace and peace impart.

Instructed thus, they bow,  
And own His sovereign sway—  
They turn their erring footsteps back  
To His forsaken way.

His covenant love they seek,  
And seek the happy bands  
That closer still engage their hearts  
To honor His commands.

Dear Father, we consent  
To discipline divine;  
And bless the pains that make our souls  
Still more completely Thine.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

# GOD IS LOVE.

All I feel, and hear, and see,  
God of love, is full of Thee.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers;  
Air, with all its beams and showers;  
Ocean's infinite expanse;  
Heaven's resplendent countenance—  
All around, and all above,  
Flath this record: God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills.  
In the woods, and by the rills,  
Of the breeze, and of the bird,  
By the gentle murmur stirred—  
All these songs, beneath, above,  
Have one burden: God is love.

All the hopes and fears that start  
From the fountain of the heart;  
All the quiet bliss that lies,  
All our human sympathies—  
These are voices from above,  
Sweetly whispering: God is love.

ANONYMOUS

# THE RESIGNATION.

O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,  
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,—  
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,  
The shadows of celestial night,  
Are past the power of human skill;  
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour—  
When anguish swells the dewy tear—  
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,  
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear

If in this bosom aught but Thee,  
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain—  
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
 Shake off the melancholy chain;  
 For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;  
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,  
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow—  
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
 Will vanish at the morning light,  
 Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

### CHORUS.

King of kings! and Lord of lords!  
 Thus we move, our sad steps timing  
 To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,  
 Where Thy house its rest accords,  
 Chased and wounded birds are we,  
 Through the dark air fled to Thee—  
 To the shadow of Thy wings,  
 Lord of lords! and king of kings!

Behold, O Lord! the heathen tread  
 The branches of Thy fruitful vine,  
 That its luxurious tendrils spread  
 O'er all the hills of Palestine.  
 And now the wild boar comes to waste  
 Even us—the greenest boughs and last,  
 That, drinking of Thy choicest dew,  
 On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of Thine hand,  
 Thou wilt save Thy chosen land!  
 By all Thine ancient mercies shown,  
 By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;  
 By the Egyptian's car-borne host,  
 Scattered on the Red Sea coast—  
 By that wide and bloodless slaughter  
 Underneath the drowning water.

Like us, in utter helplessness,  
 In their last and worst distress—

On the sand and sea-weed lying—  
 Israel poured her doleful sighing:  
 While before the deep sea flowed,  
 And behind fierce Egypt rode—  
 To their fathers' God they prayed,  
 To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood  
 With lifted rod the prophet stood;  
 And the summoned east wind blew,  
 And aside it sternly threw  
 The gathered waves that took their stand,  
 Like crystal rocks, on either hand,  
 Or walls of sea-green marble piled  
 Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay  
 On the wonder-paved way,  
 Where the treasures of the deep  
 In their caves of coral sleep.  
 The profound abysses, where  
 Was never sound from upper air,  
 Rang with Israel's chanted words:  
 King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,  
 On exulting Egypt came;  
 With her chosen horsemen prancing,  
 And her cars on wheels of flame,  
 In a rich and boastful ring,  
 All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud,  
 The Lord looked down upon the proud;  
 And the host drave heavily  
 Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell  
 Prone the liquid ramparts fell;  
 Over horse, and over car,  
 Over every man of war,  
 Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,  
 The loud thundering billows rolled.  
 As the level waters spread,  
 Down they sank—they sank like lead—  
 Down sank without a cry or groan.  
 And the morning sun, that shone  
 On myriads of bright-armed men,  
 Its meridian radiance then  
 Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,  
 Against a silent, solitary shore.

HENRY HART MILMAN.



## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,  
 In every clime adored—  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage—  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood,  
 Who all my sense confined  
 To know but this: that Thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from ill;  
 And, binding nature fast in fate,  
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This teach me more than hell to shun,  
 That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives  
 Let me not cast away—  
 For God is paid when man receives:  
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,  
 And deal damnation round the land  
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart  
 Still in the right to stay;  
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see—  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quickened by Thy breath;  
 Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot—  
 All else beneath the sun  
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies—  
 One chorus let all being raise!  
 All nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE

## DIVINE EJACULATION.

I.

GREAT God! whose sceptre rules the earth,  
 Distil Thy fear into my heart,  
 That, being rapt with holy mirth,  
 I may proclaim how good Thou art;  
 Open my lips, that I may sing  
 Full praises to my God, my king.

II.

Great God! Thy garden is defaced,  
 The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay  
 Oh call to mind Thy promise past—  
 Restore Thou them, cut these away;  
 Till then let not the weeds have power  
 To starve or stint the poorest flower.

III.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still  
 The mount whereto my hopes do flee;  
 Oh make my soul detest all ill,  
 Because so much abhorred by Thee;  
 Lord, let Thy gracious trials show  
 That I am just—or make me so.

## IV.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,  
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine,  
And shall that voice not startle me,  
Nor stir this stone, this heart of mine?  
No, Lord, till Thou new-bore mine ear,  
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

## V.

Fountain of light and living breath,  
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,  
Fill me with life that hath no death,  
Fill me with light that hath no shade;  
Appoint the remnant of my days  
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

## VI.

Lord God of gods! before whose throne  
Stand storms and fire, oh what shall we  
Return to heaven, that is our own,  
When all the world belongs to Thee?  
We have no offerings to impart,  
But praises, and a wounded heart.

## VII.

O Thou that sitt'st in heaven and see'st  
My deeds without, my thoughts within,  
Be Thou my prince, be Thou my priest—  
Command my soul, and cure my sin;  
How bitter my afflictions be  
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

## VIII.

What I possess, or what I crave,  
Brings no content, great God, to me,  
If what I would, or what I have,  
Be not possessed and blest in Thee:  
What I enjoy, oh make it mine,  
In making me—that have it—Thine.

## IX.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows  
Of summer friends—when eyes grow strange—  
When plighted faith forgets its vows,  
When earth and all things in it change—  
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never;  
Where once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

## X.

Great God! whose kingdom hath no end,  
Into whose secrets none can dive,  
Whose mercy none can apprehend,  
Whose justice none can feel—and live,  
What my dull heart cannot aspire  
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

JOHN QUABLEE

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“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

O God, unseen but not unknown,  
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;  
I dwell beneath Thy secret throne,  
Encompassed by Thy deity.

Throughout this universe of space  
To nothing am I long allied;  
For flight of time, and change of place,  
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?  
Friends whom I knew I know no more;  
Companions, once that cheered my way,  
Have dropped behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst a crowd  
Of life and action hurrying round;  
Now left alone—for, like a cloud,  
They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part—  
Unconscious sleep is nightly death—  
Yet surely by my couch Thou art,  
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done and said  
How little can I now recall!  
Forgotten things to me are dead;  
With Thee they live,—Thou know'st them  
all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,  
Witness to every conflict here;  
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb—  
Before Thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes,—the only one  
Of all my time to be foretold;  
Yet when, and how, and where, can none  
Among the race of man unfold:—

The moment comes when strength shall fail,  
When—health, and hope, and courage  
flown—

I must go down into the vale  
And shade of death with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee!—in that dread strife  
Uphold me through mine agony;  
And gently be this dying life  
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands  
Where flesh and blood have never trod,  
And in the unveiled presence stands,  
Of Thee, my Saviour and my God—

Be mine eternal portion this—  
Since Thou wert always here with me:  
That I may view Thy face in bliss,  
And be for evermore with Thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

#### DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the  
earth—

She is my maker's creature, therefore good.  
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;  
She is my tender nurse, she gives me  
food:

But what's a creature, Lord, compared  
with Thee?

Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air—her dainty sweets refresh

My drooping soul, and to new sweets in-  
vite me;

Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with  
their flesh,

And with their polyphonic notes delight  
me:

But what's the air, or all the sweets that  
she

Can bless my soul withal, compared to  
Thee?

I love the sea—she is my fellow-creature,  
My careful purveyor; she provides me  
store;

She walls me round; she makes my diet  
greater;

She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:  
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with  
Thee,

What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,  
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine  
eye—

Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,  
Transcends the crystal pavement of the  
sky:

But what is heaven, great God, compared  
to Thee?

Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven  
to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no refec-  
tion;

Without Thy presence, sea affords no treas-  
ure;

Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;  
Without Thy presence, heaven's itself no  
pleasure:

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,

What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to  
me?

The highest honors that the world can boast

Are subjects far too low for my desire;

The brightest beams of glory are, at most,

But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;

The loudest flames that earth can kindle,  
be

But nightly glow-worms if compared to  
Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of  
cares;

Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;

Friendship is treason, and delights are snares

Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing  
madness—

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what  
they be,

Nor have their being, when compared with  
Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labors got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be  
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed  
of Thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

TIME PAST TIME PASSING, TIME TO  
COME.

LORD, Thou hast been Thy people's rest,  
Through all their generations—  
Their refuge when by troubles pressed,  
Their hope in tribulations:  
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,  
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,  
Art God from everlasting.

Our life is like the transient breath,  
That tells a mournful story—  
Early or late stopped short by death—  
And where is all our glory?  
Our days are threescore years and ten,  
And if the span be lengthened then,  
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes  
All our misdeeds and errors;  
Our secret sins from darkness rise  
At Thine awakening terrors:  
Who shall abide the trying hour?  
Who knows the thunder of Thy power?  
We flee unto Thy mercy.

Lord, teach us so to mark our days  
That we may prize them duly;  
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways  
That we may love Thee truly;  
Return, O Lord! our griefs behold,  
And with Thy goodness, as of old,  
Oh satisfy us early!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"THOU GOD UNSEARCHABLE."

THOU God unsearchable, unknown,  
Who still conceal'st Thyself from me,  
Hear an apostate spirit groan—  
Broke off and banished far from Thee  
But conscious of my fall I mourn,  
And fain I would to Thee return.

Send forth one ray of heavenly light,  
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,  
To guide me through the gulf of night—  
My poor desponding soul to cheer,  
Till Thou my unbelief remove,  
And show me all Thy glorious love.

A hidden God indeed Thou art—  
Thy absence I this moment feel;  
Yet must I own it from my heart—  
Concealed, Thou art a Saviour still;  
And though Thy face I cannot see,  
I know Thine eye is fixed on me.

My Saviour Thou, not yet revealed;  
Yet will I Thee my Saviour call,  
Adore Thy hand—from sin withheld—  
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:  
Now Lord, throughout my darkness shine  
And show Thyself for ever mine.

CHARLES WRENLEY.

GOD'S GREATNESS.

O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss!  
Thee to perfection who can know?  
O height immense! what words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to show?  
Unfathomable depths Thou art!  
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea!  
Void of true wisdom is my heart—  
With love embrace and cover me!  
While Thee, all infinite, I set  
By faith before my ravished eye,  
My weakness bends beneath the weight—  
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die!

Eternity Thy fountain was,  
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew:  
Thou wast ere time began his race,  
Ere glowed with stars th' ethereal blue.



Greatness unspeakable is Thine—  
Greatness whose undiminished ray,  
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall  
shine,—

When earth and heaven are fled away.  
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea!  
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word;  
It lives, and moves, and is, from Thee.

Thy parent-hand, Thy forming skill,  
Firm fixed this universal chain;  
Else empty, barren darkness still  
Had held his unmolested reign.  
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,  
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,  
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,  
By Thee was to perfection brought!  
High is Thy power above all height;  
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;  
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,  
Only to Thee, O God, is known!

Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne,  
Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway;  
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own—  
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.  
What our dim eye could never see  
Is plain and naked to Thy sight;  
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee  
Shines clearly as the morning light.  
In light Thou dwell'st, light that no shade,  
No variation, ever knew;  
Heaven, earth, and hell stand all displayed,  
And open to Thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth  
Th' immortal armies of the sky;  
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;  
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly!  
With downcast eye th' angelic choir  
Appear before Thy godly face;  
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,  
And through heaven's vault resound Thy  
praise.  
In earth, in heaven, in all Thou art;  
The conscious creature feels Thy nod,  
Whose forming hand on every part  
Impressed the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone!  
Justice and truth before Thee stand,  
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,  
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.  
Each evening shows Thy tender love,  
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace;  
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,  
Thy willing mercy flies apace!  
To Thy benign, indulgent care,  
Father, this light, this breath we owe;  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From Thee, great source of being, flow.

Parent of good, Thy bounteous hand  
Incessant blessings down distils,  
And all in air, or sea, or land,  
With plenteous food and gladness fills.  
All things in Thee live, move, and are—  
Thy power infused doth all sustain;  
Even those Thy daily favors share  
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.  
Thy sun Thou bidd'st his genial ray  
Alike on all impartial pour;  
To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,  
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

Yet while, at length, who scorned Thy might  
Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,  
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,  
Of those who to Thy love aspire!  
All creatures praise th' eternal name!  
Ye hosts that to His court belong—  
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames—  
Awake the everlasting song!  
Thrice holy! Thine the kingdom is—  
The power omnipotent is Thine;  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

JOACHIM JUSTUS BREITHAUP. (GERMAN.)  
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

### GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—  
Unchanged through time's all-devastating  
fight!  
Thou only God—there is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One,

Whom none can comprehend and none explore!

Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—  
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee

There is no weight nor measure; none can mount

Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,

Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,

Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious!  
Great!

Light-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!

Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—

They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—

A glorious company of golden streams—  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?

And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed  
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought  
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.  
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,  
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.  
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!  
Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;

Though but an atom midst immensity,  
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—

On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is spirit—deity!  
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
 A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!  
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvel-  
     lously  
 Constructed and conceived? unknown! this  
     clod  
 Lives surely through some higher energy;  
 For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!  
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
 Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear  
 The garments of eternal day, and wing

Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
 Even to its source—to Thee—its author  
     there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest!  
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
 And waft its homage to Thy deity.  
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can  
     soar,  
 Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and  
     good!  
 Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;  
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more  
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

GABRIEL ROMANOWITCH DERZHAVIN. (Russian.)  
 Translation of JOHN BOWRING















